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TALES OF THE MISKATONIC VALLEY

Uncovering Forbidden Secrets in Lovecraft Country

Aniolowski, Gillan, Ross, Watts, Woods, Herber, Snyder, Reynolds, diZerega, Triplett, Santos, Brooks

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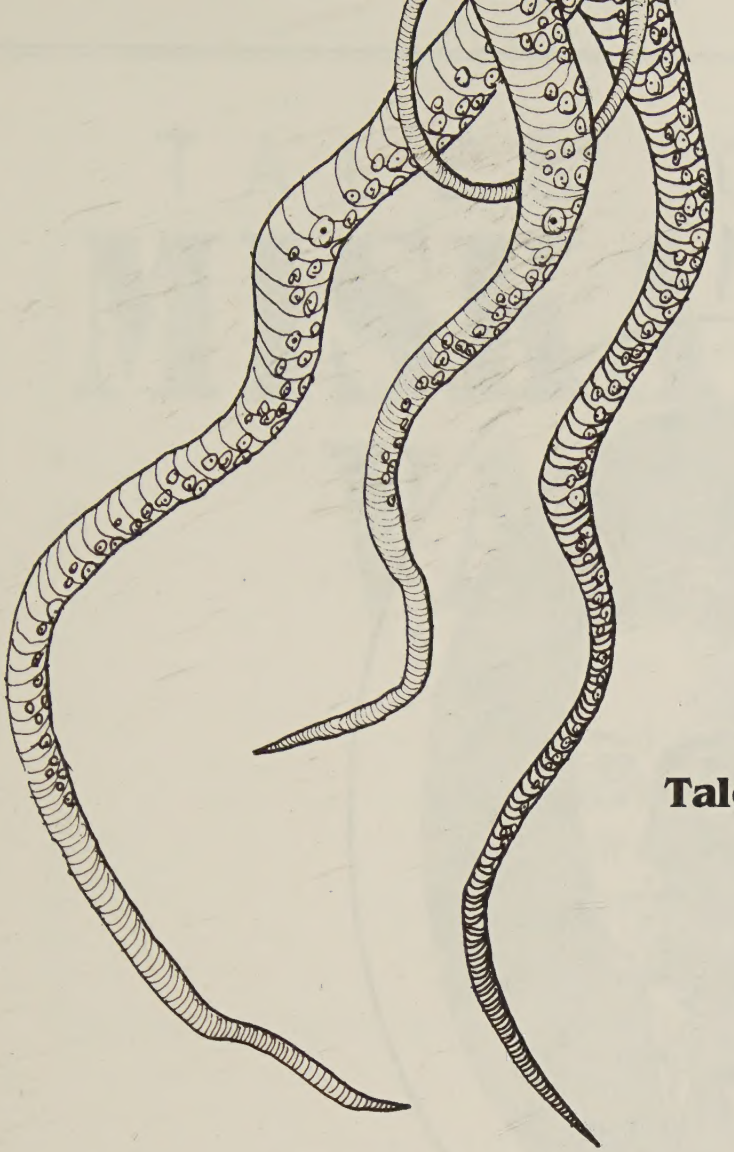

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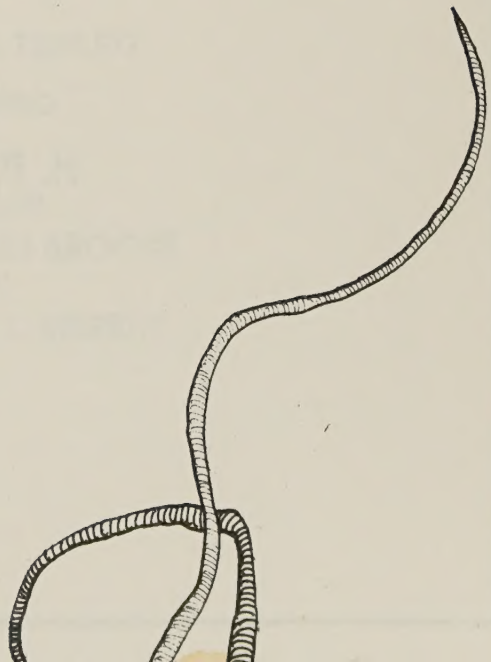

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H. P. LOVECRAFT 1890–1937

TALES OF THE MISKATONIC VALLEY

by

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This book is respectfully dedicated to
S.T. Joshi, Marc A. Michaud, and Robert M. Price,
three of many whose untiring efforts have
furthered the appreciation of H.P. Lovecraft
and incidentally made my job much easier.
— Keith Herber, November 1991

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Introduction

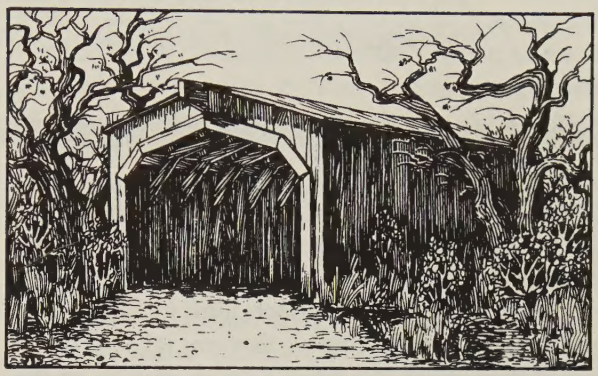
Tales of the Miskatonic Valley is the fourth book in the *Lovecraft Country* series and contains six adventures set in communities and rural areas along H.P. Lovecraft's Miskatonic River. Although intended to compliment earlier releases — *Arkham Unveiled, Return to Dunwich,* and *Kingsport, City in the Mists* — these adventures are wholly independent and can be enjoyed without benefit of the other books in the series. In fact, with only a small amount of keeper ingenuity most scenarios can be easily transplanted to locations outside the Miskatonic Valley.

Freak Show begins with a casual visit to a traveling carnival pitched near Arkham and Kingsport. Inside, at an exhibit called O'Dowd's World of Wonders, they find an infant deep one held captive and displayed to public view. Following the carnival as it moves up the valley, the investigators find themselves torn between protecting innocent people from the terrorism of deep one hybrids, and saving the infant creature from the hands of its villainous keeper.

Regiment of Dread takes place in Arkham. Here the investigators become involved with an aged veteran of the Civil War who, driven mad by guilt over his long-ago cowardly actions, has invoked a great power in order to regain his lost honor. The investigators are inexplicably, and infallibly, drawn into the demented man's nightmare.

A Painted Smile also takes place in Arkham. Perhaps beginning even before the previous scenario ends, the investigators find themselves stalked by a vengeful spirit operating through the agency of an army of hand made dolls. A unique solution to this adventure is rooted in 17th century Arkham's dreaded witch-cult.

The Watcher in the Valley allows the investigators to work with an archaeological dig team excavating old Indian sites upriver, just southwest of Dunwich. Discoveries found in an Indian settlement, and within an



old mound located in the center of a marsh, reveal the existence of a hitherto unknown tribe. Evidence indicates they were slaughtered and wiped out centuries ago, not by the encroaching white men — by an alliance of other local Indian tribes.

Fade to Gray takes place mainly in misty Kingsport, city of dreams. On the trail of a vicious serial killer, the investigators find themselves drawn into the twisted nightmares of an insane artist. Even after death the crazed painter stalks the investigators, haunting them in their dreams.

The Trail of Yig takes place in Arkham and the township of Dunwich. The suicide of a spirit medium, Madame Yolanda, leads investigators to explore the dusty exhibits in a closed-down museum and eventually into the back country of Dunwich where they find themselves involved with ruthless bootleggers and an ancient curse.

Future releases currently planned for the *Lovecraft Country* series include *Escape from Innsmouth, Adventures in Arkham Country,* and *Beyond the Mountains of Madness.*

—Keith Herber

Arkham – Bolton – Aylesbury:

Freak Show

In which a helpless child is held captive by an alien society and wherein Investigators learn that horrific appearance does not equate with monstrosity, and that not all men are humane.

This scenario can be played by any number of investigators of any occupation or level of experience. To begin this adventure no close friends need perish nor are the investigators hired for some seemingly innocuous task. Instead, they are initially found amusing themselves at a small carnival playing on the outskirts of Arkham.

Keeper's Information

The Nichols' Carnival is typical of many small travelling circuses common to America in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Working the warmer months, retiring to winter quarters when it grows cold, these carnivals make their way from community to community, spending a night or two wherever it looks profitable before moving on to the next spot.

The Nichols' Carnival has many of the attractions common to shows of its type: a heroic lion-taming act, a daring equestrian show, capering clowns, a teeming midway with games of skill and chance, eye-popping sideshows and a sleazy freak exhibit. Nichols' freak show has something its rivals lack however, a live baby deep one.

A month ago, while working Massachusetts' north shore, the carnival was approached by Harrod Bailey, a Gloucester fisherman, offering to sell them the thing he had pulled out of the ocean in his nets, a bizarre half-fish, almost-human animal. Although the fisherman's asking price of $1000 was high, both carnival owner Ted Nichols and freak show proprietor "Dots" O'Dowd recognized its potential value. Here was a genuine abomination from the deep, something that could make the both of them very rich men. The specimen was purchased and soon the "Fish Boy" was attracting as much attention as anything in the carnival.

The Gloucester fishermen, however, did not share their good fortune. Deep ones searching for the missing infant tracked down the sodden old Harrod Bailey. Terrrified, he told the scaly creatures what had become of the child. Bailey has not been seen since — his body feeds the fishes. The deep ones now seek the Nichols' Carnival.

The carnival has recently been plying its entertainment far from shore so the deep ones have enlisted the aid of the Fish Boy's human relatives, the degenerate Babson family of Innsmouth. The Babsons and their hybrid friends first appear in Arkham attempting to buy the Fish Boy but Nichols and O'Dowd refuse to part with their prize attraction. As the carnival moves on to Bolton and then to Aylesbury, the hybrids' tactics become increasingly desperate and violent.

Involving the Investigators

The scenario begins on a brisk autumn Sunday. Assuming the investigators are residents of, or visitors to, Arkham, Boston, Salem, or Kingsport, show them the Nichols' Carnival poster (**The Carnival Papers #1** on page 125). Encourage them to visit the carnival, as this is its last night in the area before moving on to Bolton. Let them enjoy themselves, nothing very unusual occurs on this evening.

If the investigators resist visiting the carnival perhaps an acquaintance from Miskatonic University (possibly even Professor Jacob Handy, who is described later) mentions the horrible "south seas thing" in the freak show, or the Fish Boy, or the disgusting bottled abominations displayed to the public.

Regardless of their interest level, on Monday morning the investigators find the Nichols' Carnival has left Arkham and is headed on to nearby Bolton.

A FINAL NOTE

It is important that the keeper try to devlop among the investigators a sympathy for the plight of the helpless

baby deep one. Investigators who view the infant creature as only a monster that should be destroyed might quickly undo the scenario. Although they may view the deep ones as their enemies, many of the characters presented in this story seem little better. The baby deep one is an innocent, caught in the crossfire of the conflicting desires of different parties.

The Nichols' Carnival

Like most circuses, the Nichols' Carnival uses the same layout whenever possible, giving the troupe some sense of routine and permanence. The typical layout of the Nichols' Carnival is shown on the nearby map. Keepers may photocopy this map for the players' use. Note that most trucks, wagons, and other equipment not used in actual performances are parked outside the fences in the rear of the carnival. Here roustabouts, drivers, cooks, and others lounge about when not needed.

Admission tickets can be bought at the main gate. Tickets for the carnival only are 10 cents — no one is admitted inside the gate without a ticket. Combination tickets that also give entrance to the main show in the ring are $1.25. Separate tickets must be purchased for the sideshows, some games, and the freak show.

Found just inside the main gate — the front yard — is the midway. Numerous booths and stalls hawk food, souvenirs, and games of chance. Most games cost from 1 to 5 cents each and include the ring toss, baseball throw, penny pitch, lasso-a-duck, shooting gallery, wheel-o'-fortune, and ski-ball. Top prizes are usually stuffed animals or kewpie dolls but decorated mugs or souvenir spoons are also awarded. Investigators may try their luck at the games using Throw, firearms, or other appropriate skills, DEX or Luck rolls as the keeper deems appropriate. Most games are designed to be extremely difficult to win, others are downright cheats. The keeper should severely modify any skill rolls in order to reflect these conditions. Perhaps only on a roll of 04 or less do they win anything more than the cheapest consolation prize. One game involves choosing the single "lucky duck" from a pond full of identical toy ducks. More often than not, the lucky duck is out of the pond, kept hidden to the side within easy reach of the carny should he spot a local detective checking on the games. Investigators may discover a cheat when a roll of 04 or less still results in failure. Actually proving the cheat is another matter — carny people know their business and know how to avoid trouble. Should legal authorities ever check, they find everything on the up-and-up. Persistent, agressive investigators are escorted from the carnival by a gang of roustabouts.

The midway also boasts a fortuneteller, Madame Morella. This frumpy, middle-aged woman with a bad accent does palm readings and crystal-ball consultations. It is innocent charlatanry. Clowns sell balloons and candy while the carnival's small band roams the grounds.

To the right of the midway is the sideshow tent. Here smaller stage shows are held prior to the main performance in the ring. Folding chairs line the rear of the tent while a low stage spans the front. A smaller stage outside is used for occasional free shows intended to lure the customers inside. Shows include a stage magician, several vaudeville-styled acts, and "exotic dancers." The magicians and vaudevillians are often amateurish and uninspired, the dancers usually less risque than patrons hope for. Some of the vaudeville acts and all the dancing shows are off limits to minors though tent-peepers are common.

At the rear of the carnival — the back yard — is the main stage show, the freak show "O'Dowds World of Wonders," the menagerie, and the personnel's living quarters. The living quarters, off-limits to customers, is a maze of structures serving as house and home for the carny people.

The menagerie is a narrow odor-filled lane lined with horse stalls and a few small animal cages. Spectators can walk through and view the lion, the ape, and the trained horses. Nearby is the freak show tent, "O'Dowd's World of Wonders."

On the Road

The evening the investigators visit the carnival is the show's last night in the Arkham/Kingsport area. From here, the show moves to Bolton for two nights then on to Aylesbury where it sets up in the center of town, a main attraction during the five-day Aylesbury County Fair.

At the end of closing night, the carnival is swiftly broken down, the builders and drivers leaving in the dark, hauling most of the equipment to the next venue, which is already arranged by an advance man working ahead of the carnival. Upon arrival, fences, tents, and ticket booths are immediately set up. The rest of the entourage follow the next morning, rising early and packing the last of the equipment before hitting the road. If the next town is large enough, the troupe stages a short parade through town before heading to the site. The remainder of the set-up is then completed. The carnival opens its gates in the afternoon and usually stays open until 10 or 11 PM.

The Carnival Life

Carnival people form a society unto themselves, separate from the outside world. Loyal to one another, they are suspicious of outsiders and investigators may at first experience difficulty in trying to gain information or even be trusted to help.

As events develop, and if the investigators show themselves to be trustworthy in some way, the carnival people may grow to accept them.

Carnival Terms

Advance: Ahead of the show. Everything pertaining to the show on its route before it arrives in town.

Arch: The front gate of the carnival.

Backyard: The rear portion of the carnival consisting of several rides and shows.

Ballyhoo: The free show given outside a midway attraction to attract a crowd (a "tip") of potential patrons. Usually shortened to bally.

Bug: A chameleon. Sold as pets by "bug board" salesmen.

Carnival: A collective amusement organization consisting of shows, riding devices, catering and gaming concessions.

Carny Wedding: A union between carnival men and women without the benefit of clergy. These common-law marriages are usually of one season duration though many result in life-time arrangements.

Chump Heister: The ferris wheel.

Circus Side Show: Used by carnival freak show owners to designate their attraction.

Cooch Show: A dancing girl show.

Concession Agent: Operator of a sales or gaming concession.

Date: A show's engagement in town.

Daub: Advertising paper that has been pasted on some structure - a barn, fence or factory building.

Doniker: A toilet.

Doniker Location: A spot on the midway that isn't as good for business as other locations might be.

Fixer: Legal adjuster.

Flash: Merchandise on a gaming concession. Blankets, guns, radios, etc.

Frontyard: The forward portion of the midway consisting of concessions.

Fuzz: Law enforcement officers.

Gazoonie: A young working man.

Geek: A person who works in dens or pits of snakes and reptiles. They sometimes behave as wild men or wild girls.

Glomming Geek: Also called a Glommer. A geek who eats live snakes, rats, chickens or other animals.

Gimmick: The control on a crooked game of chance.

Grab Joint: A lunch counter where the customer is served directly from the griddle over the counter. Most are "stand up joints" but a few have stools.

Grinder: A person who has a certain "set spiel" or sequence of words which he delivers on the front of a midway attraction as long as the show is open.

Gunsel: A young boy.

Goes to the Barn: Show goes into winter quarters.

Heat: Trouble with people who are not carnies. Can be with the law or people incensed over their losses on the games.

Herald: Advertisements printed on colored newsprint. Designed to be given to a person directly, placed in their automobile or front door, or mailed to their box number.

Hey Rube: A fight between showmen and local people.

Hot Wagon: Electrical transformer wagons carried by most carnivals before generating plants were compact enough for midway use.

Joint: A concession stand or booth.

Jump: The move between towns.

Latin, Carny: A form of Pig Latin used by young carnies to impress the marks.

Lot: The Show Grounds.

Lot Lice: Persons who stay all day and spend nothing.

Mark: A term for the townspeople.

Nut: The expense of the show, daily nut, weekly nut, etc.

Office: The carnival office wagon or trailer.

Office Show or Ride: Owned by the midway owner. Not an independent attraction.

Pickled Punks: Small human fetuses, normal or abnormal, preserved in large glass jars.

Pitch: A sales concession where merchandise is sold outright after the salesman has given a demonstration.

Pitchman: A person who operates a pitch concession.

Play: An engagement in a town or at a fair.

Play a Bloomer: Do no business on a date. Also "play a blank".

Privilege: The consideration paid for the rights to operate a show on the midway. Used in connection with concessions.

Rehash: The practice of selling used tickets. The proceeds of this resale is kept by the ticket seller and split with the ticket taker.

Scuff: Having a difficult time securing enough food for regular meals because of a shortage of funds.

Shill: One who pretends to play a game or to buy a ticket to an attraction in order to entice others to follow him.

Sunday Show: A clean show or operation. A carnival midway that never allows crooked games or dirty gal shows to operate on its midway.

Stripping: The practice of removing and loading decorative portions of fronts, rides and equipment before the engagement ends.

Talker: Never "barker". The man who does the outside talks in front of an attraction.

Ten-in-One: A midway show with ten attractions. Usually a freak or illusion show.

Tear-Down: Dismantling the midway at the end of an engagement.

Tip: The crowd gathered in front of an attraction listening to the talker and watching the free attractions on the bally platform.

Top: A tent.

Trouper: A person who has spent at least one full season with some type of travelling amusement organization.

Turn: Turn the tip. Those marks convinced by the talker that they must see the attraction are "turned" when they purchase a ticket.

With It: An expression whereby carnies may know one another, even though they have never seen each other before.

In the center of the yard is the ring itself, hidden from the public by a surrounding wall of strung canvas, accessible only through the two front gates. Inside are rows of folding chairs set on wooden planking to steady them on the uneven ground. A short wooden rail separates the audience from the ring. A curtain to the rear is opened when the animals and performers make their entrances. On either side of the curtain are seats for the circus band. Lights are strung overhead from poles and wires. There is no roof on the tent; rainy weather shuts down the ring shows.

Small clusters of chemical toilets, called donikers, are located along the fences on both sides of the carnival.

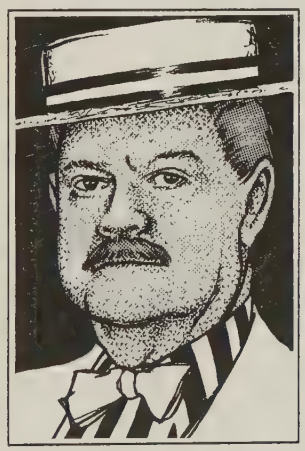
After the carnival is closed and the spectators gone, roustabouts acting as security men wander the grounds until dawn. They chase off vagrants and children, sometimes dealing harshly with potential troublemakers.

The Ring Show

As stated on the tickets, the main show begins each evening at 7 PM. The show begins with a spiel of announcements by the ringmaster, Ted Nichols, owner of the carnival. His booming voice, even unamplified, can be heard throughout the audience and beyond, outside the main show. The show lasts almost two hours, the acts performing in the order listed below.

THE RINGMASTER, TED NICHOLS

The show begins with a well-practiced pitch delivered by Nichols dressed in red-and-white-striped shirt and straw hat. Nichols introduces each of the acts in turn and provides a running commentary as well as comedic asides.



Ted Nichols

Ted Nichols, 47, purchased the carnival nine years ago from its former owner, an Italian named Rambaldi who had once toured a knife-throwing act with the Ringling Brothers circus. Nichols owns the name as well as most of the heavier equipment. Individual concessions, midway booths, and performing acts are owned separately by people who have signed contracts to perform under Nichols' banner.

Nichols is a proud showman as well as a shrewd businessman. He knows which palms need greasing in each community and is sharp enough to call most bluffs. He is a decent man who treats his people fairly. He keeps a revolver in his trailer for use in emergencies. The gun he uses in the ring is a stage pistol firing blanks.

Nichols is presently part-owner of the Fish Boy, having lent O'Dowd the money he needed to buy the freak. He recognizes the value of the exhibit but when his show starts to suffer the terrorist attacks of the deep one hybrids he is among the first to suggest they part with it.

THE GREAT BONHAM, STILT-WALKER

As Nichols finishes his opening spiel, Marty Bonham strides into the ring atop a pair of twelve-foot stilts. Bonham, 26, is a soft-spoken young man who seems to spend most of his time on his stilts. He is seen regularly on the midway and even in the personnel area stalking about on the tall, wooden devices. Bonham's act consists of reeling about the ring, acting as if he's about to lose control and fall into the audience. He performs several tricks and stunts then is joined by one of the Libertini brothers for a bit of juggling before retiring from the ring. Bonham and Nichols have developed a certain banter and the two trade insults throughout the act.

THE LIBERTINI BROTHERS, JUGGLERS

Brothers Claudio, Fabio, and Mario — Italian immigrants — are expert jugglers. Their lightning-quick three-cornered juggling act is quite impressive, particularly when they switch from their juggling pins to burning brands and then finally to gleaming hatchets. The three 30-ish Italians speak heavily-accented English and tour in the company of their wives and children.

GORGO THE APE

Though advertised and introduced by Nichols as a "fearsome ape," Gorgo is no more than a large, adult chimpanzee. Nichols himself handles this act. A large iron-barred cage is wheeled into the ring, Gorgo imprisoned within. Nichols, armed with his stage pistol, climbs into the cage then plays catch with the chimp, has him climb the bars of the cage, make faces, then roll over and play dead. At the end of the act, Gorgo pretends to attack Nichols, the two rolling around on the floor of the cage wrestling while the less-sophisticated members of the audience shriek in terror. Nichols then gets to his feet and pets the docile Gorgo while the audience laughs and applauds.

THE DAFFEE CLOWNS, FEATURING BULLY THE CLOWN-DOG

These clowns are the same ones seen circulating the midway selling balloons, squirting carnival-goers with water from phony flowers and playing a series of tricks on each other. During their ring act, the four Daffee Clowns crash bicycles into each other, throw buckets of water back and forth, attempt various mischief against Nichols (which

nearly always fail or backfire), and otherwise engage in the lowest forms of physical comedy. Bully the Clown Dog, a tiny poodle, appears painted and dressed as garishly as the humans. She is chased by and chases after the others, pulling down pants, stealing their hats, and so on.

THE FABULOUS FARLEY STEEDS

The Fabulous Farley Steeds are Mike and Rex, two older quarter horses owned and trained by Jumpin' Jack Farley, 41. Jack, his wife Marla, 39, and their daughter June, 19, all perform in the act. Mike and Rex are loosed and allowed to circle the ring, only one of them saddled. Jack appears, dressed in rodeo garb, and runs alongside the horses before vaulting into the saddle. Passing Marla, he reaches down and pulls her up, transferring her to the back of the other horse racing alongside his own. Marla stands atop the bareback horse, dancing for the audience as it circles the ring. Jack stops and removes the saddle from his horse then June performs a similar act upon its back.

Jack is a bit of a drinker while Marla is the quiet, faithful wife. June is very pretty, but a little haughty, and apparently more interested in horses than men.

NAMBUTO, THE WATUSI GIANT

Nambuto is billed as a young African tribesman who, after meeting up with a group of white hunters on safari, decided to come and visit America. He claims to have been in the country nearly four years, working with Nichols the entire time. Nambuto's real name is Big John Newland, a huge black man hired by Nichols to pose as a Watusi tribesman. Outside the ring and out of costume he speaks perfect English and smokes huge cigars. He is a devastating poker player.

Nambuto (Big John)

Nambuto's act consists of wild dancing, the loincloth and feather-garbed young man whirling and jumping around the ring, spinning and thrusting his spear to a "primitive jungle beat" provided by the band's drummer. The act concludes with Nambuto hurling spears at a target wheeled into the ring. He is extremely accurate.

MARCUS THE LION

Marcus is the circus' most popular act. Clyde Court, a 35-year-old born in Georgia, is the lion-tamer. A large cage is quickly set up in the center of the ring then Marcus is sent racing out into it. Armed with a whip, a chair, and a pistol, the small, wiry Court enters the cage firing blank rounds into the air and cracking his whip. Marcus jumps onto a pedestal, roaring angrily at the man. Marcus paws ineffectively at the animal-tamer before Court finally forces the cat to leap through a series of rings. Toward the end of the act, Court uses chair and whip to goad Marcus into "attacking." The roaring lion slowly forces Court back against the bars until the man finally fires his gun sending Marcus bounding back to his perch. Approaching, Court soothes the animal, stroking its mane. He then grasps the lion's jaws, pulls open its mouth and places his head between the fearsome teeth. The crowd loves it, and the ring show comes to an end.

Court is a soft-spoken man who cares very much for his lion.

O'Dowd's World of Wonders

Outside the freak show tent is a small stage used to offer free previews of the attractions inside. Redondo the Fire-Eater, The Bearded Lady, or the fat lady Heavy Evvie, are those most often on display. Hopefully, those who stop to gawk decide to pay the admission price to see the rest of the show. Tickets to "O'Dowd's World of Wonders" cost 20 cents.

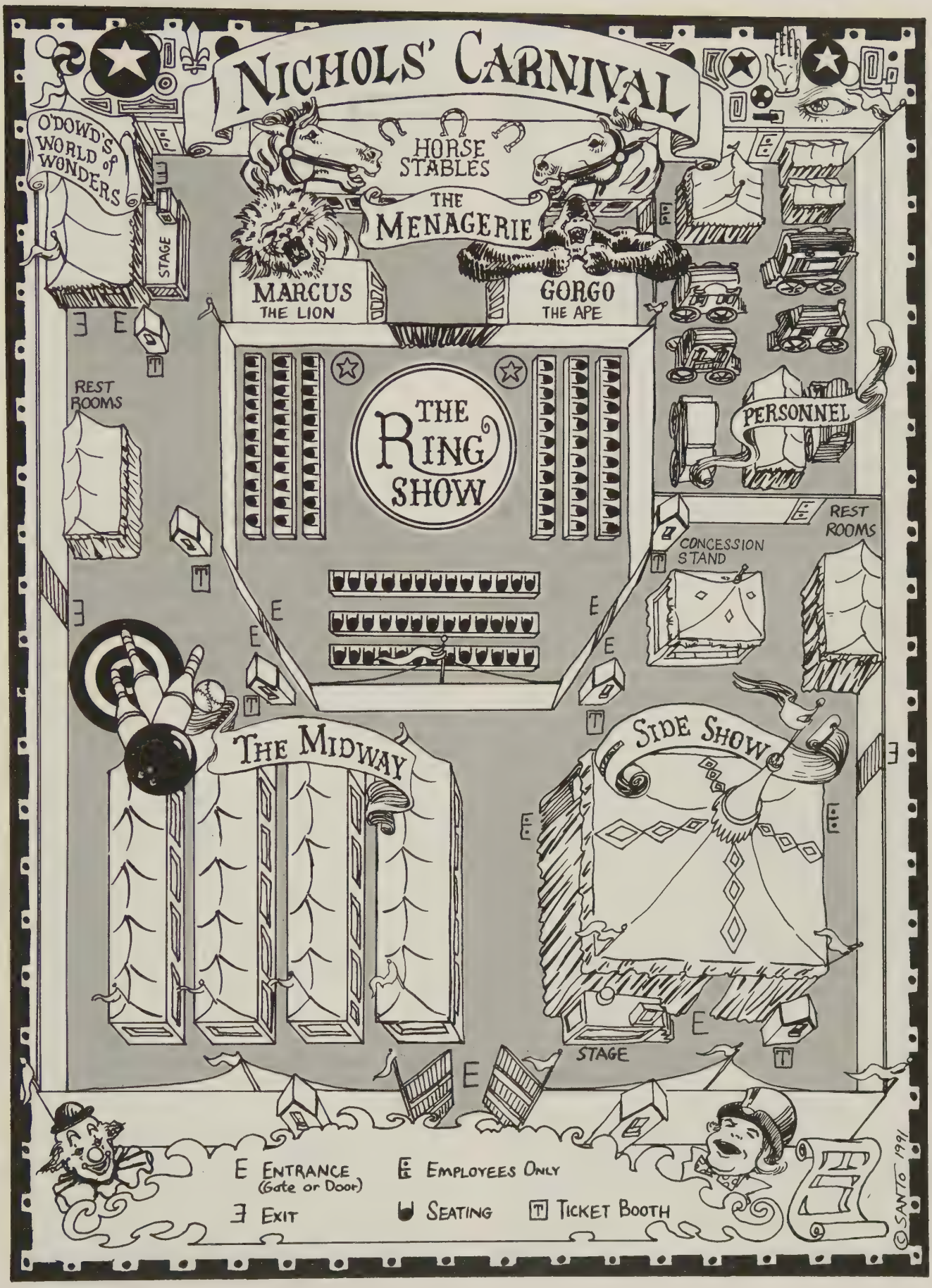
Inside the dank tent are several curtained partitions containing small platforms displaying O'Dowd's freaks to the audience. As the "talker" passes each stall, the curtains are opened so customers can see the exhibit he describes. O'Dowd's World of Wonders" is a genuine "ten-in-one," ten shows under one roof. The exhibits are discussed below.

"DOTS" O'DOWD, THE TALKER

This is the freak show's owner, 39-year-old Lucius "Dots" O'Dowd. Dots works the outside stage for the gawkers as well as conducting the inside tours, revelling in the sleazy, sordid details of his charges' deformities and/or "unique skills." Although his stage clothes are a bit thread-bare, O'Dowd's professional patter and sleazy charm serve him well with the marks.

O'Dowd is stockily built, with thick shoulders and a thicker middle. His reddish-brown hair and moustache are wild and bushy, his face marked with large reddish-brown freckles — the dots from which his nickname is derived. Offstage he is sour individual and even when smiling his eyes betray a cruel glint.

O'Dowd has been in and out of trouble since his childhood. His nickname was originally given to him by his younger brother, Curtis, both were children living in Canada. Not liking the nickname, Dots led his little brother out onto a frozen pond and when the youngster


NICHOLS' CARNIVAL
O'DOWD'S WORLD of WONDERS
STAGE
HORSE STABLES
THE MENAGERIE
MARCUS THE LION
GORGO THE APE
REST ROOMS
THE RING SHOW
PERSONNEL
REST ROOMS
CONCESSION STAND
THE MIDWAY
SIDE SHOW
STAGE
E ENTRANCE (Gate or Door)
E EMPLOYEES ONLY
E EXIT
SEATING
T TICKET BOOTH
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fell through the thin ice, Lucius vengefully stood back and watched the his brother drown. Lucius ran way from home and joined a circus to escape the wrath of his family. The circus life is all he's known since.

Dots O'Dowd

O'Dowd cares little for his freaks, treating the more deformed ones little better than animals. The Fish Boy and the Horror from the South Pacific, being the most helpless, receive the worst treatment.

When dealing with trouble-makers, O'Dowd is quick to violence. Where Nichols would have roustabouts merely escort riff-raff off the grounds, O'Dowd, once outside the fence, helps his boys give trouble-makers a beating they won't soon forget. Only if endangered does he pull his knife. His revolver is normally kept in his trailer, under his pillow.

Like Ted Nichols, Dots O'Dowd is a shrewd businessman. Learning of the Fish Boy, but short of cash, he pressed Nichols for a loan. The borrowed money has been partially paid back but the carnival owner holds O'Dowd's promissory note. Until the money is repaid Nichols is half-owner of the little freak. When the money is paid, O'Dowd intends to quit the carnival and go big-time. He has already made contact with the representative of a much larger show. At first, he thought to resell the Fish Boy, he now plans to retain ownership and exhibit it himself.

O'Dowd has heard of the Gloucester fisherman's death. In his trailer is a copy of a *Boston Globe* newspaper article relating the details of Harrod Bailey's murder at sea (The Carnival Papers #2). O'Dowd eventually makes the connection between Bailey's death and the problems that soon befall the carnival. He urges Nichols to cancel any coastal venues and to stay inland to avoid further troubles, possibly showing him the news article in order to make his point. The investigators may discover this article on their own; some version of the story runs in all local newspapers. Possibly the investigators overhear O'Dowd discussing Harrod Bailey with another carny, perhaps even Nichols.

O'Dowd is stubborn and at first refuses to part with his Fish Boy, despite Nichol's arguments to the contrary and the sabotage and extortion committed by angered hybrid deep ones. He may eventually give in, disposing of the Fish Boy in some way, probably selling him to the highest bidder. Should O'Dowd be driven insane, he may turn on the Fish Boy and attempt to murder him, blaming the innocent creature for all the trouble befallen him. The investigators may be forced to intervene.

THE CARNIVAL PAPERS #2
A recent news article from the back pages of *The Boston Globe*

Foul Play Suspected in Death of Fisherman

GLOUCESTER— Authorities of the Coast Guard, Massachusetts State Police, and Gloucester Police Departments are investigating the death of Harrod Bailey, 63, a local fisherman. Bailey was found dead at sea earlier this week by local fishermen, his body caught in fishing nets and trapped beneath his boat. The corpse appeared to have been submerged for several days, according to coroner Dr. Whitby Lodge. Lodge's report further states that Bailey's body showed signs of strangulation, including bruises and lacerations of the throat. An unnamed Coast Guard officer stated that Bailey's case is being treated as a homicide.

REDONDO, THE FIRE-EATER

Fred Blackmore is his real name and despite his pyrotechnics, he's a very normal fellow in his mid-30s. When Redondo's curtain is first pulled back, O'Dowd makes sure to keep the spectators out of range. Redondo's first trick is to spit a flaming gout of fire out over the audience. Buckets of water and a fire extinguisher are kept handy in case of accidents. Fred uses a mouthful of kerosene and a flaming brand to pull off this trick. After a quick mouthwash, Fred swallows fiery brands then holds smoldering coals in his teeth for the audience to see. As they leave, he spits another flaming gout after them.

THE BEARDED LADY

Lisa Meyer, 28, would be unattractive even without her facial hair. A sour young lady, she has nothing to do but sit in a chair and let strangers pay to gape at her. It's not a good living, but she hates to work — so here she is.

ROLLY GULDER, THE LIVING SKELETON

Rolly, 72 years old, weighs less than 70 pounds. The shrunken little old man sits in a chair, dressed in nothing but a pair of undershorts — the better to show off the parchment-like flesh stretched over his knobby bones. He's a little crazy, and likes to cackle at the kids: "see whut 'appens if'n ya don't eat yer vegterbuls?" Rolly only eats about three times a week.

HEAVY EVVIE

At 570 pounds, 31-year-old Evelyn Talbot touts herself as the "biggest attraction at the Nichols' Carnival." Dressed in a white or pink dress with open sleeves, she drips with rolls and rolls of fat. She is in fact so heavy that she is not placed on a wooden platform but sprawls upon a broken-down couch muching candy, popcorn, fried chicken, and

hot dogs. Evvie gets a kick out of insulting the crowd of gawkers — especially if they're abusive. She's been known to throw food.

EARL HARRIE, THE MIDGET WONDER

Earl, 41, is a moustachioed little fellow about three and a half feet tall, dressed in a tiny suit. When spectators approach, Earl performs an impressive tap dance, donning a tiny top hat and flourishing a walking stick. The crowd loves it. Finished, he puts on a sour look, lights up a cigarette and sits down. Earl is a bitter, unfriendly fellow unlikely to make friends with investigators.

NATURE'S MISTAKES

This curtained display holds dozens of specimens preserved in formaldehyde. Placed on shelves at eye-level, but hidden behind curtains which O'Dowd opens little by little during his spiel, are jars and bottles of various sizes. Each contains a specimen which, as O'Dowd puts it "even Nature saw fit to kill at an early age, so that their blasphemous forms might not mix with normal creatures and produce further monstrosities." Spectators see a two-headed calf, a five-legged lamb, a robin with two beaks, a four-eyed lizard, and other oddities.

Next is "The Show of Life" and O'Dowd cautions the crowd that it is not for the young, the squeamish, or the easily offended. These folks are allowed to step out the side door for a breath of air during this portion of the show. The "Show of Life" proves to be a series of jars containing human fetuses in varying stages of development. O'Dowd refers to this as "the miracle of human life" (in private he calls them "pickled punks"). This display also contains a two-headed fetus, probably eight months developed, unnamed, as well as a terribly deformed newborn with snout, fangs, and vestigial bat-like wings. SAN loss is 0/1D2 for seeing this last specimen. The bat-winged monstrosity has a card placed in front of it that reads: "Donny Dunlock, Dunwich." O'Dowd purchased the thing last year from the child's grandfather, one Caleb Dunlock of Dunwich.

SULAAMI, THE SNAKE-MAN

Not as monstrous as it sounds, the advertising promises more than is delivered. Sulaami is a swarthy, thickset Lebanese, 43-years-old, with dark hair and eyes. His act consists of standing turban-headed and bare-chested on his platform while three young pythons twine round his torso. Women gasp and shriek, men sneer, and kids shrink back. Sulaami — a fake name — often kisses his pets, holding their heads next to his lips so that their darting tongues flick out and brush his mouth. Sulaami is even more taciturn than most carny people but otherwise unremarkable.

THE WOLF-MAN

In truth, Ralph Vaughan is just an extremely hairy and somewhat ugly man. His hair and beard are uncut, his shaggy bangs hanging down over his eyes while thick hair covers his chin and cheeks nearly up to his eyes. He sits shirtless on his platform exposing his furry chest and back. He sometimes playfully growls, snarls, and lunges at children or hecklers, just to scare the hell out of them. Ralph is a quite normal fellow with a wife and two kids back at the trailer.

MARIAM, THE PAINTED LADY

Mariam Turner, 43, is an otherwise plain-looking woman whose body is covered by tattoos. Butterflies flit across her cheeks and forehead while flowers and vines sprout up her legs and arms. A flower garden covers her back and a flower-and-diamond necklace twists round her throat and breasts. A serpent guards a nest of eggs on her belly while her buttocks sport a pair of dice, a six and a one. Mariam's titillating act involves a slow strip-tease that reveals most of her tattooed flesh. Special customers can make private arrangements to view some of her more sensitive areas — for a fee.

THE HORROR FROM THE SOUTH PACIFIC

Before drawing back the curtains on this stall, O'Dowd slips around a corner then quickly returns with a live, clucking chicken. Pulling back the curtain he reveals a barred cage that contains a filthy, stinking wretch of a man sitting on his haunches. Hair and beard are matted, eyes wild and unfocused, his body stained with blood and excrement. The SAN loss for viewing this travesty is 0/1. O'Dowd explains that the creature was discovered all alone on a South Pacific island where it tried to attack the sailors who eventually rescued it. "Is it beast or man? Or something else? Nevertheless, it has the habits of a monster." With this, O'Dowd tosses the chicken into the cage. Instantly the creature seizes it, tears off its head, then sucks the blood spurting from the stump. SAN loss is 1/1D2. People have been known to faint during this portion of the show.

The Horror

The Fish Boy

The "Horror" is actually a retarded vagrant whom O'Dowd transformed into a monstrostiy through the use of alcohol, drugs, and abuse. In carny terms, he is a "glomming geek:" a semi-idiotic thing who eats live animals in front of a paying crowd. With extensive psychoanalysis he might be partially cured, but that is beyond the scope of this adventure.

THE FISH BOY

As the crowd draws near the exit, O'Dowd announces he has one last very special freak to show — for an extra 10 cents, "just one thin dime." Anyone who chooses not to pay is ushered out the gate. Paying customers are asked to step up on the platform that extends from beneath the curtain. A strong odor of fish emanates from behind the curtain. This is the "blow-off," the final fantastic freak. O'Dowd draws back the curtain.

Spectators see a circular tub, six feet across. Chicken wire mounted above the rim encircles the tub to a height of five feet. The tank is near filled with water and splashing about is the Fish Boy. As the curtains open, the thing sees the people and panicks, diving below the surface and hiding underwater. A hairless, infant-sized creature about three feet long from head to tail, it appears semi-human from the chest up but below the waist is scaled and legless, with a fish-like tail.

O'Dowd climbs behind the tank and with a broom handle tries to dislodge the creature from the bottom of the tub. Driven to the surface by the carny's merciless proddings, it quickly dives again, allowing spectators only the briefest of glimpses. There are hints of scaly skin and gill slits in its neck. Its eyes are large, bulging, and watery, its nose small and flat, its mouth wide and flabby-lipped. It squeaks and croaks pitifully. SAN loss is 0/1. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll (or previous experience with deep ones) tells investigators that the thing must be kin to that strange underwater race.

O'Dowd explains that the Fish Boy was captured off the coast by a Gloucester fisherman who sold it to the Nichols' Carnival for a considerable sum. The Fish Boy eats fish and squid and seems most active by night.

This creature is almost helpless out of the water, and only attacks in self-defense. Although fearful of humans, if handled gently it shows no agressive tendencies.

Other Carnival Personnel

The vast majority of people working at the Nichols' Carnival are not detailed. There are dozens of cooks, roustabouts, carpenters, electricians, musicians, animal tenders, and drivers. Most of them are found in the caravan

of tents, trailers, trucks, and wagons set up in the personnel area of the carnival. In any case, the investigators probably won't have much contact with them.

ROUSTABOUTS

Roustabouts do most of the physical labor around the carnival and are often employed as security. Brad Rayburn, a life-long carny, is the head roustabout, in charge of work crews, nighttime patrols of the grounds, set-ups and break-downs. Brad is a big burly fellow who doesn't take any guff. His rugged good looks make him popular with the ladies but there's no chance of him ever settling down. He tries to leave behind at least one broken heart in every town he visits.

Brad Rayburn

In his role as head roustabout, Rayburn patrols the site, breaking up fights and throwing out troublemakers. Occasionally he accompanies himself with another roustabout or two, especially when he's expecting real trouble.

The Deep One Hybrids

Although not the only group interested in obtaining the Fish Boy, the deep one hybrids are the most dangerous. Residents of Innsmouth, where townspeople have interbred with deep ones for over 80 years, these men are in the midst of the long process of transformation. For now, they pass as men. The deep ones have requested their aid in returning the young deep one to their midst.

Although it is questionable whether the deep ones' sociology allows for emotions similar to humans, infant deep ones possess a natural telepathic ability. The Fish Boy's distress is sensed by the deep ones living in the underwater city Y'ha-nthlei off the coast of Innsmouth and they are spurred to action by his insistent call. Whether it is out of love and concern, or simply to put an end to the disruptive wailing is unknown.

The tainted human relatives of the Fish Boy haven't developed sufficiently to detect its empathic wailings, they just know they have been told to retrieve the infant. They also seek revenge for the brutal treatment of the infant.

JACOB MARSH

Jacob Marsh, 29, is a slimy character, oozing a greasy charm. Marsh is short with dark, slicked-back hair, a too-wide smile, and slightly bulging eyes. Presently the manager of the Marsh Refining Company in Innsmouth, he dresses and speaks well. His father is Sebastian Marsh, son of Barnabas ("Old Man") Marsh, grandson of the infamous Obed.

Jacob Marsh

Jacob has been instructed by the town elders to retrieve the Fish Boy and carries money with him to close the deal. On his first visit to the carnival he offers O'Dowd $2000, twice what the freak show-owner paid for the creature. His offer turned down, Marsh will return to Innsmouth. He will then be authorized to offer as much as $4000 but even this will not sway the greedy O'Dowd.

Marsh won't take part in any violence, fleeing back to Innsmouth if things go wrong. Once he's been implicated in any of the troubles, he will not return to the carnival.

WILBUR BABSON

Wilbur, 43, is a stooped, scowling, glassy-eyed man with slightly-webbed hands and deep creases marking both sides of his throat — gills as yet undeveloped. He walks with an odd hopping-shuffling gait and wears a long overcoat, collar turned up to hide his deformities. He usually carries a .45 revolver in the rear waistband of his trousers. He is the father of the Fish Boy.

Wilbur Babson

Wilbur is interested in retrieving his son not so much out of familial feelings but out of fear that the infant will lead mankind to discover the existence of the deep ones. Wilbur is fairly quiet and prefers to let Jacob Marsh, or his cousin, Reggie, to do most of the talking. Wilbur tends to be impulsive and is more likely to use force in an attempt to get the child back.

REGGIE BABSON

Reggie Babson is a tall, thin, leering figure, with the bulging eyes typical of hybrids. His other deformities are less pronounced than his cousin Wilbur's. Reggie, 31, is cooler than his older cousin and hopes to improve his

position in Innsmouth by lending his aid to the deep ones. Reggie does most of the talking with Nichols and O'Dowd when Jacob Marsh is not present. Reggie is sly and plans most of the hybrids' sabotages. He carries a large Bowie knife in his boot and keeps a baseball bat under the front seat of the battered old sedan the cousins drive.

Reggie Babson

OTHER HYBRIDS

A number of other hybrids have been enlisted by the deep ones to help get the infant back. 2D3 will accompany the Babson cousins on any given visit and are the actual instigators of any trouble the hybrids inflict on the show. If caught, they feign innocence and go to jail rather than inform on the deep ones — who have far worse punishments. They all carry knives and make use of improvised clubs or the bats kept in the car. These hybrids usually travel in a vehicle separate from the Babsons.

Act I — Arkham

This is the first place the investigators have a chance to visit the carnival. It is the show's last night in the area before moving on to a two-day stint near Bolton a few miles northwest of here. The investigators should visit the freak show, see the Fish Boy and then, before they leave, discover a few other things. Arkhamites find themselves rubbing shoulders with foul-mouthed, fishy-smelling Kingsporters while the latter have to contend with the effete snobs of the university town. Despite this, most find a way to have a good time. If the investigators are residents of either town, chances are they will bump into someone they know in an innocent encounter with a friend or acquaintance.

The Hybrids Arrive

Tonight the carnival is visited for the first time by the deep one hybrids. Jacob Marsh, along with Wilbur and Reggie Babson, approachs O'Dowd and attempts to buy the Fish Boy. Initially offering $1500, Jacob eventually goes to $2000. O'Dowd doesn't budge and Jacob returns to Innsmouth for more cash.

How the investigators discover this meeting is up to the keeper. If they are unfamiliar with deep ones, it may be arranged so the investigators overhear the offer being made. Others, who know of the deep ones, might be tipped off simply by seeing the hybrids shuffling to their car and leaving.

If the investigators stumble upon this meeting, the keeper might insist someone make a Listen roll in order to clearly hear the conversation. A failed roll indicates that only bits and pieces of the discussion are heard. The bargaining does not go well and quickly turns angry. O'Dowd stalks off, leaving the other men standing there. The hybrids then turn and leave.

If asked, Dots O'Dowd tells investigators "some damn fool wanted to buy one o' muh freaks — can ya believe that?" O'Dowd turns and swaggers off, cursing under his breath.

A Second Interested Party

There is another person interested in the Fish Boy, Professor Jacob Handy, 47, of the biology department at Miskatonic University. He sees in the little creature his chance to make his mark in the academic world. Presently working in the large Biology department, his chances for advancement look slim. With the Fish Boy to experiment on, he could publish independently and promote his career far beyond what the university could ever offer him.

Prof. Jacob Handy

He has converted his entire estate to cash, nearly $6000, and is willing to hand over the entire sum in return for this unique specimen of sea life.

Handy can be introduced a number of ways. He may know the investigators from previous exploits or connections with the university and it may be he is the one who brings the carnival to their attention.

Or investigators might see him at the carnival; if they watch the freak show tent, they might notice that this man spends a lot of time there. If they speak with him, he introduces himself and admits his great interest in the Fish Boy. After O'Dowd turns down his offer, he may even try to get the investigators to help him obtain the Fish Boy illegally. Among other things, he claims the creature is mistreated. He never lets on that he intends to eventually vivisect the little monster.

Handy is a small wispy-haired man with thick glasses and a rather plain-looking face. His eyes and mouth are small and cold, his expression usually impassive. He dresses very plainly, in clothes at least five years out of date; fashion-wise, his long-dead wife was his only hope.

Note: If the investigators are totally unfamiliar with the secrets of the Cthulhu Mythos, the keeper may use Handy to introduce them to its mysteries. In this case, assign the professor a Cthulhu Mythos score of 8%. He has studied some of the Mythos tomes kept in the Miskatonic University Library and correctly surmises the Fish Boy is related to the deep ones. His motivations otherwise remain the same.

The Fist Fight

At some point during the investigators' visit, a scuffle breaks out between the Finns (Arkham's Irish teen gang) and a group of Yankee Kingsport boys. The fight is over a girl, nothing much, the result no more than a bloody nose and a split lip, but there's lots of excitement as a crowd gathers about. Investigators get a first-hand look at Brad Rayburn and a gang of his roustabouts as they break up the scuffle and roughly escort the lads out a side exit.

Act II — Bolton

The carnival opens here the very next day for a two-night stint before moving on to Aylesbury. The hybrids again visit the carnival, this time in an attempt to force O'Dowd to part with the Fish Boy by using diversions. An agent from the Ringling Brothers circus also pays a call.

Jacob Marsh Calls Again

Jacob Marsh and the two Babson boys pay a second visit to Dots O'Dowd and Ted Nichols. This time Marsh has $4000 with him, an amount O'Dowd sneers at. He was (probably) offered half again as much the night before by Professor Handy from the Miskatonic. Marsh snarlingly threatens O'Dowd before he and the Babsons leave. He gives the man a card with his phone number in Innsmouth and tells him to call if he changes his mind, then the three hybrids drive off.

Another carload of hybrids is here this night. Learning of the failure to obtain the Fish Boy, they wait a half hour then set fire to one of the chemical toilets before leaving the scene. Investigators may or may not be on the scene and might or might not get involved. Witnesses report seeing four men fleeing the scene of the fire and escaping in an old worn-out Ford. Some mention the funny, shuffling gait they all shared.

Bolton

Bolton is a small industrial town, population 15,539, located on the banks of the James River. A tributary of the Miskatonic, it joins the larger body of water 3 miles west and north of Arkham. Bolton was first settled around 1650 but was not incorporated as a town until 1714. Its major industries are the manufacture of shoes, leather goods, and textiles.

Bolton is a dark and dirty place, one of the worst of Massachusetts' many industry-dominated cities. Immigrant labor fills over 75% of the factory jobs. Paid low wages, these Italians, Greeks, Poles, and others live in dingy tenement flats lining ill-lit streets. Industrial accidents are frequent but workers are easy enough to replace.

The Second Day in Town

Some time during the late afternoon or evening O'Dowd is visited by Sidney Carlson, a talent agent from the Ringling Brothers, Barnum & Bailey Circus. Carlson was contacted by O'Dowd who is anxious to secure his plans for the Fish Boy. Carlson is impressed by the freak and although he shows no interest in the rest of O'Dowd's show he promises to make the man "an offer you can't refuse." Investigators may overhear this meeting, learn of it through others, or perhaps see the man's car, decorated with the circus's logo, parked near the carnival.

Carlson drives into town, promising to return after he gets some dinner. He is not seen again that evening. His car is found parked in downtown Bolton a half a block from a small diner. Unknown to anyone, Carlson is kidnapped by the hybrids who fear he will purchase the Fish Boy and take him out of their reach. He is not seen again until after the show opens in Aylesbury. Later that night, some of the hybrids return to the show.

INSANE "HORROR"

Near the end of the second night in Bolton one of the hybrids slips the geek a bottle of whiskey laced with five doses of a powerful drug (see next page). Minutes later the maddened thing bursts out of its cage and wanders slobberingly into the carnival grounds where it terrorizes patrons until subdued or slain. Note that the large dosage is likely to kill the unfortunate "horror."

The Horror from the South Pacific, age 33, circus geek

STR 12	CON 9	SIZ 13	INT 9	POW 7
DEX 12	APP 2	EDU 3	SAN 0	HP 11

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Claws (x2) 40%, 1D4 each; Bite 20%, 1D4.

Skills: Dodge 35%, Hide 55%, Listen 60%, Rant and Rave 90%, Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 40%.

Sanity Loss: It costs 0/1 to see this despicable travesty of a man.

Act III — Aylesbury

Leaving Bolton, the trucks and wagons of the carnival head up the Aylesbury Pike for a five-day stint as a feature attraction for the Aylesbury County Fair. The carnival sets up near the center of town next to the rest of the fair's activities.

A Surprise Visit

The first evening in town, before the sun even sets, trouble begins. Brad Rayburn, chief roustabout, is lured into a parking area and mugged by a gang of men from Dunwich. Investigators might blunder onto the scene or be attracted by the cries of the mercilessly-beaten Rayburn. Perhaps another roustabout discovers the beating and alerts the carnies and/or the investigators.

Rayburn's attackers are led by 22-year-old Jeb Prescott, the betrothed of one Ginnie Whitlock of Dunwich village. Last year, the Nichols' Carnival played this same fair and that's where Ginnie, then 15, met Rayburn. The girl took up with the roustabout, living with him on the site for a few days before the carnival moved on, leaving the young girl heartbroken and pregnant. Jeb's waited all year for the carnival to come back. He's brought some of his cousins to help.

If and when the investigators arrive on the scene they find Rayburn sprawled on the ground, two or three shabby rustics gathered around him, laying the boot to ribs and head. Two or three more rustics stand about armed with shotguns leveled at any who would approach or intervene.

"Ye jest stay out of this one, ya heah?" says Jeb. "This be one a those fam'ly matters. We don't intend ta kill 'em — jest make him think twice afore he goes gettin' a young girl pregnant then leavin' her."

Jeb can explain further but will not allow investigators to interfere. The beating is near finished anyway. They drive off in a battered truck, leaving Rayburn alive and breathing, but with ribs kicked in and head bruised and swollen. He needs immediate hospitalization. Incapacitated, it is two weeks before he can return to the carnival and next season before he's fully recovered.

Jeb Prescott, age 22, jealous sweetheart

STR 15	CON 14	SIZ 15	INT 10	POW 10
DEX 11	APP 8	EDU 5	SAN 44	HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

The Hybrids' Drug

This chemical is extracted from certain species of sea urchins gathered by the deep ones at the request of their hybrid cousins. The hybrids slip it into the food or drink of the carnival's animals or performers. When ingested in large enough quantities it produces a homicidal rage.

Each dose of the brown, powdered drug weighs nearly a gram and has a variable POT of 1D6. It has a slight odor which might be noticed by an intended victim if a roll of POW x1 or less is made. Chances of detection might be increased if five or more doses are administered. If ingested, the total POT of the doses is pitted against the drinker's CON on the Resistance Table. If the drug fails, the victim merely becomes unusually excitable and edgy until the drug wears off. If the drug overcomes the target, he or she feels an uncontrollable desire to kill, to smell and taste blood. The victim is compelled to kill over and over again, striking out at randomly chosen targets until the drug finally wears off. If a drugged individual attempts to attack a friend or loved one, a roll of POW x1 or less allows them to overcome the urge, moving on to find another victim.

A side-effect causes the victim's CON to double until the drug wears off, temporarily raising the victim's hit points. If the drugged character or animal suffers a hit point loss beyond his normal level, he dies when the drug wears off. The drug takes effect 1D6 +CON minutes after ingestion, the effects lasting 1D10 minutes per dose.

High dosages of the drug are dangerous. If the total potency is ten or more levels higher than the victim's CON, the victim must roll his CON x5 or less when the drug wears off. A failed roll indicates a massive heart attack doing 4D6 points of damage and causing a permanent loss of 1D6 CON. Even a successful roll permanently reduces CON by one point.

Weapons: Fist 85%, 1D3; Kick 80%, Head Butt 75%, 1D4; Grapple 85%; 12-gauge Double-Barrelled Shotgun 80%, 4D6/2D6/1D6.

Skills: Dodge 75%.

Cousins and Friends, ages 15-31

	STR	CON	SIZ	POW	DEX	HP
ZEKE	14	15	11	12	17	13
JOSH	16	14	9	12	9	12
CALVIN	13	11	12	10	10	12
DOUGLAS	15	13	10	14	14	12
AARON	16	11	9	13	13	10
JODY	15	15	10	9	15	13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist 65%, 1D3; Kick 80%, 1D6; Head Butt 70%, 1D4; Grapple 75%; Knife 55%, 1D3; Club 60%, 1D6; Shotgun 65%, 4D6/2D6/1D6.

Skills: Dodge 55%.

The Trouble Begins

Later that evening the missing circus agent, Sidney Carlson, shows up at the carnival — but in an unhealthy state. Wandering through the fairgrounds half-naked, babbling and screaming, he has been released here after spending two nights in Innsmouth at the hands of the hybrids. His body shows the effects of torture and beatings; his maddened eyes betray other abuses best not imagined.

Carlson is insane and will have to be captured and restrained. The local police are on the scene and the investigators may make their acquaintance.

The Aylesbury Police

Aylesbury detective Douglas Mooney is a stone-faced man in his mid-thirties and probably the most able officer on the force. If there are problems at the fair, Mooney questions witnesses and detains likely suspects, incarcerating them in the Aylesbury jail for as long as necessary.

If the investigators are framed by the hybrids and arrested, they remain in custody for a day or two, until a previously overlooked testimony or witness clears them. If the investigators are arrested for some crime they actually committed, let them deal with the court system — and lower their Credit Ratings according to the court's findings. Even an acquittal lowers Credit Rating a measurable amount due to a damaged reputation. (See *Final Considerations* for more on Credit Rating effects.)

Detective Mooney is of average build, a look of weariness etched on his face. He has short hair, a moustache, and small humorless eyes. His badge pinned to the lapel of his rumpled suit, he talks a slow and deliberate monotone.

A simple man, he likes simple answers. Long, complicated stories are likely to cause him to detain a witness or suspect until he gathers the patience to listen. Disconcerting to harried investigators, Mooney prefers slow-and-precise to quick-and-dirty. Nonetheless, once befriended, Mooney is helpful and trusting. If investigators are straight with him, he's more receptive to their wild claims.

Aylesbury

Founded in 1802 by Arkham idealist Elihu Beckworth, Aylesbury was designed to be a utopic manufacturing center. Employing chiefly young, single women, the Aylesbury mills provided their workers with food, clothing, dormitory housing, and religious instruction, all in addition to their regular wage. It was Beckworths's vision that the young women he employed would work for only a few years, then marry and move on to raise families. Beckworth was also responsible for the construction of the Aylesbury Pike, originally a toll road connecting Aylesbury directly with Arkham.

Aylesbury's mills eventually fell into other hands and Beckworth's vision was lost. Today one sees little difference between Aylesbury and a place like Bolton. Large factories, fueled by immigrant labor, spew pollution into air and river in a futile attempt to compete with the textile industries of the South.

The Reign of Terror

Getting no response from either O'Dowd or Nichols, the hybrids intensify their attacks on the carnival, becoming increasingly violent as the five days wear on. They set more small fires, sabotage equipment, and even mug lone roustabouts. However, they rely mostly on their drug and its effects on animals and humans.

The following is a list of possible uses for the drug, and a general description of the results of each. The keeper can use as many as desired, though after two or three of these, the Nichols' Carnival will be hard pressed to continue due to the bad publicity, lost personnel, and dead or destroyed animals. Alternately, the keeper can rule that some of the drugging attempts fail, or give the investigators a chance to witness the hybrids' dirty deeds. If an investigator is in the right place when a drugging attempt occurs, a Spot Hidden allows him or her to notice the hybrid's suspicious actions; when the target goes berserk, the hybrids are usually able to escape during the resulting chaos.

BERSERK APE

Gorgo's drinking water is spiked with four doses of the drug, probably just before a performance. Suddenly taking effect, the wrestling match between Gorgo and Ted

Nichols goes terribly awry. If accomplished at some other time, the hybrid who does the spiking uses a hammer to smash the padlock off Gorgo's cage door. The hybrid slinks away while Gorgo goes berserk, grabbing and killing passersby until restrained or killed. If taken alive, Nichols sadly has Gorgo destroyed.

Gorgo the Ape, chimpanzee

STR 20	CON 13	SIZ 11	INT 7	POW 8
DEX 16	HP 12	Move 8		

Weapons: Bite 30%, 1D4+1D4; Paws (x2) 40%, 1D4+1D4 each.

Skills: Climb 85%, Spot Hidden 30%.

KILLER CLOWN

One of the hybrids strikes up a friendship with clown Scotty Andrewski, a lonely young man born and bred in Iowa. The hybrid then slips four doses into Scotty's milk immediately following a performance. Insane, Scotty lurks about the carnival grounds in full makeup and costume, hacking victims with a meat cleaver and cackling madly. He haunts the maze of tents and trucks where most of the personnel are staying. Scotty does his bloody work until subdued or slain. If taken alive, he is turned over to the police.

Scotty Andrewski

Scotty Andrewski, age 27, maniac clown

STR 13	CON 10	SIZ 15	INT 13	POW 12
DEX 10	APP 12	EDU 12	SAN 55	HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Meat cleaver 40%, 1D6+1.

Skills: Dodge 35%, Listen 30%, Sneak 20%, Spot Hidden 35%.

Sanity Loss: It costs 0/1 to witness an attack of the maniac-clown.

ENRAGED EQUINES

Similar to Gorgo, the hybrid feeds the two horses six doses each on sugar cubes then smashes the lock off their pen with a hammer. The horses bolt wildly out of the pen and stampede through the crowd, rearing and plunging, kicking people down, and staining their hooves with blood. The horses act very strangely during their frenzy, knocking a victim down then trampling him or her as if to make sure they're dead before racing after another victim. This event spurs much public outcry against the carnival and the horses are destroyed. Lawsuits may result from this tragedy.

Mike and Rex, The Fabulous Farley Steeds

	STR	*CON*	*SIZ*	*POW*	*DEX*	*HP*
MIKE	28	13	27	9	13	20
REX	26	12	26	10	12	19

Weapons: Bite 10%, 1D10; Kick 15%, 1D8+2D6; Rear and Plunge 25%, 2D8+2D6; Trample 25%, 4D6 (downed foes only).

Armor: 1 point of hide.

Skills: Jump 65%.

WILD WATUSI

One of the hybrids spikes Nambuto's water-glass with four doses of the drug shortly before his act in the ring. This night, Nambuto's whirling dance is uncharacteristically clumsy but when he picks up his spear, things get downright ugly. Nambuto hurls it straight at the nearest human target then picks up a second spear and charges into the audience as people flee in panic. Unless subdued by the investigators or the carny folk, the outraged crowd soon beats the giant to death. If he survives, he is handed over to police.

Nambuto, "The Watusi Giant," age 28, aka Big John Newland

STR 16	CON 16	SIZ 19	INT 12	POW 13
DEX 14	APP 13	EDU 6	SAN 65	HP 18

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Two-Handed Spear 45%, 1D8+1; Thrown Spear 85%, 1D8+1; Grapple 55%; Kick 65%, 1D6; Fist 75%, 1D3.

Skills: Climb 65%, Dodge 70%, Jump 85%, Listen 55%, Occult 15%, Poker 70%, Sneak 65%, Spot Hidden 50%, Throw 85%.

MAN-EATING LION

As with the other animals, the hybrid spikes Marcus's food then smashes the lock off his cage. Marcus goes after anyone who gets in his way, usually pausing to take a bite or two out of each. Clyde Court, Marcus's trainer, shows up quickly, a pistol in his hand and another in his belt. The gun in his hand fires blanks, but after a shot or two Court realizes it's useless. By this time, Marcus tires of the racket and turns on Court. The lion remains violent even after the drug wears off and will have to be destroyed. Again, lawsuits could result.

Marcus the Lion

STR 19	CON 10	SIZ 18	INT 5	POW 11
DEX 17	HP 14	Move 10		

Weapons: Bite 35%, 1D10+1D6; Claws (x2) 55%, 1D6+1D6 each; Rake 80%, 4D6.

Armor: 2 point skin.

Skills: Hide 50%, Listen 45%, Scent Prey 50%, Sneak 70%.

The lion attacks with two claws and one bite per round against a single opponent. If both claws hit, it then rakes with its hind legs while biting at the same time.

Marcus gone mad

Clyde Court, age 35, lion tamer

STR 10	CON 14	SIZ 12	INT 13	POW 15
DEX 17	APP 12	EDU 13	SAN 73	HP 13

Weapons: Whip 85%, 1D3 (plus entanglement or immobilization of a limb on an impaling roll; STR vs. STR needed to break free); .45 Revolver 40%, 1D10+2; Grapple 55%.

Skills: Climb 60%, Credit Rating 40%, Dodge 70%, First Aid 50%, Jump 55%, Lion-Taming 85%, Listen 50%, Spot Hidden 40%, Throw 40%, Track 55%, Zoology 55%.

OTHER ATTEMPTS

The hybrids prefer to stay in the shadows as much as possible. If their druggings fail to persuade O'Dowd and Nichols, they may take desperate steps.

Starting a fire somewhere in the carnival at night might divert the carnies' attention long enough for the hybrids to climb the fence, enter the freak show tent, and make off with the Fish Boy. The investigators, O'Dowd, and any number of roustabouts may intervene if the hybrids are spotted.

The hybrids might kidnap a carnival performer or family member in the hope of trading the person for the Fish Boy. This puts the hybrids at risk if the person lives and is able to identify his or her captors.

Other insidious ideas may occur to the keeper but remember that the deep one hybrids prefer to keep a low profile. They would rather extort and persuade than assault and kidnap.

Who Gets the Fish Boy?

The course of this scenario depends a great deal on where the sympathies of the investigators lie. Ideally, they feel sorry for the tiny creature and take steps to return it to its natural habitat. Possibly they are in the hire of Professor Handy and believe the creature should be studied by science. Maybe they are in the employ of Nichols and/or O'Dowd, hired to protect the show from the terrorist attacks of the hybrids and to protect the Fish Boy from being kidnapped.

THE HYBRIDS

The hybrids want the Fish Boy but without a show of force. They prefer extortion, eventually forcing the stubborn O'Dowd to call Marsh in Innsmouth and accept the hybrid's offer. The hybrids also want to take a little revenge on the carnival and its owners.

TED NICHOLS

Although Nichols wants to keep the lucrative freak show attraction, he also wants to keep his carnival running and

his employees safe. After a few major mishaps, Nichols realizes who or what is probably behind them and begins urging O'Dowd to sell the thing to avoid further troubles.

DOTS O'DOWD

Far more stubborn than Nichols, the keeper of the freaks holds out against selling the Fish Boy. Only when the terrorism and violence strikes him directly does he give up his dream of touring with the big show. But even then, he refuses to deal with the hybrids, preferring to sell to Professor Handy for the higher amount of $6000.

PROFESSOR JACOB HANDY

The professor wants to study the strange creature known as the Fish Boy, feed him, care for him, then vivisect him and preserve him in pieces kept in jars. Investigators may not realize how insensitive and unintentionally cruel he will be to the infant.

If Handy obtains the Fish Boy, he sets up a secret laboratory in his home on the southern outskirts of Arkham. The hybrids may visit Handy and make him offers or they may just terrorize him as they did the carnival. The deep ones themselves may even become involved, swimming up the Miskatonic River to the edge of town before heading furtively across the countryside to Handy's place. Their methods are less subtle than the hybrids' but more effective: the home is left a shambles, the Fish Boy gone, and Professor Handy quite dead.

Freeing the Fish Boy

All events in this scenario point to the eventual return of the Fish Boy to the sea and his kind. Depending on how the scenario has gone, this event could occur in a number of ways. When whomever has the Fish Boy makes the decision to return him to his kind, Jacob Marsh sets up an exchange. The rendezvous is held well away from the carnival in order to avoid possible police intervention. The fishy-smelling negotiators insist on a dawn meeting at the nearest seashore. Accepting no compromises, they promise further attacks if their wishes are not met.

If Nichols or O'Dowd are still involved, they must attend the rendezvous. If the investigators are helping the carnies, or have been any hindrance to the hybrids, their presence is also demanded. Alternately, if the investigators have stayed out of the thick of things, Nichols asks them to accompany him as "insurance." Or the investigators could simply decide on their own to follow the carnies to the rendezvous.

The hybrids intend to get the Fish Boy back and eliminate their chief enemies all at the same time. The seaside meeting is watched by several deep ones hiding in the surf and who are supposed to attack any non-hybrids that show up. The deep ones have their own agenda, however.

At dawn, the hybrids' cars arrive at the lonely road atop the designated beach; they have long since arranged for the deep ones to wait at this place until needed. They leave their cars and walk down to the shore, out into the open. Most are armed only with knives, but one or two carry .38 revolvers. Jacob Marsh carries a battered suitcase containing the agreed-upon sum in cash.

Nichols carries out his part of the deal as agreed, bringing the Fish Boy to the site in a tank of water on the back of a truck. Both he and O'Dowd are armed with their revolvers. Once he sees the hybrids' minimal numbers and defenses, O'Dowd wants to attack them and take the money and the Fish Boy. Cooler heads should prevail. The hybrids tell the men to carry the Fish Boy down to the beach. Lugging the slimy, fishy-smelling infant, the human party reaches the beach. The hybrid money-carrier opens the suitcase to show the money while the other hybrids back away to allow the humans to look. Babson or Marsh gestures toward the pounding surf and tells the bearer of the Fish Boy to carry the infant out to sea. If the holder is O'Dowd, he stumbles into the surf cursing. Here he is met by 2D3 dripping ichthyic/humanoid forms which suddenly rise up out of the water. SAN loss is 1/1D6+1. The deep ones snatch the child away from the man, and then bat, claw, strangle, and tear the keeper of freaks to bloody bits in front of the eyes of the rest of the party.SAN loss is 0/1D4. The hybrids flee to their cars leaving the humans to deal with the deep ones. The deep ones attack only those who have mistreated the Fish Boy (Nichols included) or anyone who attacks them.

If an investigator carries the Fish Boy, the deep ones arise as before but attack only if they believe that person has in some way been cruel to the Fish Boy — or if the investigator foolishly attacks them. Instead, one of the gaping-mouthed wall-eyed horrors strides forward and snatches the child out of the arms of the investigator. The other deep ones lumber up onto the beach attacking anyone who attacks them — or at least O'Dowd and Nichols, as above.

The Fish Boy escapes with one of the deep ones while the others finish their vengeance. Presumably the investigators flee before the deep ones decide to remove all the humans on the beach. If Nichols is somehow killed, the investigators lose 1/1D4 SAN for not helping this basically good fellow.

Final Considerations

There is really no clear-cut victory or defeat in this scenario. It depends more on the investigators' own moral dispositions than in the defeat of monsters or foiling of an

The Babson Clan arrives

evil plot. Keepers are urged to regard the following SAN rewards and penalties as guidelines only; such results may be adjusted up or down depending on how each individual investigator feels about the scenario's outcome. If an investigator feels he or she did the right thing or helped the right thing come about, adjust upward. If the investigator feels the group did the wrong thing, or even has doubts, adjust downward.

If Nichols is killed, each investigator loses 1D4 SAN. The death of the unsavory O'Dowd calls for a loss of 1D2. Each carnival act disrupted or injured costs another point of SAN, or 1D3 points if the disruption resulted in a death of any kind. If the Fish Boy is killed, a SAN loss of 1D3 is charged against anyone feeling sorry for the creature. If the Nichols' Carnival is ruined by the hybrids, another 1D4 SAN points are lost. If Professor Handy is killed without the investigators discovering his cruel plans for the Fish Boy, 1D3 SAN are lost by those associated with him. If Handy obtains the Fish Boy and experiments on him, investigators who learn of his activities lose another 1D4 SAN — possibly more if the Fish Boy dies as a result of the experiments.

It is quite possible the investigators have attempted to get some of the hybrids arrested. Each foul hybrid captured and turned over to the authorities gains investigators two SAN points. Each hybrid killed awards only one SAN point and the investigator probably has troubles with the law which affect his Credit Rating (see below). If the Fish Boy is returned to the hybrids or the deep ones, the investigators may earn 1D4 or more SAN, depending on how satisfied they are with this resolution. If the investigators manage to deal with the hybrids in a way that allows the carnival to continue with minimal losses (O'Dowd is considered an acceptable loss), they each receive another 1D6 SAN for successfully mitigating this delicate matter.

The investigators' actions during this adventure also have some bearing on their reputations, reflected in their Credit Rating. If an investigator is taken in for questioning, reduce his Credit Rating by 1D6 percentiles or more, depending on the gravity of the matter. If they are actually charged with a crime, the loss should be at least 1D10 percentiles; adjust this upward according to the severity of the charges. An actual conviction brings a further loss of 1D20+10 percentiles from Credit Rating for even the least of offenses. Worse crimes may call for larger losses.

On the other hand, if the investigators helped save the carnival, they may add 1D10 to their Credit Rating. If they helped the police apprehend the hybrid saboteurs, a further 1D10 should be added. Maintaining human safety and society should be rewarded, but those who operate outside the law should be punished by that society — regardless of good intentions.

Statistics

Ted Nichols, age 47, carnival owner and ringmaster

STR 12	CON 12	SIZ 14	INT 14	POW 15
DEX 11	APP 13	EDU 14	SAN 75	HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist 65%, 1D3; Grapple 35%; Club 40%, 1D6; Stage Whip 40%, 1D3; .38 Revolver 30%, 1D10.

Skills: Accounting 40%, Bargain 55%, Climb 50%, Credit Rating 45%, Debate 35%, Dodge 40%, Drive Automobile 30%, Fast Talk 70%, Jump 35%, Law 35%, Listen 55%, Make Maps 25%, Mechanical Repair 35%, Oratory 90%, Psychology 25%, Ride 15%, Spot Hidden 40%, Zoology 10%.

Lucius "Dots" O'Dowd, age 39, freak show owner

STR 14	CON 12	SIZ 15	INT 13	POW 12
DEX 11	APP 10	EDU 10	SAN 36	HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist 70%, 1D3 (+2 with brass knuckles); Kick 45%, 1D6; Grapple 50%; Large Switchblade 45%, 1D4; Club 50%, 1D6; .38 Revolver 40%, 1D10.

Skills: Bargain 65%, Climb 50%, Dodge 40%, Drive Automobile 35%, Electrical Repair 35%, Fast Talk 75%, Hide 45%, Law 15%, Listen 30%, Mechanical Repair 45%, Oratory 60%, Pick Pocket 30%, Psychology 25%, Sneak 25%, Spot Hidden 50%.

The Fish Boy, age 9 months, immature deep one

STR 3	CON 9	SIZ 2	INT 4	POW 6
DEX 7	APP 1	HP 6	Move 2 / 6	Swimming

Weapons: Tail lash 30%, 1D3-1; Bite 05%, 1D3-1; Claws (x2) 10%, 1D2-1.

Armor: 1 point of soft scales.

Skills: Swim 100%.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D3.

Brad Rayburn, age 31, head roustabout

STR 14	CON 10	SIZ 15	INT 13	POW 12
DEX 12	APP 13	EDU 11	SAN 51	HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist 85%, 1D3; Grapple 65%; Tire Iron 60%, 1D8.

Skills: Dodge 45%, Electrical Repair 55%, Law 20%, Listen 60%, Mechanical Repair 75%, Spot Hidden 50%, Throw 60%.

Roustabouts, ages 15-55

	STR	*CON*	*SIZ*	*POW*	*DEX*	*HP*
HARLAN	13	14	4	11	17	14
PAUL	15	14	12	11	9	13
EDDIE	13	12	16	10	10	14
MASON	12	12	13	9	14	13
JOE	11	10	15	12	13	13
NODDY	14	15	15	9	15	15

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist 65%, 1D3; Kick 40%, 1D6; Grapple 40%; Knife 45%, 1D3; Club 40%, 1D6.

Skills: Dodge 35%, Electrical Repair 30%, Listen 30%, Mechanical Repair 55%, Spot Hidden 30%, Throw 35%.

Jacob Marsh, age 29, deep one hybrid and chief negotiator

STR 10	CON 13	SIZ 11	INT 13	POW 13
DEX 13	APP 9	EDU 12	SAN 0	HP 12

Weapons: None carried. All at base percentages.

Skills: Accounting 65%, Bargain 65%, Chemistry 20%, Credit Rating 55%, Cthulhu Mythos 30%, Factory Management 55%, Geology 45%, Mechanical Repair 30%, Oratory 75%, Psychology 55%, Spot Hidden 45%.

Wilbur Babson, age 43, deep one hybrid and father of the Fish Boy

STR 15	CON 13	SIZ 14	INT 12	POW 12
DEX 11	APP 8	EDU 8	SAN 0	HP 14

Weapons: Fist 65%, 1D3; Kick 55%, 1D6; Grapple 45%; .45 Revolver 30%, 1D10+2.

Skills: Bargain 35%, Dodge 25%, Drive Automobile 30%, Fast Talk 30%, Hide 20%, Listen 30%, Sneak 20%, Spot Hidden 50%, Swim 65%.

Reggie Babson, age 31, deep one hybrid and cousin of the Fish Boy

STR 11	CON 12	SIZ 14	INT 12	POW 10
DEX 13	APP 9	EDU 8	SAN 0	HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist 55%, 1D3; Kick 35%, 1D6; Fighting Knife 30%, 1D4+2; Baseball Bat 40%, 1D8.

Skills: Bargain 20%, Dodge 30%, Drive Automobile 45%, Fast Talk 45%, Hide 30%, Listen 30%, Sneak 45%, Spot Hidden 40%, Swim 65%.

Miscellaneous deep one hybrids, ages 20-45

	STR	*CON*	*SIZ*	*POW*	*DEX*	*HP*
F. PIERCE	12	11	13	12	16	12
F. GILMAN	15	14	16	9	13	15
I. BABSON	11	13	14	14	10	13
S. SARGENT	13	9	13	11	13	11
T. GILMAN	13	12	12	13	8	12
N. PIERCE	13	15	15	11	14	15

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist 55%, 1D3; Kick 35%, 1D6; Grapple 35%, Knife 35%, 1D4; Club 45%, 1D6.

Skills: Dodge 30%, Hide 25%, Sneak 20%, Spot Hidden 30%, Swim 60%.

Professor Jacob Handy, age 27, experimental biologist

STR 9	CON 9	SIZ 12	INT 16	POW 12
DEX 9	APP 12	EDU 19	SAN 52	HP 11

Weapons: Scalpel 75%, 1D3 (has twice normal chance to impale).

Skills: Accounting 15%, Anthropology 25%, Biology 70%, Botany 20%, Chemistry 15%, Credit Rating 45%, Debate 45%, English 95%, First Aid 50%, History 45%, Latin 50%, Library Use 55%, Psychology 30%, Spot Hidden 40%, Zoology 70%.

Detective Douglas Mooney, age 36, Aylesbury Police Dept.

STR 9	CON 10	SIZ 14	INT 15	POW 12
DEX 8	APP 9	EDU 15	SAN 58	HP 12

Weapons: Fist 55%, 1D3; Grapple 35%; Nightstick 35%, 1D6; .38 Revolver 60%, 1D10.

Skills: Debate 40%, Dodge 35%, Drive Automobile 40%, First Aid 40%, Law 55%, Listen 60%, Oratory 55%, Psychology 50%, Spot Hidden 55%.

Police Officers, ages 23-52

	STR	*CON*	*SIZ*	*POW*	*DEX*	*HP*
JONES	13	11	12	12	12	12
SMITH	14	14	13	12	11	14
ADAMS	11	12	16	10	14	14
WRIGHT	12	12	13	11	10	13
JOHNSON	13	10	12	10	9	11
MILLER	14	15	11	9	15	13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist 55%, 1D3; Grapple 60%; .38 Revolver 55%, 1D10.

Skills: Dodge 45%, Law 40%, Listen 30%, Psychology 35%, Spot Hidden 35%, Track 35%.

Arkham:

Regiment Of Dread

Wherein the investigators bring to light a monumental evil, and stand in the long shadows of old, old sins.

"I think I see a valley / Covered with bones in blue
All the brave soldiers / That cannot get older
Been asking after you."

Daylight Again, Stephen Stills

This scenario draws the investigators into the haunted world of a demented veteran of the Civil War. No Cthulhu Mythos knowledge is necessary, nor are magic spells of any particular advantage. Intelligence and courage are the investigators' best tools.

Keeper's Information

This adventure follows a tight time line, taking place over a brief few days. The keeper may find it necessary to alter events and encounters in order that the investigators are present to participate in the climax. August 30th is the given date of the climax, intended to coincide with the anniversary of a Civil War battle. This is only a dramatic device. If the keeper finds this date inconvenient within his own campaign, he may ignore it, simply deleting any references to the anniversary. It is perhaps easiest to ignore the dates altogether, developing the described events at the cemetery and the Weedon mansion at a rate that keeps pace with the investigators' progress. It is essential to the adventure that the investigators visit the Weedon house on the day before the long-ago battle is restaged. Once here, they are trapped, unable to leave until events have resolved themselves.

The scenario ostensibly begins midday on August 26th, as word of the vandalism at Christchurch cemetery spreads across town. The Civil War memorial has been badly damaged by persons unknown. The rest of that day and evening can be spent in research. The following day allows time for additional research and possibly a night spent in the cemetery, the nursing home, or out at the Weedon mansion. The following day the investigators should visit the Weedon mansion and here be caught up in an old man's scheme to change his past.

Background

1861 marked the beginning of America's War Between the States. Within weeks of the first hostilities, Arkham had assembled its finest young men into the 23rd Massachusetts Volunteer Regiment. These volunteers saw initial action in the Peninsula Campaign of 1862 and later at the Second Battle of Bull Run. At Bull Run, the Union forces were decisively repelled by Lee's Confederate army, suffering heavy casualties.

First Lieutenant Upton Lamar Weedon was there that day, an Arkham man and an officer with the 23rd Volunteers. The Massachusetts regiments had been smashed by a Confederate counter-attack and Weedon, with a handful of men from 7th, 9th, and 23rd Regiments, found himself near the tiny stream called Bull Run, pinned down by Rebel cannon fire.

The 19-year-old officer rallied his men, called on their courage to sustain them, then did the only thing he could — ordered a desperate charge up the slope to attack the Confederate position.The drummer boy beating the charge, the fragmented regiments valiantly mounted the slope, charging madly into the teeth of the enemy while twelve-pound shells rained down around them.

Weedon was in their midst, running madly, saber drawn, intent on reaching the crest of the hill. But then a shell landed to his right, just a few yards away, knocking Weedon to the ground and tearing the man next to him to pieces. Regaining his senses, Weedon tried to stand up, felt his feet restrained, then discovered his legs entangled in the bloody entrails of the dead corporal. His courage broke. Screaming, he kicked himself free and, panicked, fled the scene of the battle.

Gaining the far bank of the stream, Weedon fell on his back, panting, as his panic subsided. He watched horrified as the men he had ordered into battle fell like flies, most to the intense cannon fire, the last few to the rifle enfilade that blanketed the final twenty yards of the doomed charge. Horrified by the slaughter, and appalled

by his own unexpected show of cowardice, Weedon crawled back toward the Union lines. But only after wounding his own leg with a knife, a wound intended to disguise his cowardice on the field.

The Union generals believed Weedon; they'd received reports that he'd led the charge that very nearly turned the battle. Weedon was awarded a commendation and promoted to the rank of captain — but it was to be the end of the war for him. The self-inflicted wound festered, turned gangrenous, and the leg was eventually amputated.

Unknown to Weedon, one other soldier survived the fateful charge that day: the twelve-year-old drummer boy, Edward Houghton. Halfway up the slope, with men falling everywhere about him, the young boy's courage failed. He fell to the ground, terrified, crying. Later, after dark, he slipped back to the Union lines. He had been witness to the cowardly act of Weedon but, ashamed of his own lack of courage, said nothing to the Union officers who believed Weedon a hero. Even after his return home to Arkham in 1865, Houghton never revealed to anyone what actually happened that day. Although some records indicate that Houghton participated in the charge, he has denied it for so long that he has himself almost forgotten his role in the battle.

Captain Upton Lamar Weedon returned home to the accolades of Arkham's citizens. Humbly accepting their praise, he never revealed what actually transpired that day. The crippled veteran retired to the Weedon family home, a large mansion northwest of Arkham, and became a recluse, rarely seen in Arkham. When, at the turn of the century, Weedon's parents died, he dismissed the family servants and lived alone.

During his years of solitude he explored the great library compiled by his father and grandfather. He sought solace in philosophy, literature, and science, but found nothing to sooth his tormented soul. It was only this past year, while exploring the library's small collection of occult titles that he happened upon a yellowed manuscript, a hand-written copy of a monograph entitled *Corpus Modus*. Within its pages Weedon found descriptions of magicks that can be used to relive, even change, the past. The price is high, but one that Weedon is more than willing to pay.

WEEDON'S PLAN

The anniversary of the Second Battle of Bull Run is near. Making use of the power of a being known as the Effigy of Hate, Weedon plans to restage this battle, giving himself a second chance to lead the fateful charge and this time prove his courage under fire.

He has recently taken in a boarder, an author named Roderick Aspen whose POW and life will be gradually consumed by the Effigy of Hate. The night before the scenario begins, Weedon casts his spell, calling the Effigy to Arkham where it takes up temporary residence in the city's Civil War monument. Called into existence, the Effigy immediately consumes 3 points of Aspen's POW. The following night the Effigy begins to change, draining another 3 points of POW from the unsuspecting Aspen. The next night Aspen loses another 3 points when the Effigy assumes its full form and leaves the cemetery. On the final night, Aspen dies when the Effigy draws his remaining points of POW to call forth the Regiment of Dread.

The Corpus Modus

This is a monograph written in the late 18th Century by the notorious slaver, Boden Dandry. Its pages describe the beliefs held by a tribe of extremely war-like Africans that Dandry knew. This tribe, given to slaughter, kidnaping, and rape, supplied Dandry with most of the slaves he dealt in.

Although providing few details, Dandry describes the "witch-doctor's" ability to summon and speak with spirits, and to raise and command the dead. One ritual that is completely described is the invocation of a creature Dandry calls the Effigy of Hate. According to Dandry, who was witness to such a summoning, a wooden totem some fifteen feet tall was first built. At sunset, a ritual was begun that lasted eight hours. At the end of the ritual this unknown spirit physically occupied the wooden totem. Over the next two nights the Effigy grew and changed and on the third night awoke, ready to fulfill the desires of whomever had called it forth. The witch-doctor had told Dandry that the Effigy was capable of altering the past and had been twice used by the tribe to change things that had happened in the past.

Reading this book, which requires a successful English roll and two hours' time, adds 4% to an investigator's Cthulhu Mythos score and costs 1D6 SAN. The only spell fully described is Summon Effigy of Hate, which can be learned with a roll of INT x1 or less. The Effigy is another of the many aspects of Nyarlathotep.

New Spell — Summon Effigy of Hate

The ritual for this spell takes eight hours to perform and can only be cast at night. It requires 12 magic points and 3 points of POW, the latter usually donated by an unwilling slave or captive. The caster must supply the magic points but the spell allows for the POW to be drawn from a designated victim. Successfully summoned, the Effigy inhabits a tall, war totem especially constructed for this purpose.

Over the following two nights the Effigy emerges into our world, each night drawing three points of POW from the designated victim. Once the Effigy has fully coalesced, it begins to go about fulfilling the caster's deepest desire.

Investigators' Information

Curious investigators may be drawn into this adventure simply by choosing to investigate the act of vandalism committed against Arkham's Civil War memorial. Others may be lured into the situation through the agency of Miss Rebecca Houghton (see below).

In either case, investigators hear about the act of vandalism through neighbors, friends, or landlords, or read about it in the newspapers. Details are few.

MISS REBECCA HOUGHTON

Rebecca Houghton is 23 years old, a lovely blond with large, hooded eyes. One of the last descendants of a long-time Arkham family, Rebecca is cursed with a stuffy, snobbish attitude not uncommon to members of the city's old aristocracy. The investigators were perhaps recommended to her by a friend. Her attitude toward, and treatment of the investigators depends upon their Credit Ratings and family names.

Rebecca Houghton

Miss Houghton is concerned for the well-being of her grandfather, 77-year-old Edward Houghton, a veteran of the Civil War. Once the drummer boy with the 23rd Massachusetts Volunteer Regiment, he is now a resident at the Miskatonic Valley Veteran's Home, his home for the past three years. Rebecca explains that her grandfather's condition has recently taken a turn for the worse.

Although usually hale and hearty, Houghton has recently become morose and uncommunicative. Although it may be nothing more than the cruel approaching senility, Rebecca feels that the staff at the nursing home may be at fault. She suspects them of neglect or even mistreatment of their patients.

This morning's news of the vandalizing of the Civil War monument has only worsened her grandfather's condition. He talks incoherently of something ill about to befall him and the city of Arkham.

Miss Houghton hires the investigators to learn what they can about the nursing home and perhaps to find out what actually happened to the Civil War memorial. She is not a wealthy woman, and offers them only $50 for their efforts, subject to a successful Bargain. She knows little about her grandfather's role in the Civil War, only that he held himself with "distinction and courage at all times, despite his youth."

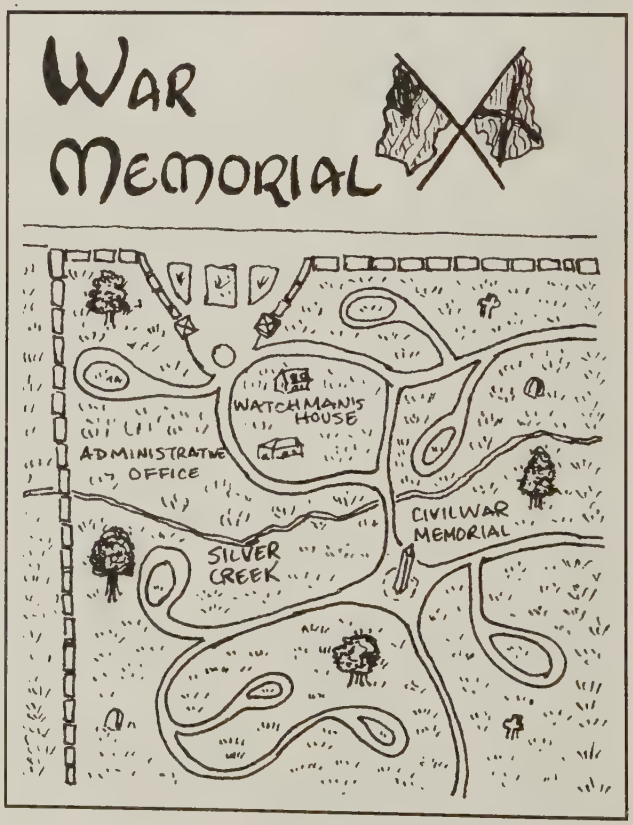
If Miss Houghton does not appear at the beginning of the scenario, the investigators may encounter her later, probably at the veteran's home where she regularly visits her grandfather.

The First Day

By the time the investigators begin looking into the mystery, at least half the day will be gone. Depending upon how they entered the adventure, they will probably be able to do little more than visit the cemetery and/or interview Edward Houghton at the nursing home. The Civil War monument is in Christchurch cemetery located on the southern outskirts of town. Houghton is a resident at the Miskatonic Valley Veterans Home on Boundary St., due west of the university. Investigators may, of course, choose other paths of inquiry. The keeper will need to adjust as necessary.

Christchurch Cemetery

Visiting Christchurch cemetery and the war memorial on the first day of the scenario, investigators find the fourteen-foot high monolith surrounded by a barricade of sawhorses intended to keep the public at a safe distance.



The marble obelisk, bearing the names of the 27 Arkham men who died in the war, is found to be severely cracked, laced through with fractures, looking as though it may collapse at any moment. Any investigator jumping the barrier to make a closer inspection finds, with a Spot Hidden roll, that small amounts of a strange, sticky substance are oozing from the cracks in the monument (lose 0/1 SAN).

If police or cemetery officials are questioned, they are found to have no clue as to what happened. They only know that at sunrise the memorial was discovered in its present condition. The night watchman, Gerber Pender, reported hearing nothing last night.

The Miskatonic Valley Veterans Home

This home is a charitable institution funded mainly by donations. A converted three story late-Georgian mansion, it houses wounded and retired veterans of the recent World War as well as the Spanish-American War. One veteran of America's Civil War resides here, the aged Edward Houghton.

To gain entry, investigators must convince the staff of their sincerity. Professionals such as doctors or lawyers should have little problem; others will have to succeed with a Credit Rating or Oratory roll. A letter of introduction from Miss Houghton solves all problems. Inside, shambling figures with ruined bodies and psyches drift through the hallways, mumbling incoherently. Others merely sit and stare.

Nurse Irene O'Malley is in charge of the floor where Edward Houghton resides. A sturdy woman of Boston-Irish stock, O'Malley talks tough but betrays a sincere concern for the residents. She is happy to answer any questions and should be able to satisfy investigators that the home is doing the best it can for its patients.

Nurse O'Malley

Asked about Houghton, she mentions that the old man's sleep has been lately troubled by dreams. "For the past several months he's been talking in his sleep, a whole monologue it is, though I've not had the time to listen to it all. The night staff tells me he's not missed a single night this month." O'Malley says the man's condition seems to have deteriorated this past month, coincidental with the dreams plaguing his sleep.

Edward Houghton

THE DRUMMER BOY

Houghton occupies a small room in the rear of the building. He sits in his rocking chair, shawl across his rounded shoulders, surrounded by his mementoes of the war: a tattered Union flag, a regimental banner from the Massachusetts 23rd, and a battered marching drum. The grizzled veteran stares out the window, his eyes bright but distant, taking little notice of his visitors. His face is long and sunken, his eyes lined by dark circles. He appears anxious, expectant. Once investigators claim his attention he responds to questions. Although he rambles a bit, he is capable of providing a few answers.

Edward Houghton, former drummer boy

STR 10	CON 13	SIZ 11	DEX 11	APP 9
INT 14	POW 13	EDU 19	SAN 65	HP 12

Weapons: 1860 Colt .45 Revolver 55%, 1D10+2; .58 Springfield Rifle 45%, 1D10+4

Skills: Play Drums 87%, Debate 45%, History 82%, Psychology 51%, Listen 55%.

Houghton knows nothing specific about the vandalizing of the Civil War monument. He complains that people nowadays have no respect for their history or for the sacrifices that some people have made. He somehow connects this event with dark events to come. "The war was a time when we were fighting each other, American against American, brother against brother. God knows there was reason enough to fight, but it shattered this country — tore it into two pieces and left great wounds where those pieces were rejoined by clumsy hands. A time like that doesn't just go away, my friends. It sticks around. The bad blood is still with us today and I feel it now. Yes, I feel it now."

If asked about other Civil War vets in town he says that Upton Lamar Weedon is the only one he knows about. "I haven't seen that man since they toted him away after the Second Battle of Bull Run, his leg bleeding and him raving like a madman."

If asked about his role in the battle he claims to not have taken part. He says he came up to the front later and that another officer held him back, as though fearing things would go bad. He's so long denied his role in the battle, and his knowledge of Weedon's cowardice, that he has begun to believe the lie himself. Psychology rolls show he does not tell the truth.

If asked about the recurring dream he's been experiencing, Houghton clams up. Obviously holding back, he claims no knowledge of bad dreams and says nurse O'Malley sometimes worries too much.

Before they leave, Houghton tells the investigators to assure his granddaughter he is doing fine and is being well cared for. He can't explain his current condition, "Just a spell of moodiness, like silly old men suffer from time to time." A successful Psychology roll reveals he is plainly terrified of something.

After the interview, any investigator making either a Psychoanalysis or a Diagnose Disease roll feels sure that Houghton suffers from no physical problems and that his anxiety seems purely psychological.

If the investigators wish to come back at night to listen in on the old man's dreams, they have to get permission from Nurse O'Malley. The keeper may require Oratory rolls or simply allow the investigators to charm the woman. If they have given her no reason to mistrust them, she does not object too strongly. Attempts at bribery only insult her. If the investigators spend the night here see below, *The Second Night.*

The Second Day

On the next day investigators may wish to conduct research on the Civil War and possibly visit Upton Lamar Weedon, Arkham's other living Civil War veteran. But first, they hear of the latest developments in Christchurch cemetery. Although details are sketchy, rumor has it that some bizarre change has overcome the damaged Civil War memorial.

CHRISTCHURCH CEMETERY

Investigators wishing to inspect the Civil War monument find a small crowd gathered at the cemetery's entrance gate. Two policemen stand guard, allowing entrance to authorized visitors only. The fourteen-foot stone obelisk, normally visible from the front gate, is now screened from view by a hastily-erected wall of canvas.

Just inside the gate stands Chief of Detectives Luther Harden, in discussion with a uniformed police sergeant. Harden's permission is necessary if investigators wish to enter the cemetery. If any know Harden, or have had favorable interactions with him in the past, he invites them in. Otherwise, investigators have to make a successful Oratory, Debate, or Law roll. If on good terms with the detective, Harden sheepishly admits to investigators that he would be grateful for any insights they might offer.

Questioning Harden or other police officers yields little. Some speculate that the desecration is the work of anarchists or socialists. Others, more level-headed, guess it to be some bizarre student prank. If the investigators fail to gain entrance, they may make the acquaintance of the cemetery's night watchman, Gerber Pender (See *The Watchman's Tale*).

AT THE SITE

Stepping behind the canvas screens, the investigators find the cracked monument now covered with a thick shell of dark, translucent material, almost like amber. Beneath the shell, the polished marble of the monument has been changed or replaced by a tower of intertwined corpses dressed in the remnants of Civil War uniforms (lose 1/1D4 SAN points). Anyone making a Spot Hidden roll notices that some of the corpses actually move, writhing and twisting slightly beneath the covering shell (lose an additional 1/1D2 SAN points). Near the top of the monument, also covered by the thick coating, investigators see a pair of great, bat-like wings wrapped about the obelisk. The foot of the monument is littered with skulls, the plants of the garden surrounding the memorial now dead and blackened.

Close examination of the alien shell reveals it to be a dark shellac. Prying a piece loose requires the use of a pocketknife or similar implement. Analysis fails to identify the material but reveals that microscopic bits of human tissue are embedded within it. (lose 0/1 SAN).

The metamorphosed monument is unaffected by gunfire or other kinetic weapons; magic is useless. Intense heat may melt some of the coating but generally leaves the monument undamaged. All but the largest of explosive devices does little or no harm.

THE WATCHMAN'S TALE

The crowd of gawkers at the front gate include among them Gerber Pender, night watchman at Christchurch Cemetery. He was here last night and heard and saw a few things that police would prefer he did not repeat. Pender's acquaintance can be made either before or after the investigators inspect the monument.

Gerber Pender

Gerber says that around midnight last night he heard a noise out by the memorial. Thinking that someone was up to pranks he took his flashlight and went to investigate. When he reached the memorial he saw it moving,

glowing, expanding and contracting like something alive. The cracks in the marble opened up and Pender says he could see something glowing inside.

Gerber does not relish the thought of returning to work this evening. He is more than willing to accommodate any investigators who express a desire to spend the night at the cemetery. His shift begins at 8 PM.

Digging Up The Past

Investigators wishing to learn more about Arkham's role in America's Civil War may checkthe following sources.

THE ARKHAM HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Here the investigators can research the history of Arkham's 23rd Volunteers. 27 local men gave their lives, 22 of them at the Second Battle of Bull Run. A successful Library Use turns up a small book entitled, *Our Boys In Blue; Arkham and the Civil War* by Dr. Lucas B. White (see below). The book contains a photo of drummer boy Edward Houghton as well as a picture of Lt. Weedon.

Speaking to the curator, E. Lapham Peabody, investigators learn that these two men are the only known living veterans of the war still residing in the Arkham area. Houghton, Peabody believes, resides at the Veteran's Home while Weedon lives on the old family estate northwest of town along Blair Road.

THE WAR PAPERS #1

Excerpt from *Our Boys In Blue; Arkham and the Civil War*, printed 1878

> None fought there [the Second Battle of Bull Run, August 29-30, 1862] with more bravery than our own Lt. Upton Lamar Weedon, native son of Arkham. "If more had fought like Weedon, we would have repelled Jackson posthaste," exclaimed a respectful General John Pope after the battle.
>
> When all seemed lost and our army was fleeing in disarray, Lt. Weedon alone refused to run. 50 from the 7th, 30 from the 9th, and 22 from our own 23rd answered his call to rally under heavy fire.
>
> Weedon himself led the ill-fated charge into a hail of artillery. Left severely wounded, he was the only survivor that day. For such selfless heroism in the line of duty Weedon received an army commendation and later a certificate of merit from the mayor and proud citizens of Arkham. But that wan't all he received for his bravery. He also gained a wooden leg to replace the one he lost on that sad day.

THE MISKATONIC UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Investigators find numerous books about the Civil War but all of a more general nature than the book

The Effigy of Hate

the Historical Society. *Massachusetts in the Civil War*, by Beazly Faraday, is one of the few which specifically mentions Weedon's Charge:

THE WAR PAPERS #2

Excerpt from *Massachusetts in the Civil War*," printed 1893

Perhaps the single bloodiest day for Massachusetts was the thirtieth of August, 1862. Over one hundred brave young men died in one fateful incident alone, "Weedon's Charge."

A young Lieutenant from the 23rd Volunteers, Upton Lamar Weedon, single-handedly rallied his routed troops even as his fellow officers fled the field. For a brief moment, with the stalwart drummer boy of the 23rd pounding out a furious rhythm, it appeared the tide of battle would turn.

A rag-tag company of men from the 7th, 9th, and 23rd Volunteer Regiments assembled around Weedon as he led the charge against a heavily defended Confederate artillery emplacement. Alas, too few had answered Weedon's desperate call and the charge was a disaster.

Though terribly wounded, Weedon himself miraculously survived. Although for a long time it was thought that Weedon was the sole survivor of this disastrous action, a recently unearthed report states that Edward Houghton, the twelve-year-old drummer boy of the 23rd, was also present and survived. His presence at the scene seems to have been overlooked at the time. Houghton went on to serve at the Battle of the Wilderness, Vicksburg, and finally Gettysburg.

THE *ARKHAM ADVERTISER*

Poring over the newspaper files takes some time if a general history is sought — at least eight hours. Only a couple of hours and a Library Use are necessary for more specific pieces of information. The *Advertiser* of the day presents news straight to the point and digresses only long enough to occasionally praise the valiant efforts of the brave men of the Union against the Rebel threat.

There is a feature on the Second Battle of Bull Run along with an 1863 account of the homecoming of Upton Weedon (see the War Papers #3).

There is also an article dated February, 1866, announcing the decision to fund the erection of a Civil War Memorial. "To the honored dead who gave their lives to make our country one." This monument is to be paid for by the citizenry of the town, the first donation made by Mayor Andrew Curwen.

THE WAR PAPERS #3

WEEDON HONORED

WOUNDED HERO AWARDED MEDAL OF MERIT

ARKHAM-- Captain Upton Lamar Weedon returned to his home today after a lengthy stay at a Washington D.C. area hospital. His valiant charge during Pope's campaign in northern Virginia was commemorated as Mayor Andrew Curwen welcomed the wounded veteran home in fine Arkham style. A gala reception greeted Weedon where he received a certificate of merit signed by the mayor.

"I only did as any of you would have done in my stead," claimed a modest Weedon to the large crowd assembled at his family estate. "The true glory," he went on to explain, "belongs not to this sad survivor who stands before you. Instead give the honor in your hearts to those brave men who fell that woeful day. They are the true heroes." Still suffering the after-effects of his recently-amputated leg, Weedon appeared fatigued and retired soon after.

THE *ARKHAM GAZETTE*

The Gazette of this period was a thick weekly publication. It covers the same stories as the *Advertiser* but with less immediacy and more speculation. There is a florid account of Weedon's heroism (see the War Papers #4).

There is also a feature story printed in 1867 titled: "The Boy Who Went to War: Arkham's Drummer Boy Edward Houghton." While tracing Houghton's career in the war, reports of the drummer boy's presence at the Second Bull Run are mentioned. Upon interviewing Houghton, however, the journalist finds that the man denies being part of the charge. Because this article was published well after the war, investigators must specifically state they are searching through post-war editions.

THE WAR PAPERS #4

Excerpt from the *Arkham Gazette*, Sept. 11, 1862

In Arkham, Weedon's fate and that of his fallen comrades excites a profound emotion in which grief and indignation is tempered, though not abated, by a certain pride that this noble old city has offered the blood of her citizens in the defense of the liberties of this country. We applaud Upton Lamar Weedon and his fellow soldiers who rushed to make the supreme sacrifice in the noble struggle to preserve the Union.

After the fateful battle a correspondence by telegraph immediately took place between the Governor of Massachusetts and the Secretary of War as to the

disposition of the dead Massachusetts soldiers, including Arkham dead, and the care of the wounded.

The Weedon Estate

The Weedon house lies outside the Arkham city limits, northwest of town off Blair Road, south of the Miskatonic River near the rise called Parson's Point. The old estate is entered by way of a broken iron gate and a muddy driveway. A new model Ford belonging to Roderick Aspen is parked in front of the house.

Roderick Aspen

RODERICK ASPEN

A knock at the door brings a response from Roderick Aspen, Weedon's 31-year-old boarder. A bachelor, Roderick moved into the Weedon place just three weeks ago, the first person other than Weedon to reside in the house in nearly thirty years. Aspen looks tired and drawn, almost ashen. If asked, he mentions that he's slept poorly the last two nights (unknowingly losing 3 points of POW per night to the summoned Effigy). Regardless, he proves friendly and tells investigators that he took the place for a very reasonable rent, promising to remain quiet and not disturb his near-invalid landlord. Roderick's apartments are on the ground floor of the house. Weedon, he says, occupies the basement.

Roderick Aspen, age 31, would-be F. Scott Fitzgerald

STR 11	CON 9	SIZ 15	DEX 13	APP 12
INT 12	POW 6*	EDU 18	SAN 67	HP 12

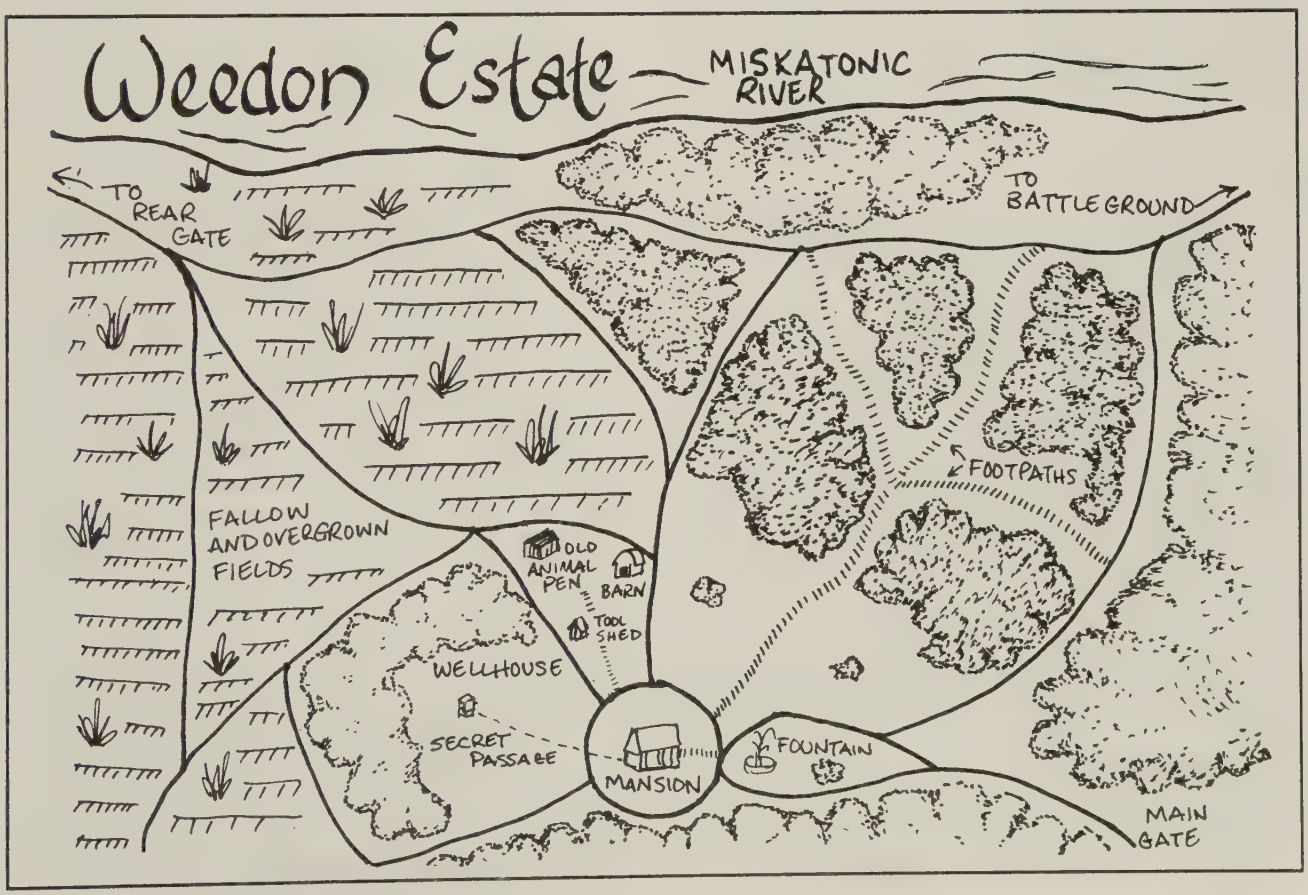
Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Accounting 34%, Credit Rating 76%, Read/Write English 95%, Fast Talk 32%, History 41%.

*This is Roderick's present POW. Prior to the summoning of the Effigy, it was 12.

Aspen tells investigators that Weedon seems to have no visitors or friends, at least none that have called since he's moved in. He tries to discourage investigators from disturbing the old man but if they insist, he shows them the way to Weedon's basement chamber.

Weedon is asleep, still exhausted from the eight-hour ritual he preformed two nights ago. Knocking on the door to his room elicits no response. Opening the door, the 85-year-old man is found lying on a camp bed, asleep. At the intrusion he awakes, but his eyes are glazed and filmy, his strength and vitality seemingly all but gone. He at first



speaks in riddles: "Are you with McClellan?" or "Have the mules been watered?" He eventually comes to his senses but is too tired to spend much time talking with investigators. Investigators notice his missing leg; a crude wooden prosthetic stands propped in the corner. Aspen, concerned for the old man's health, discourages the investigators from bothering Weedon for too long.

Upton Lamar Weedon, anguished Civil War hero

STR 4	CON 3	SIZ 9	DEX 7	APP 5
INT 17	POW 13	EDU 20	SAN 0	HP 6

Damage Bonus: -1D4
Weapons: Saber 45%, 1D8+1; 1860 Colt .45 Revolver 76%, 1D10+2.

Skills: Bargain 45%, Cthulhu Mythos 4%, Credit Rating 62%, Make Maps 60%, Spot Hidden 72%, Listen 66%, Orate 75%.

THE GROUNDS

At the rear of the estate investigators find a massive rickety barn and an overgrown animal pen. The barn is barred from the outside, easily opened. A thick covering of straw obscures the floor and anyone walking across it must make a Luck roll to avoid stepping on an old trap hidden from view. The trap does 1D6 points of damage and is so badly rusted hospital attention is required to avoid infection and other complications.

While exploring the area around the barn any investigator making a Spot Hidden roll sees nearby, almost hidden by trees, a decaying well house. The well inside is the secret entrance to a tunnel leading to Weedon's basement room. Details of the well house and tunnel are found later, under *The Well House*.

The Second Night

That evening investigators may wish to explore the mystery more deeply. Likely options include visits to the Weedon place, the Miskatonic Valley Veterans Home, or Christchurch Cemetery.

The Weedon Estate

At midnight the Effigy at Christchurch cemetery makes its final metamorphosis, drawing from the unfortunate Aspen another 3 points of POW. Investigators spending the night at the house might, with a Listen roll, hear muffled groans coming from Aspen's bedroom as the man tosses and turns in his sleep. It is easy enough to wake the man but it is too late to save him from the POW drain. Investigators find Aspen withered and drawn, enough to cause a SAN loss of 0/1.

The Veteran's Home

If they have made prior arrangements, investigators are allowed to spend the night at the home listening in on Edward Houghton's haunting dreams of battle. Shortly after midnight Houghton stirs restlessly, faintly mumbling. (Note: Because the dream is quite long, keepers may wish to commit it to tape, playing it back as Houghton's voice in the darkness, rather than simply reading it aloud from the text.)

THE DREAM

"There was more of them at Bull Run than we were told. Old Stonewall had a line of graybacks along that ridge reaching almost to Richmond. And that wasn't all. Longstreet had moved up on the night of the 29th, leading his cavalry through the rain. He brought twelve-pounders with him."

"We crossed Bull Run in the morning, the creek wide but shallow, men carrying their rifles hoisted up over their heads. We got to the other side and Captain Bennis grouped us round before we marched into battle. I had orders not to fire the drum until the enemy was seen, so as not to give away our position. But the Rebs had us made all along, they were just waiting for better targets."

"They hit us with cannon first and it was like the ground opened up around us. Men started to run and a panic broke out. Wherever we went there was Rebs, shooting and hollering — those Rebel yells make a man's blood run cold. I ran and ran but the shells kept raining down and the men around me falling everywhere. We got cut off a half-dozen times till the whole mess ended up back at the banks of the stream."

"The Captain was gone but then young Lieutenant Weedon stepped up. There were men from all regiments but Weedon was the ranking officer and seemed to know what he was doing. 'Run up boys,' he says. 'I see a gap. Run up and chase them Rebs back to their plantations and we'll all be safe. Run up for Old Glory.' So we ran, me out front beating that drum like a fiend. We were fit for a fight too, no running now, we were going to show those Rebs."

"There was no gap. I turned back and saw Weedon going hell for leather heading back across the river. Later I was in Vicksburg and Gettysburg but I never saw nothing could compare to this slaughter. Men caught it in the eye and in the brain pan and in the vitals. I ain't seen a part of a man that wasn't destroyed in that enfilade. I threw myself into the dirt, watching my friends die. All the men around me bleeding and falling and I, a little boy, crying tears into the mud."

"That night I struggled back to the river after the Reb had passed and left me be. Every man in that charge had been killed, except for Weedon and myself — and no one knew about me. I didn't see Weedon until later, carried away on a stretcher, but I never said anything about his running away."

Houghton's voice trails off. Investigators attempting to wake him are grabbed by strong bony hands as he sits up, still asleep, clutching at them, his voice full of fear.

"Lord let it be over. Those boys don't want to fight again. Let it be done. I feel the power calling and the power is evil. Don't let it come. I see the grass and the river and they are stained red with blood."

Then he awakes, frightened and confused by the people standing around him. He claims to remember nothing although Psychology rolls indicate otherwise.

Christchurch Cemetery

If the investigators made prior arrangements with night watchman Gerber Pender — or possibly the police — they may be invited to spend the night in the cemetery. If they have not, and approach in darkness, it requires a Debate or Oratory roll to get the watchman or police to let them in. Gerber Pender is on duty along with two spooked policemen with lanterns.

The American Civil War 1861-65

The American Civil War was the product of no single issue but of a variety of causes, not the least of which was the issue of slavery. The industrialized North had by 1804 abolished, or adopted measures to eventually eliminate slavery within their boundaries. The agricultural South, however, depended upon a slave-based economy and resisted efforts to eliminate the practice. Although historians disagree on the exact reason for the war, the predominant causes can be found in the issue of states rights and the fundamental differences between the industrial north and the agricultural south. The southern states had long sought greater control of their economies and resources and saw the growth of the federal government as a threat to their autonomy and self-determination. Further, the states of the south saw the Union as a voluntary alliance and believed they had the right to secede. On the other hand, the opinion of the federal government was that individual states did not exist before they were recognized by the Constitution, thus each state was indivisible from the greater Union.

During the conflict the underlying issue of slavery came to prominence. The south relied on a slaves for the planting and harvesting of cotton and tobacco. Many abolitionists in the north had long sought to end slavery and the inauguration of the newly elected President Abraham Lincoln in 1861 seemed to herald just that. In response, the southern states seceded from the Union, naming their own president, Jefferson Davis. Lincoln claimed the Union would continue to hold property in the south eventually leading to the Confederate attack on Fort Sumpter. Lincoln mobilized his troops, an action the south viewed as a declaration of war. Despite early Confederate successes, the south lacked the resources and manpower of the north and was eventually crushed by the Union in 1865. More American lives were lost in the course of this conflict than any other war, including World War II.

The Second Battle Of Bull Run

Weedon's Charge is a fictional skirmish described within the context of an actual battle. The Second Battle of Bull run began when General John Pope moved his Union Army into Virginia following the Peninsula Campaign. Sweeping northward, the Confederates under Robert E. Lee attacked Pope at Manassas near the Bull Run River. Before General McClellan could provide Pope with aid, Lee sent Stonewall Jackson and his men behind Pope and forced a battle. Pope attacked on August 29th, using McClellan's newly arriving troops to bolster his position. Jackson was joined the following day by Lee and General Longstreet who outflanked the Union Army. Pope attacked nonetheless and his men were driven from the field in defeat.

Military Notes

The Civil War was fought with cavalry, infantry and artillery. There were some naval conflicts, but for the most part it was a land war. The Civil War saw some of the earliest trench warfare and it has been said that at this time our ability to inflict harm had far outdistanced our ability to heal it. Poor medical treatment resulted in many needless deaths. Amputation was utilized when, under better circumstances, the limb might have been saved.

In addition to improved rifles, artillery was a major factor in this war. Twelve-pound cannons were used to pound the lines of enemy cavalry and infantry. Although previously used in European wars, in this conflict the artillery achieved a degree of mobility and effectiveness heretofore unknown.

Investigators who choose to break in through a locked gate or jump the stone wall run the risk of being caught. The nervous Pender has a 12-gauge shotgun and shoots first, only calling out "who's there?" afterwards. The policemen each carry .38s but fire only if threatened. They attempt to arrest unauthorized intruders.

The police are stationed near the front gate while Gerber follows his normal routine: clock in at 8:00 PM, have dinner and coffee; walk through the grounds at 9:00, read cowboy pulps until midnight; walk a second round, sleep from midnight until 4:00 AM; walk a third round, have more coffee and read more; last round at 5:30 AM, pack up and leave at 6:00. Frightened by recent events, Pender carries his shotgun with him at all times.

All is normal in the cemetery until midnight when a thick, unnatural fog rolls in, settling over the grounds. Listen rolls detect the sound of marching feet far away, ghost troops mustering to answer the call of the Effigy of Hate.

Anyone near the monument hears the sound of hissing and creaking coming from behind the screen of canvasses. Inside, the monument is changing, the thick shell melting and sloughing off, the corpses beneath writhing in an unholy imitation of life, reshaping themselves into the indistinct and cloudy form of the living Effigy of Hate. Huge wings unfold and beat against the air, lifting the dark form into the sky. SAN loss for witnessing this event is 1/1D6.

The dark form circles the cemetery then plunges downward, targeting any human it spots. It most likely attacks one of the policeman or Gerber Pender but it may go after one of the investigators. It envelops its chosen victim, swallowing them whole, absorbing them in its dark form. It then wings away, leaving the cemetery and heading across town in a northwesterly direction, soon lost from sight. Anyone witnessing a person devoured by the Effigy suffers a loss of 1/1D4 SAN.

The Servitors of the Effigy of Hate

The Servitors of the Effigy are horrible anthropoid creatures eight feet tall, their heads twisted, inhuman skulls. Moving in pairs, they carry between them litters filled with corpses dressed in uniforms of the Civil War — the Company of the Litter. The corpses are actually zombies (as described in the *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook) and can be commanded by the Servitors to arise and pursue investigators. Any investigators killed or captured by the zombies are taken to the litters and enrolled among the dead.

Servitor of the Effigy of Hate

STR 20	CON 17	SIZ 20	DEX 11
INT 6	POW 16	HP 19	Move 7

Armor: 6 points of heavy bone.

Weapons: Clawed Fist 75%, 2D6+1.

Skills: Track 77%, Listen 65%, Spot Hidden 50%.

Company of the Litter

STR 16	CON 16	SIZ 11	DEX 7
INT 0	POW 1	HP 14	Move 6

Weapons: Heavy Maul 35%, 2D8+1D6; Musket 55%, 1D10+6.

Skills: Track 77%, Listen 65%, Spot Hidden 50%.

The Next Day

Any investigator who spent the night at the Weedon house awakes to find the place surrounded by a thick fog. Investigators who attempt to leave the house find the grounds haunted by the sepulchral Servitors of the Effigy (see below, *The Weedon Estate*).

If no investigators spent the night here and the keeper finds it necessary to lure the investigators out to the Weedon estate, Roderick Aspen calls them on the phone. He sounds tired, dreamy, and barely coherent — he is worried and frightened, and begs for their help.

THE DRUMMER BOY CALLS

Another possible way to get the investigators out to the Weedon house is with a visit from Edward Houghton. Early in the morning Houghton shows up at the investigators' door. He looks vibrant, healthy, as though some of his youth has been restored. He has with him his battered marching drum and says he is off to pay a visit to Upton Weedon. He could use a ride and thought the investigators might want to join him.

The Weedon Estate

Driving out to the Weedon house investigators find a fog rolling up from the river now blankets the area. Not thick enough to slow driving, the fog nonetheless obscures much of the terrain. Investigators who make Spot Hidden rolls see shadowy forms moving along the ridges and hilltops. Details are obscured but the figures move in pairs and seem to bear between them litters or stretchers (Servitors of the Effigy, see below). Although essentially unchanged, the area seems vaguely unfamiliar, somehow different then the day before.

Should investigators think they might turn back toward town, they discover the road behind them is gone, nothing left of it but a pair of rutted wagon tracks impassable to normal automobiles. The road in front of them appears normal but changes as it passes beneath their wheels. If they stop the car and get out, the shadowy Servitors approach through the fog, looking to collect the investigators and place them on their litters. The safest bet is to continue on to the Weedon house. The investigators have entered into that from which there is no return.

Eventually, the mansion looms up out of the fog in front of them. Stopping the car and getting out, the investigators see the shadowy Servitors approaching through the fog. Unless they quickly get into the safety of the house the investigators are attacked.

WEEDON'S HOUSE

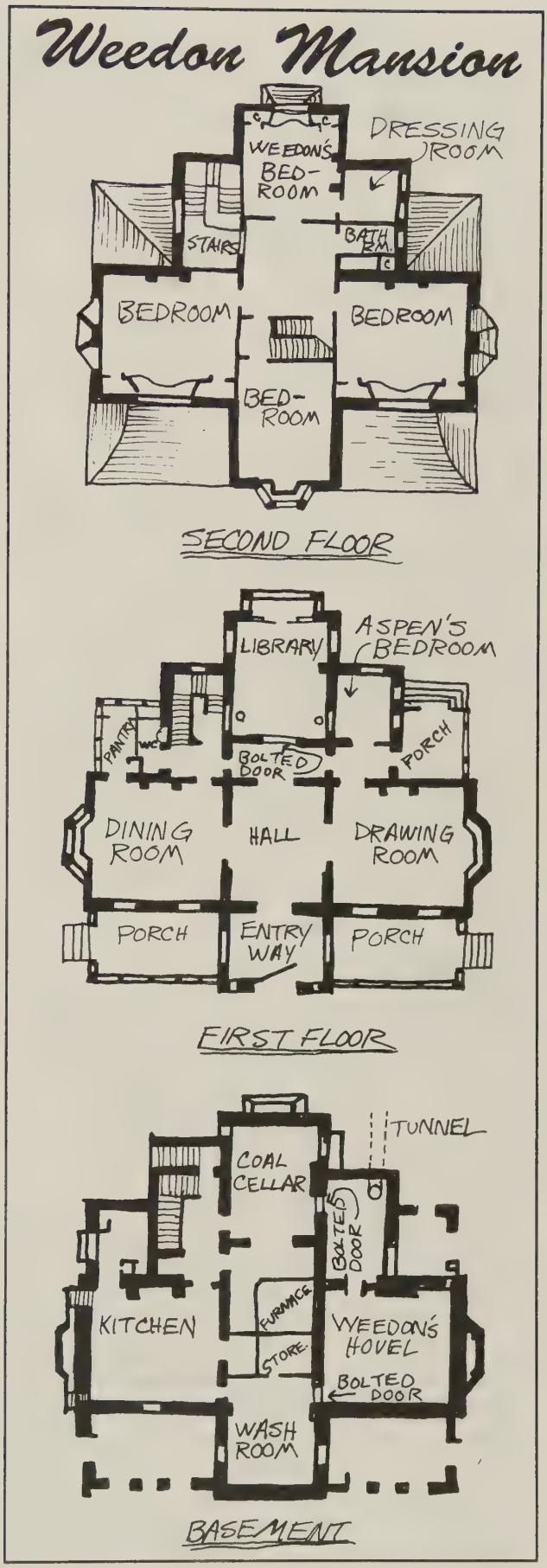
Although investigators find the ashen Roderick Aspen in a pitiable state, Upton Weedon appears remarkably youthful and strong, a twinkle dancing in his eyes. Shockingly, he stands on two healthy legs, his missing limb now inexplicably replaced (lose 0/1 SAN points). He looks fit and healthy, less than half the age he appeared the day before. He moves among the investigators, clapping them on the back and shaking their hands. He is obviously quite deranged and believes the investigators have assembled to assist him in his mad quest. Seeing Houghton, Weedon clasps him to his bosom as if embracing a long-lost brother. Houghton, who has held his tongue for so many years, can do so no longer. Angrily, he reminds Weedon of his past cowardice. The older man brushes it aside.

"That will all be amended soon," he says. "There is nothing to do now but stand and wait for the call. When midnight arrives we shall forge ahead into the fray and history will be made a liar, and I, a man." If asked about the present condition of Roderick Aspen he answers, "Sacrifices sometimes are required. Many sacrificed all they had that day at Bull Run."

Weedon tells investigators that nothing they can do will stop his plans now that they have been set in motion. He suggests the investigators spend the day resting in preparation for the battle to come.

"There is food aplenty and provisions as you need them, but do not pass through the doors of this house. I have had truck with a great evil, and that evil is abroad this day. Do not stir from the house until the call comes at midnight."

He tells the investigators that they may have the run of the house, even of his quarters, except for the small cellar area in which he sleeps. He does not want to be disturbed until midnight.



Asking Weedon for clarification brings only coy replies. He goes so far as to say that his men will soon return and that he will this time lead them to glory. He then retires to his basement chamber, bolting the door behind him.

Captain Upton Lamar Weedon

STR 14	CON 15	SIZ 11	DEX 13	APP 11
INT 17	POW 13	EDU 20	SAN 0	HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Saber 45%, 1D8+1; 1860 Colt .45 Revolver 76%, 1D10+2.

Skills: Bargain 45%, Cthulhu Mythos 4%, Credit Rating 62%, Make Maps 60%, Spot Hidden 72%, Listen 66%, Orate 75%.

A Day in the House

As the day and evening wear on, things unnatural occur in and around the house. The breeze carries with it the faint smells of cordite and gunpowder while the shadowy figures continue to move through the fog, bearing their charnel burdens. Even the trees take on a dark and twisted aspect. A bird seen landing on a branch is suddenly swallowed up by a maw that appears in the trunk of the tree. Later, the house itself is affected. Rafters buckle and heave, and beams warp into faces that cackle and gibber, screaming at the investigators in shrill, horrified voices. Rotted skulls fill the fireplaces, glowing like red hot coals and belching sulphurous gas bearing with it the charnel stench of death, blood, and battle. The keeper may charge small SAN losses throughout the day and evening as he sees fit.

EXPLORING THE HOUSE

An upstairs bedroom contains a billiards table converted to a large scale map of the immediate area surrounding the house. Civil War miniatures have been placed around this familiar landscape. Confederate troops occupy the peak of Parson's Point while the Union soldiers are assembled on lower ground. A wall map depicts in detail the layout of the Second Battle of Bull Run.

The locked family library boasts over 2000 volumes, predominately classics but containing books on nearly every subject — including a small, unremarkable collection of occult titles. On the table is Weedon's diary, dated 1879-80. Weedon's crabbed handwriting describes his continuing anguish over his "great crime" and "the horrible failure of his heart and soul." The entries are never specific. On the rear flyleaf investigators find a crude map indicating a tunnel leading from the house to the ancient well house in the woods.

Investigators who wish to search Weedon's basement room find the door solidly locked and barred from within. Breaking in enrages the man and he demands they leave, threatening to shoot them with his pistol. He aims only to wound, not to kill. He reiterates that nothing the investigators can do will stop the events now in motion.

RODERICK'S INFORMATION

Roderick Aspen has often seen Weedon poring over an old yellowed manuscript, a thing he apparently treasures dearly. Aspen believes that Weedon keeps it in his basement room. Roderick also says that he thinks there must be a secret way in and out of Weedon's apartment. He has heard strange comings and goings late at night.

A secret tunnel leads from the well house on the rear of the property to Weedon's room in the cellar; investigators may recall the map found in Weedon's diary.

The Tunnel of Horrors

The investigators' best hope of learning what goes on here lies in obtaining the *Corpus Modus* monograph Weedon keeps in his basement room. Making use of the tunnel leading from the well house to Weedon's room may seem the best bet but investigators will have to face the horrors that lurk outside.

If the investigators hesitate to explore this angle, Edward Houghton makes the attempt. If they allow the old man to go alone, they soon hear awful screams. Looking out a window they see Houghton's body being carried away on a litter by the Servitors. Realizing they have let the old man down and allowed him to die needlessly, all suffer a SAN loss of 1/1D4.

Investigators going outside find themselves pursued by Servitors who release the zombies, the Company of the Litter, to hunt them down. These zombie soldiers fire their rifles after investigators. If shot down, an investigator becomes one of their number and is hauled away on a litter with the rest of the corpses. If an investigator is taken alive they are dragged screaming back to the litter and entwined among the corpses losing 1/1D10 SAN in the process.

THE WELL HOUSE

A small wooden structure with an open doorway, the well house covers an old dry well measuring six feet across and twenty feet deep. Rungs set in the wall lead to the bottom. Here a Spot Hidden roll reveals a moveable section of wall opening on a crude tunnel five feet high and three feet wide leading back toward the house.

Traversing the tunnel takes only two or three minutes but halfway the investigators fall prey to rotting skeletal hands that emerge from the surrounding earth to clutch and grab at them. These hands do little actual damage except for minor scratches or the tearing of clothes, but the SAN loss for encountering them in the dark tunnel is

1/1D6. Any character going insane flees the tunnel and is probably captured or killed by the Servitors.

WEEDON'S CHAMBER

At the end of the tunnel lies the door into Weedon's cellar room. Investigators have only to lean their weight upon this door to force it open. Inside, the investigators find Weedon in a deep sleep, snoring away, sprawled on his camp bed. The place smells of damp body odor and must.

Weedon's great prize, the *Corpus Modus*, lies on a nearby table. Prize in hand, investigators can exit the room through the door and go upstairs, avoiding the horror of traveling the tunnel a second time.

Although study and a successful English roll allow investigators to learn what Weedon is up to, it also confirms his allegation that nothing can be done to stop it. The only thing they know is that only those of true courage can face up to the Effigy, those who lack heart will suffer.

The Regiment Of Dread

Near midnight investigators hear the flapping of great wings as the Effigy appears and circles over the house. Aspen suddenly turns white. Grasping his throat he chokes, staggers to his feet, then collapses dead on the floor, the last of his POW sucked away by the thing flying over the house (lose 1/1D3 SAN).

Looking out a window investigators see the fog rolling back as dozens of men dressed in blue uniforms begin assembling in the front yard. Except for a terrible silence about them, the men are just as they were that August day long ago at Bull Run. One of the ghostly soldiers raises a bugle to his lips and blows reveille. A chill runs down the spines of the investigators and they look down to find themselves garbed in uniforms of the Union army.

At the sound of the call, Weedon emerges from the basement. He announces to the investigators that all is well and that "the time has come at last." His eyes sparkle madly while he inspects the investigators' uniforms, occasionally reprimanding an individual for a loose button or frayed piping. Hastening the investigators outside, he then assumes command of the assembled troops. Houghton, if still alive, points out to the investigators many of the men that fell that day long ago: "There's Billy Gantry and that one is Wild Bob Pickett," and so forth. Any investigators lost to the Servitors are now seen among the ranks of the army, standing silent and grim. They do not recognize or acknowledge their companions.

Houghton turns to the investigators. "Have courage my friends," he tells them. "You're caught up in something where you really got no business. I have my own part to play but you folks have none. But you're soldiers now, and only bravery and courage will sustain you. Trust me." He then steps to the fore of the regiment. Investigators see his form shrink, growing smaller and more youthful until he becomes the twelve-year-old boy he was on that day so long ago.

The investigators are ordered to take their place in the ranks. "Deserters will be shot," Weedon announces grimly. The columns of soldiers nod in silent agreement.

Summoned Soldier, Infantry

STR 12	CON 10	SIZ 11	DEX 14	APP 13
INT 12	POW 10	EDU na	SAN 0	HP 11

Weapons: .58 Springfield Rifle 55%, 1D10+4; Bayonet 46%, 1D8

Skills: Camouflage 45%, Hide 62%, Listen 45%, Dodge 42%, Jump 34%, March 67%.

In the distance, atop the hill called Parson's Point, the investigators see a line of gray-uniformed soldiers waiting behind a battery of cannon, the Confederate flag waving above their heads. Investigator-soldiers find Springfield rifled muskets in their hands, a muzzle-loading black powder weapon of huge caliber. With little Eddy Houghton pounding his drum, the regiment steps out, marching toward the river.

By the time the regiment reaches the site of the battle, the moon has risen high, illuminating the field with a ghostly pale light. Weedon halts his men at the foot of the slope. With the Confederates atop the ridge among the trees and the Union soldiers in position, the battle is ready to begin. Weedon's eyes shine brightly in the moonlight.

The Field of Doom

Weedon's regiment is about to make a full-scale charge against a heavily defended gun-emplacement, a tactic history has shown to be disastrous (the tragic Charge of the Light Brigade is but one example). But Weedon cares not for success — he wants only to reclaim his lost honor. He draws his saber and, brandishing it high above his head, gives the order to charge.

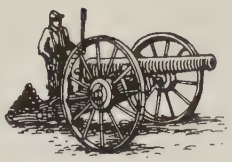
Eddy Houghton beats the drum and the assembled regiment surges forward, up the slope. Investigators who lag back are prodded from behind by the bayonets of their comrades. Any who turn and run are shot at point-blank range by the nearest soldier. There will be no cowards tonight.

The regiment must cross an open battlefield pounded by artillery fire from the Confederate twelve-pounders on

Artillery Strike Table

Roll 1D20

1 A nearby soldier is blown to bits. Lose 1/1D3 SAN.



2 A nearby soldier's head is knocked off by a cannon ball. Lose 1/1D4 SAN.

3 Step in the open abdomen of wounded soldier. He screams, you lose 1/1D4 SAN.

4 Hit with shrapnel, suffer 1D6 damage.

5 Near artillery burst, 2D6 damage, lose 1/1D2 SAN.

6 Knocked down by a flying severed arm or leg. Suffer 1D3 damage, lose 1/1D6 SAN, and roll for a second strike.

7 Hit with shrapnel. Suffer 1D6 damage and lose 1/1D6 SAN points when you discover the bloody fragment of someone's jaw protruding from the wound in your arm.

8 Suffer severe leg wound, 1D6 damage, 0/1 SAN, and roll for second strike.

9 Knocked off feet by nearby blast, roll for second strike.

10 Direct artillery hit, 10D6 damage.

11 See comrade staggering around with half his face blown away, lose 1/1D6 SAN.

12 A severed head bounces down the slope towards you, lose 1/1D6 SAN.

13 See man blown in half, lose 1/1D4 SAN.

14 Splattered by dirt, blood, and ropy entrails, lose 1/1D6 SAN.

15 A legless man lies in your path, lose 1/1D3 SAN.

16 Shrapnel hit, suffer 1D6 damage.

17 See man thrown twenty feet into the air by explosion, lose 1/1D2 SAN.

18 A headless corpse falls across your path, lose 1/1D3 SAN.

19 A soldier staggers by, vomiting blood. Lose 1/1D2 SAN.

20 Shrapnel hit, suffer 1D6 damage.

the hill above. The last 60 feet the regiment faces a concentrated enfilade from the Rebel muskets. Chances of survival seem slim but investigators who show courage fare better than those who do not.

At a dead run it takes twelve rounds to cross the field. Each round an investigator stands a 25% chance of suffering an artillery hit. Investigators who attempt to run off the field will be shot at by their comrades but those who fall to the ground as if hit will be passed over by their own troops and left safe — at least for the duration of the charge.

Damage suffered by the investigators is real and figured normally. However, those "killed" are not actually dead — although their players may for a time believe this to be the case. Any investigator reduced to 0 hit points or less actually falls unconscious with 1 hit point left, awakening only after the climax of the adventure.

SAN losses are figured differently. Explain to your players that the heat and excitement of battle keeps SAN losses from being immediately applied to their characters. Each player should keep a running record of the losses their investigator incurs. Tell them that at the end of the battle the effects of the accumulated SAN losses will be figured and only then will the appropriate temporary or indefinite insanities be invoked. Do not tell your players that the courage they show under fire will modify these losses — they will learn this afterwards.

THE CHARGE

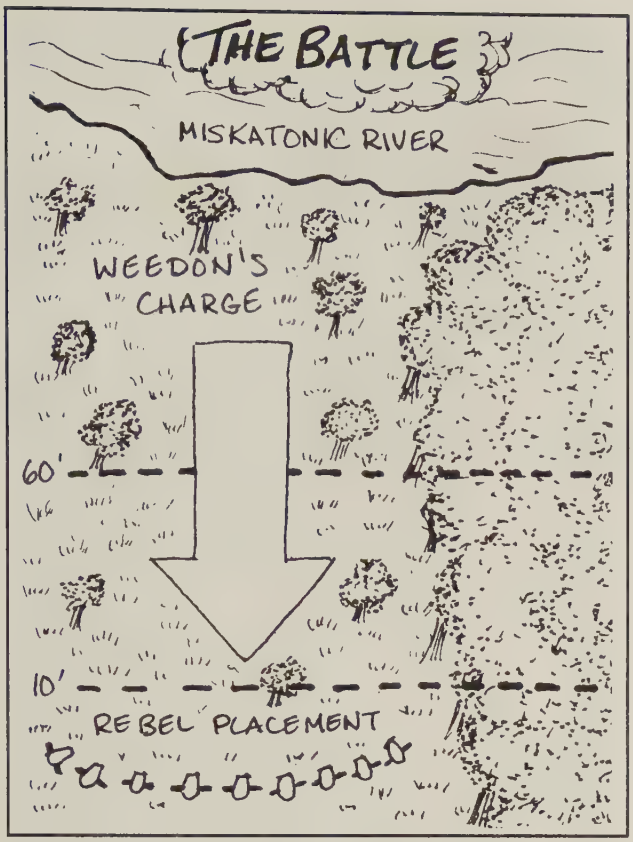
Every round of the charge each player rolls a D100, any roll of 25 or less indicating a near artillery hit, the results of which are determined from the table nearby. Occasionally the table indicates that a second roll should be made. The character should immediately roll a D100, suffering another near artillery strike on a 25 or less. Investigators whose courage fails them may fall to the ground, feigning a hit, and allow the charge to pass over them. One or two rounds into the charge little Eddie Houghton does just that, reliving his actions at the original battle. Keepers can use this event to subtly encourage investigators to do likewise.

In the heat of battle, amidst the smoke, explosions, and screams of men, investigators will soon become separated from one another, unable to communicate, each on his own.

THE ENFILADE

Those who have survived the charge all the way to the top of the hill face in the last sixty feet a round of concentrated musket fire from the Confederate troops. All the surviving members of the charge reach the hilltop about the same time, Weedon, 2D6 soldiers, and any investigators who have made it this far.

The assembled muskets fire simultaneously, throwing up a great cloud of smoke. Any remaining soldiers are shot down but Weedon and the investigators go miraculously unscathed. The huge cloud of smoke rolls over them, obscuring their vision for a moment. When it clears the investigators find themselves alone on the hilltop, dressed in their regular clothing. A once-again elderly



Weedon stands nearby. The great cloud of smoke settles on the hillside below, obscuring the ruin of the battlefield.

Those investigators who feigned death are in jeopardy. As long as they remain still and quiet they are safe but if they move about, stand up, or even turn their heads about, they draw the attention of that which lies strewn about them.

Pieces of men — legs, heads, arms, gutted corpses — animate and attack those who turned coward on the battlefield, those who hid while braver men went on to die. For the next five rounds these investigators are kicked, bitten, clawed, and pursued by the vengeful soldiers' remains. Damage inflicted is minor, no more than 1D4 for the entire episode but these investigators suffer a SAN loss of 1/1D6 in addition to any losses they accumulated during the charge.

Investigators who were "killed" (knocked unconscious) remain unconscious throughout this episode and safe from the vengeful remains.

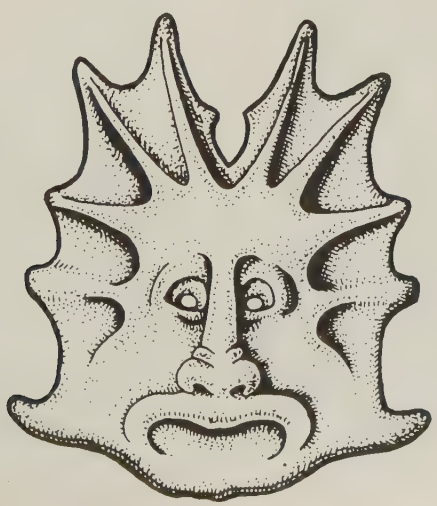
THE PRICE OF GLORY

Those whose courage carried them to the top of the hill have a different experience. Weedon, at first overjoyed by his triumph, falls panic-stricken as the cloudy, formless Effigy of Hate rises up in front of him from the ground. Spreading its great wings, it engulfs the screaming Weedon. Witnesses lose 1/1D4 SAN listening to Weedon's muffled shrieks of pain and fear. Within a moment the Effigy disappears, in its stead the polished marble obelisk that is Arkham's Civil War memorial. The smoke obscuring the hillside disappears as do the vengeful parts pursuing cowardly investigators.

AFTERMATH

As the sun rises in the east, flooding the hillside with light, each investigator who completed the charge earns a SAN award of 2D10. Those who fell and hid, or were knocked unconscious receive only 2D6. Any investigator that may have somehow fled the field earns a 2D3 award. All injuries are real and take the normal amount of time to heal.

Any who think to read the inscription on the memorial finds that it now contains the names of 28 men. The name of Upton Lamar Weedon has been added to the list. If they return to the mansion they find it in ruins, abandoned now for over thirty years. All references to Weedon's Charge in the libraries and records state that Weedon was killed in battle. The *Corpus Modus*, like all the other Weedon family possessions, decays and crumbles, no matter where it is. Only the investigators and old Eddie Houghton know the truth.



Arkham:

A Painted Smile

Wherein old vows well-intentioned return to haunt investigators, threatening them with child-like perils.

Hilda the doll-maker is old. From eyes filmed with cataracts, she glares at a world in which she can no longer participate, lost in bitterness. She hates the feeble, crippled body she inhabits, and hates the mocking children who remind her of a wasted youth. Her world is her small apartment, threadbare and dirty, crowded with the dusty, half-completed remnants of her life and work.

Introduction

The investigators enter into this adventure accidentally during the course of research into an unrelated issue. A possible opening is offered below but keepers should feel free to devise a beginning of their own, one based upon the careers and exploits of his players' investigators. If desired, investigators could make the acquaintance of the hateful old Hilda Francks while researching questions raised during play of either *Regiment of Dread* or *Fade to Gray*, scenarios found elsewhere in this book. It matters little what manner is used to introduce Hilda. It is only necessary that investigators make her acquaintance.

The aged Hilda Francks is hopelessly senile, certifiably insane. Her raging paranoia fixes on the innocent investigators and is, in part, responsible for drawing their attention to her. Hilda dies during the scenario and the more the keeper can do to involve the investigators in her demise, the better. After death, her malevolent spirit pursues and harasses the investigators until they find some way to put her soul to rest.

A QUESTION OF ARCHITECTURE

One or more of the investigators is contacted by an associate living in Boston. This friend, Miles Truman, is writing a book about New England architecture and is looking for information about a minor 19th-century architect named Andrew Hathaway. Hathaway was a lifelong resident of Arkham and is thought responsible for a certain fanlight design found only in the Miskatonic Valley area. The associate has reason to believe that a granddaughter or two may still be alive and that they may be able to provide some proof of their ancestor's design. He asks if the investigators will locate these descendants and see if they can verify Hathaway's claim to the design. Truman offers the investigators a small fee for their time and effort, and promises a thank-you in the upcoming book.

The Arkham town directory lists a Margaret and Mildred Hathaway living in a flat on Walnut Street near Pickman, a poorer section of French Hill, a mixed neighborhood of Poles and Irish. No phone number is listed; the investigators must visit in person.

Keeper's Information

This scenario revolves around the Hathaway's downstairs neighbor, the aged and decrepit Hilda Francks. Born in Arkham in 1859, Hilda's parents died of fever when she was six, leaving her to be raised by a maternal grandmother, Sally Fowler. Fowler always boasted that she was a descendant of the infamous Goody Fowler, a suspected witch lynched centuries ago by an angered mob.

Hilda's grandmother raised the girl well and taught her the art of doll-making, a trade which first supported Fowler and later, Hilda. Their creations, china dolls with rosebud lips and bright blue eyes, were completely handmade, clothed in garments carefully stitched and fitted. All who saw the dolls fell in love with them and at one time the dolls were found in shops and stores as far away as Boston, Providence, and New York.

Grandmother Fowler died in 1879, leaving the twenty-year-old Hilda alone. But by this time, the young girl had fallen in love with the dashing, handsome Clyde Beckford, heir to the Arkham and Aylesbury Worsted Mills. The couple wished to marry, but Clyde's family forbade it. Hilda was thought below the young man's station, and the family had a more desirable match in mind. Threatened with disinheritance, Clyde succumbed to his grandfather's wishes and was betrothed to the

a Boston rail baron. Secretly, Clyde promised Hilda that upon the death of his tyrannical grandfather, Elihu Beckford, he would obtain a divorce and the two of them would then be married. Before saying goodbye for the last time, the couple swore a vow at Arkham's Split Rock, a place Hilda's grandmother had told her about. It was said that wishes made at Split Rock often came true.

Years passed but the aged Elihu did not die. Clyde remained married to his Boston wife while Hilda waited patiently, supporting herself by making her dolls. She wept when Clyde's first child was born, and again at the births of his second and third son. Hilda was in her thirties when the elder Beckford finally died, and still faithful to her Clyde. When, in secret correspondence, Beckford declined to divorce his wife, Hilda was crushed.

A week later, Clyde and his Boston wife were killed in a tragic accident. Witnesses stated that their carriage overturned when the horses were panicked by a small child who darted in front of them.

When rebuffed by Clyde, Hilda's sanity slipped. Unknown to her, her anxious soul, driven by the hastily-conceived vow she had made at Split Rock, struck vengefully at the man who had so wronged her. While Hilda slept innocently, her angry spirit slipped from her body and entered one of her hand-made dolls. It was this animated doll that dashed in front of the Beckford carriage, causing the fatal accident. Hilda awoke the next morning oddly fatigued but with no memory of what had occured.

She was deeply saddened at the news of Clyde Beckford's death but continued living as she had, making and selling her dolls. She never married and instead turned inward, isolating herself from the world around her.

White Face, Witch Face

As the investigators near the neighborhood of the Hathaway sisters, they are overtaken and passed by a flock of noisy children, a horde of short pants and skinned knees, checked skirts and cheeky grins. Once a good distance ahead of the investigators, the children stop, congregating in front of an old two-story house. Pointing and shouting, they begin to chant in a sing-song tone.

"White-face, witch-face, won't catch me.
Slow and old and cannot see!"

The house the children stand if front of is that which the investigators seek. If the children are asked about their raucous behavior, a red-headed, freckle-faced boy, very vocal and obviously the leader, is happy to explain. According to him, an old witch lives in the house. He knows she's a witch because she's old. Such is the wisdom of youth.

No sooner has this been explained than the children suddenly run off, shrieking and giggling. From the direction of the house, the investigators hear a screeching, grating voice, the sound of fingernails on a blackboard.

"Get out of here you little bastards!
Chase yourselves off!"

An ancient woman stands in the front door, her face a map of wrinkles and knotted veins, coated with a heavy blanket of white face powder. Her lips are smudged crimson and her cheeks rouge-red. Atop her head sits a wig of blonde curls.

The harridan notices the investigators and squints at them, trying to determine if they are part of the group of harassing children. Those who make Spot Hidden rolls see her once-blue eyes are filmed by thick cataracts. After a moment, saying nothing, she turns back into the house, slamming the door behind her.

The House at 596 Walnut Street

On the front porch investigators find two doorbells. The upstairs bell is labeled "M. & M. Hathaway," the home of the sisters Margaret and Mildred Hathaway. The downstairs bell is marked "H. Francks."

MILDRED HATHAWAY

Only the younger Hathaway sister, Mildred, is presently at home. In her early sixties, it takes the old lady an extra moment to make it down the stairs and open the front door. Delighted to receive visitors, she welcomes the investigators inside and takes them upstairs where she tries to fill them with tea and cakes served on old, chipped import china.

The investigators may find it difficult to get a word in edgewise. Although more than happy to talk of her architect grandfather, Mildred also prattles on endlessly about the weather, her eight grandchildren (she has photographs of them all), how her own daughters never come to visit her anymore, and how the neighborhood is just not the same as it was when she was a girl ("A different sort of people, if you know what I mean," she whispers conspiratorially).

Mildred assures them that her grandfather was responsible for the fanlight design but she is unable to pro-

vide material proof. That, she says, can be found in her grandfather's papers, packed away somewhere upstairs. Only her sister, Margaret, knows where these things are and she is out of town until tomorrow afternoon.

Mildred invites them to return the following evening. Her sister will then be home and able to supply the proof the investigators need. Mildred is anxious to see that her grandfather finally receive the credit he deserves.

Before leaving, curious investigators may ask about the old woman who lives downstairs. If they do not, the keeper might wish to encourage them by creating a sudden commotion in the flat below, loud enough to interrupt conversation with Mildred Hathaway. Loud bangings and thumpings are heard, punctuated by occasional curses and shouts. Mildred apologizes for the distraction, explaining that the woman downstairs, "poor dear old Hilda," has led a lonely and pathetic life. Old and embittered, she is totally without friends and family. Mildred briefly relates the story of the woman's ill-fated romance with Clyde Beckford long ago, a story that might be recalled by any number of older Arkham residents. Hilda is in poor health, Mildred explains. Nearly blind, she never leaves the house anymore. Her groceries are always delivered and the Hathaway sisters occasionally run errands for her — a service for which Hilda seems grateful.

When the investigators finally leave, they are unaccompanied by Mildred Hathaway who apologizes for not seeing them to the door. Her knees are just not what they used to be, she explains, and the stairs take their toll. Once in the downstairs hall, just as they are about to open the front door to leave, investigators hear a soft noise behind them. Turning, they see the door to Hilda's downstairs standing partly open. It closes quickly but a Spot Hidden roll allows an investigator to catch a glimpse of the demented face of Hilda glaring after them.

HILDA FRANCKS

If the investigators knock at Hilda's door she eventually answers, dressed in a shabby house-coat and worn slippers. Little can be gained from her. She is hostile to investigators and if they persist in questioning her she loses her temper and screams at them, threatening to call police if they don't leave her alone. Looking in the apartment, investigators catch a glimpse of the interior. Piled everywhere are dolls in different stages of assembly. Everything is coated with a thick blanket of white dust.

THE NEIGHBORS

The houses on either side are inhabited by poorer Irish and Polish families, most with many children. These neighbors have little or no contact with Hilda and can offer little information — although most of the local children are quick to confirm Hilda's "witchiness." The few adults who know anything say that Hilda does little but make the dolls she sells. She is rarely seen outside.

SNOOPING AROUND

One or more of the investigators may wish to poke around outside the house but nothing is found. The curtains are all closed but with a Luck roll an investigator finds one cracked slightly open. Peering in, the investigator catches a glimpse of Hilda tottering naked through the shadowy house, holding first above her head, then nestled close to her breast, a large doll. Hilda's mouth opens and closes, singing a silent nursery rhyme.

All About Hilda

Hilda's sanity has been eaten away by disappointment, isolation, age, and senility. Nearly blind, her hands twisted by arthritis, she hasn't completed a doll in over a year. She subsists on her meager savings, now nearly gone.

A descendant of Arkham's Goody Fowler, lynched in 1704, Hilda is unaware she has the blood of Arkham witches running through her veins. Untrained, these inherent powers are undeveloped but were long ago awakened by the vow Hilda made at Split Rock. Unknown to Hilda, while she sleeps, her anxious hate, her fears and unfulfilled desires, take on spirit form. Animating her beloved dolls, the spirit seeks to take vengeance against those whom Hilda feels have wronged her. The spirit is driven by the terms of the unfulfilled vow and powered by the mysterious energies that linger about Split Rock. Her spirit is unable to rest until finally reunited with her long-lost love, Clyde Beckford. Hilda is unaware of the activities of her dark spirit and awakes remembering little of these episodes, dismissing them as half-coherent dreams.

Hilda Francks

Hilda Francks, age 70, doll-maker

STR 4	CON 3	SIZ 8	INT 13	POW 20
DEX 6	APP 5	EDU 10	SAN 0	HP 6

Damage Bonus: -1D6.

Weapons: None.

The Next Evening

Returning the next evening to visit the Hathaway home, the investigators encounter the same gang of small children met the night before. Noisily, the horde races by them, oblivious to the presence of adults. As the pack turns a corner to disappear from sight, another child emerges from a nearby alley to chase after them. A young girl, the child wears a long white dress of antique lace. Her long blonde curls trail in the wind as she races to catch up with the other children.

The meeting with the elder Hathaway sister goes well. Margaret is as anxious as Mildred to see her grandfather get his just credit and she shows the investigators papers and journals proving Andrew Hathaway's claim to the design.

The investigators might question Margaret about her downstairs neighbor but the older sister provides little more than Mildred has already told them. Margaret says that after Hilda's romance failed, she spent all her time at her trade. "It was the only thing she seemed to love. She poured her heart and soul into those dolls." The older Margaret remembers Hilda's grandmother better than Mildred does. She says the old woman used to tell the neighborhood girls lurid stories about the witches that were once thought to have lived in Arkham.

When the investigators eventually say goodnight and leave, an Idea roll notes that not a sound has been heard from the apartment below.

THE WALK HOME

No sooner are they on the street than the investigators notice a crowd gathered at the end of the block. An Arkham Police car is parked nearby. Investigating, they find a child has died of an accident, his huddled form is seen lying in the street, wrapped in blankets, awaiting an ambulance. It is the body of a young boy, aged around ten, found face down in an alley in a shallow puddle of water.

Investigators notice the corpse's red hair then realize it is the young, freckled boy they spoke with before. A Spot Hidden roll notices a strip of white, antique lace clutched tightly in one of the boy's hands.

The Arkham Medical Examiner will rule it death by drowning, speculating that the child must have fallen and knocked himself unconscious. Undiscovered, the unfortunate youth drowned in less than an inch of muddy water.

If for some reason the investigators fail to witness this scene, the next morning they either hear about it from worried neighbors or read about it in the *Arkham Advertiser* newspaper story.

The dead boy's clue

PAINTED SMILE PAPERS #1

TRAGIC ACCIDENT

LOCAL BOY DROWNS

ARKHAM— The death of Mathias James Wellington, aged ten years, late of Pickman Street, Arkham, was reported by police yesterday evening. The child's body was found face down in a puddle, apparently the victim of a tragic accident. In his report, Arkham Medical Examiner Ephraim Sprague stated that the boy's lungs contained water and that it seemed likely he fell and, knocked unconscious, accidentally drowned in the shallow puddle. The staff of the *Arkham Advertiser* would like to extend their deepest condolences to the Wellington family in their time of need. Details of the funeral service are to be announced.

Researching a Mystery

Investigators who wish to research Hilda Francks know only that she was raised by a grandmother, Sally Fowler, and is rumored to have long ago shared an unhappy romance with a man named Clyde Beckford.

Haunted by Hilda

From the moment Hilda lays eyes on them, the investigators are suspected of doing her wrong. Her delusions, powered by the vow sworn long-ago on Split Rock, are projected onto the investigators, haunting them, sometimes even affecting their judgement and perception. Of the mysterious events listed below, some are the result of investigator misinterpretation, others the active intervention of Hilda's spirit-driven dolls. The investigators encounter these incidents at the discretion of the keeper, who should stage them whenever he feels they will make the most impact. If the keeper thinks it proper, he may charge small SAN losses of 0/1 or 0/1D2 per event, depending on how fearfully the investigators react to these incidents.

Like a self-fulfilling prophecy, the incidents staged by Hilda's spirit serve only to attract the investigators' attention, thereby hastening her end.

Puppet Show: The investigators, walking through a park or a green, encounter a Punch and Judy show. In front of an audience of mesmerized children, the puppets enact crimes of rude violence, blood spattering from papier-maché heads at every blow. It is only red paint, the puppeteer can explain, something to help attract the crowd.

A Derelict: Clad in a tattered coat the color of dried phlegm, a bum hobbles by, singing in a cracked and off-key monotone:

"She'll come back one day, or so they say ..."

repeated *ad nauseam*. If questioned, he explains he refers to his lady love who left him for a soldier long ago.

Tea Party: In a yard visible from the street, six dead children slump lifelessly in their chairs, perhaps poisoned by the flower-petal tea poured from the Little Miss Housewife Tea Set laid out before them. It is of course, only a dolls' tea party.

Fatal Fall: Rounding a street corner, the investigators are just in time to see a child fall screaming from a third floor window. Hitting the ground with a thud, it shatters into fragments, only a wooden doll. Another scream is heard and investigators look up to see the little girl who dropped the doll, crying from a high window.

Broken Doll: A discarded doll lies twisted and broken in a gutter, the words "Mama, Mama," echoing from its headless neck, repeated slower and slower until it finally dies. Any investigator brave enough to pick the doll up is rewarded by a shower of maggots that spill from the broken neck.

Small Shadows: The investigators catch glimpses of a shadowy, diminutive figure in mirrors, department store windows, highly polished automobiles, etc. Always behind the investigators, the half-glimpsed figure disappears when investigators turn to look.

Newspapers

Checking the newspaper files at the *Arkham Advertiser*, the *Arkham Gazette*, or in the basement archives of the Miskatonic Library turns up nothing regarding Hilda Francks or Sally Fowler but quite a few stories about different people named Beckford. Several of these stories, all dated between the late 1870s and 1891 are about, or refer to Clyde Beckford, the grandson of visionary industrialist Elihu Beckford. A story dated 1880 announces Clyde's wedding to a Miss Sonia Merritt, described as a wealthy Boston socialite. A second story, found only with a Library Use roll, tells of the Beckfords' accidental deaths in 1891.

THE PAINTED SMILE PAPERS #2
Newspaper article dated August, 1891

LOCAL INDUSTRIALIST KILLED IN ACCIDENT

Clyde Beckford Dead at Age 34

ARKHAM-- One of Arkham's prominent citizens was killed last evening in a carriage accident that also took the life of his wife, Sonia Merritt of Boston. The scene of the accident was High Street east of French Hill, near the intersection of East Street. Witnesses say a young child dashing in front of the horses caused them to bolt, overturning the carriage. Clyde Beckford was killed instantly; his wife died a few hours later at Arkham General Hospital. The unidentified child, described as a girl about ten years old with long blonde curls, disappeared during the ensuing chaos and has not yet been found. Final funeral arrangements are still incomplete but the family has announced it will donate Mr. Beckford's papers, along with portions of his library, to the Arkham Historical Society, of which Beckford was a co-founder. Mr. Beckford and his wife are survived by three sons, Matthew, Thomas, and Richard.

The Arkham Historical Society

Dues-paying members of the society have free access to the library and archives. Non-members must pay a user's fee of 50 cents per day. Although the society's collection of books are stored on shelves and readily available, other items are kept in the archives and must be retrieved by the society's librarian, Lester Ropes.

THE FOWLER NAME

Investigators find nothing regarding Hilda's grandmother, Sally Fowler, but find many references to a seventeenth century Arkham woman named Goody Fowler. A reputed witch, Fowler survived accusation and imprisonment during the infamous 1692 Salem witch trials only to fall victim to an Arkham lynch mob in 1704. Although

there is nothing to link the witch to the later Sally Fowler, a few days' effort on the part of Mr. Peabody, the society's curator and an expert genealogist, establishes a near-positive line of descent.

THE BECKFORD PAPERS

This small collection is available for scholarly research but must be retrieved from the archives by the peevish, scowling Ropes. Most of Beckford's papers are of little interest but his diary describes the ill-fated romance he shared with Hilda Francks. He writes of being threatened with disinheritance by his grandfather, Elihu Beckford, and of the end of the young couple's dreams for the future. An 1879 entry tells of a vow sworn by Hilda and himself in front of Split Rock, outside of town, promising each other they would not rest until reunited. (Described later, Split Rock is a local landmark familiar to any locally-based investigator who makes a Know roll.)

Hilda is not mentioned again until 1891 when Clyde mentions that he received a letter from her. Sadly, he relates: "I was forced to refuse her proposal, breaking my vow."

Tucked in the diary is a yellowed piece of paper containing a few lines of doggerel verse. Written in a feminine hand, it is dated 1879. The final stanza is as follows:

"Two as one, we shall remain,
Twice as strong, no one in vain,
Shall separate our dearest heart,
No rest for I while we're apart."

SPLIT ROCK

Split Rock is a huge granite boulder found about a mile north of town, on the northwestern slope of Meadow Hill. Twenty feet high and roughly egg-shaped, the huge rock is cracked down the center, the two halves fallen slightly open to form a wide crevice from which grows a twisted, malformed pine tree. Many are the tales told about this rock. Some are innocuous, like the rock's supposed ability to heal warts or to grant wishes. Others are darker, hinting of eldritch forces. During the 1692 witch-scare, three of the accused (Bridget Bishop of Salem, Goody Fowler and Keziah Mason of Arkham) were said to hold unhallowed meetings before this stone. Indian legends, even older, say the rock is a place of power and that it was broken when a sky-spirit called down by a group of squaws, sat on the stone.

Visiting Split Rock

By auto, this landmark is only a few minutes ride from central Arkham. Visible from the road, the rock is a short uphill walk, easily accessible.

Obviously of granite, a successful Geology roll indicates the crack to be the result of some outside force rather then internal stresses. A Spot Hidden reveals the tiniest traces of a silvery substance embedded in the surface of the rock in the area of the crack. Although this material defies analysis, a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll links it to Yog-Sothoth.

THE KEEPER OF THE ROCK

Investigators are not here more than five minutes when a curious stranger appears — an old Indian woman dressed in blue jeans, oversized flannel shirt and battered hat. Striding purposely toward the investigators, she holds in her hand a red-painted tin can with the word "Tips" written on it.

Introducing herself as Rose Three Dogs, she tells investigators she is a full-blooded Wampanoag Indian. She claims to be the "keeper of Split Rock." She offers to answer any questions the visitors might have gesturing casually, but pointedly, with her red tin can.

Rose can recite most of the common tales about Split Rock, including a version of the Indian legend about the sky-spirit that was supposed to have broken the stone. She knows the rumors about witch meetings held here in the late 17th century and relates the old wives' tales about the rock's ability to cure warts and to grant wishes.

Asked about Hilda Francks and the vow she swore with Clyde Beckford, Rose remembers the incident. She makes little of the affair but the fact that she can recite, nearly word for word, the vow sworn by Hilda and Clyde nearly fifty years ago might strike the investigators as odd (Idea roll). Although Rose never directly solicits tips, she is peeved if investigators leave without depositing at least 25 cents in the can.

Some may assume the woman to be a simple old soul earning a few dollars a year spinning tales to visitors and tourists, but her role as Keeper of the Rock is a serious one. A long tradition among certain Indian groups, the stone has been continually watched for over five centuries. Long ago split by a bolt from Yog-Sothoth, the stone contains latent powers that can be tapped by the knowledgeable, or by the very sensitive.

Rose happened upon the young Hilda and Clyde nearly fifty years ago and heard the vow the couple swore. She arrived too late to warn the pair and has ever since worried about the possible results of that ill-worded vow. She knows that the rock is capable of bringing about what someone desires, but rarely does this happen in a way that pleases those who made the wish.

Rose felt the young man had nothing to fear, she judged him an insensitive dolt. But the young Hilda was too sensitive, too impressionable, and she had a look about her that said she was descended from those who

had known the power of the rock. Although Rose may not yet know what form it has taken, she has long feared Hilda's vow that her "spirit would not rest" — not in sleep, perhaps not even in death.

Rose lives just a short distance from Split Rock, in a ramshackle cabin in the woods. She is always aware when someone visits the rock and should the investigators return here, she most likely reappears. Despite her title, Rose's charge is merely to monitor the rock, offering advice or warnings as she sees fit.

Rose Three Dogs, age 75, Keeper of the Rock

STR 14	CON 17	SIZ 12	INT 15	POW 17
DEX 13	APP 10	EDU 15	SAN 78	HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist 55%, 1D3; Kick 65%, 1D6; Grapple 35%; Club 65%, 1D8; Hunting Knife 60%, 1D4+2.

Skills: Astronomy 20%, Botany 90%, Camouflage 65%, Climb 55%, Cthulhu Mythos 8%, First Aid 80%, Hide 75%, Indian Lore 75%, Listen 95%, Psychology 80%, Sneak 90%, Spot Hidden 85%, Swim 65%, Track 70%, Zoology 85%.

Spells: Bind Crow, Bind Snake, Call Ithaqua, Call Yog-Sothoth, Contact Elder Thing, Create Gate, Summon/Bind Nightgaunt, Summon/Bind Dimensional Shambler.

The Demise of Hilda

Hilda is fated to die in the course of this scenario. Once the woman is dead, her spirit embarks on a full-blown campaign of revenge against the investigators. Although while still alive, Hilda had already fixed her paranoid hate on the innocent characters, it is best if the keeper can maneuver things so that the investigators are instrumental in her death. The keeper must judge the investigators' persistence and curiosity, staging Hilda's fatal attack at a properly dramatic moment in the adventure.

Perhaps a vain attempt to interview the old lady results in angry accusations and a door slammed in the investigators' faces. Before they can leave, they hear choking gasps from behind the locked door — Hilda is suffering some serious problem. If they enter the apartment, they find the old woman lying on the floor, grasping her chest, her legs quivering horribly. Despite efforts to save her, she dies of a heart attack, never regaining consciousness.

If the investigators break into the one-bedroom flat at night, they find Hilda asleep in bed, a large china doll tucked under one arm. Without the illusion of makeup and wig, she appears pitifully old and frail. The slightest sound wakes her and, confronted by the sight of total strangers in her bedroom at night, suffers a fatal attack.

In either case, at the moment of Hilda's death every doll in the house springs to life and begins to mimic her movements. As Hilda's mouth opens, so do theirs; her last choking breath is echoed from dozens of porcelain mouths. When Hilda dies, the dolls fall silent. SAN loss is 1/1D6.

Hilda's Apartment

Aside from the dozens of half-completed dolls lying everywhere, there is little here that smacks of the unnatural. The dolls are scattered about in various stages of completion: bald white heads with empty eye-sockets, slim white arms stacked like the trophies of a pederastic butcher, limbless and headless torsos. Everywhere they look, cold blue eyes stare unblinkingly back at the investigators, faces smiling perfect rosebud smiles. The dolls, though clad in hand-stitched pinafores and frocks of lace, look for all the world like an army of bloodless children, waiting only for the call to action.

Everything is covered with a layer of fine white dust. Geology or Know rolls identify it as dust from china clay. A warm kiln in one room confirms the observation. Disturbing this dust, a CON x4 or less must be rolled to avoid a sneezing fit.

The small three-room flat contains little of interest except for a particular doll found in the bedroom.

THE DOLL

This doll is roughly child-sized and found lying on the bed. It has a superbly detailed face, more perfect than any of the other dolls, with clear blue eyes, long blonde curls, and perfectly painted bright red lips. Close examination reveals the doll's dress to be slightly torn, a patch of lace missing from the hem. Idea rolls remind investigators of the patch of lace seen clutched in the dead boy's hand and of the young girl in a lace dress they saw chasing the children just previous to the accident. Another Idea roll might connect this doll with the death of Clyde Beckford back in 1891.

Hilda's Revenge

Hilda's malevolent spirit seeks its revenge. Severed from the aged flesh that was its home, it now inhabits the china doll found in the bedroom. Soon it comes after the investigators, who it blames for the old woman's death. Should this doll be destroyed, the spirit merely slips to another one. There are hundreds of Hilda's dolls in Arkham, Kingsport, and the surrounding New England area. De-

stroying them one by one is a near impossible task. The stalking begins.

AT HILDA'S HOUSE

Should the investigators break into Hilda's house, the evil doll is waiting for them. Fresh, doll-sized footprints mark the white dust coating the floor. The investigators, who may well be looking for some sort of journal or diary, might not notice Hilda-the-doll hidden amongst the other dolls cluttering the apartment. Undetected, she suddenly springs forth like a demonic Jack-in-the-box, lunging for their throats.

Countless sharp tools are available for Hilda's use and exploding bags of china clay powder make excellent smoke-screens. If she can manage it, she pushes an unconscious investigator into the large kiln where they suffer a slow and awful death.

ON THE STREET

Investigators walking the street are vulnerable to Hilda's attacks. Hilda can dart in and out of the legs of the adults towering over her, stabbing investigators and darting out of sight before they can react.

AT HOME

In the middle of the night, a successful Listen roll wakes an investigator to the sound of shattering glass and pattering feet. Breaking a window, Hilda has gained entrance to the house. If the Listen roll is failed, the investigator is awakened when cold china hands close around his throat.

The Evil Doll

Either way, the investigator faces the menace of a diminutive but deadly enemy in the sanctity of their own home. There are countless places for Hilda to hide: under the bed, behind the couch, inside cupboards, on top of wardrobes, or beneath the stairs.

Hilda, a living doll

STR 16	CON 7	SIZ 3	INT 3	POW 20
DEX 18	APP 10	HP 5	Move 9	

Weapons: Butcher Knife 45%, 1D6; Claw 50%, 1D4; Strangle 50% 1D3 per round (STR vs STR to dislodge).

Although ferocious, Hilda's spirit forgets her body is now that of a china doll, very fragile, and that it takes but a small amount of damage to shatter her to pieces. Destroyed, the Hilda-doll screams, an echoing despairing cry which fades away like the sighing of the wind. But she returns the following night in the body of a new doll to resume her campaign of vengeance.

Weapons and Tactics

Knives: So many sharp and shiny things with which to cut and stab and slice at the investigators — found in the kitchen and countless other places.

Fire: Made primarily of china, flames do not pose a great threat to Hilda the doll. True, her hair and clothes burn away, but blackened and grinning she makes her way through the inferno. Perhaps Hilda might open an oven and turn on the gas, lighting a match only when an investigator walks into the room.

Tricks: Tripping the investigators with ropes on stairs, balancing heavy objects such as frying pans above partially opened doors.

Simple Violence: Attempting to claw out an investigator's eyes while they sleep.

Putting a Spirit to Rest

Although destroying a single doll should prove no great challenge to investigators, this makes for an unlikely solution given the hundreds of dolls found in the immediate area. When one doll is destroyed, the malevolent spirit simply takes up residence in another. Two possible methods of quieting the unsatisfied spirit are offered.

Exorcism

It is possible the spirit can be exorcised by traditional methods. Several Catholic priests reside in Arkham and one of them may be called upon to help. The spirit, trapped in a doll captured by the investigators, is forced to undergo the long process of exorcism. Keepers should refer to films like *The Exorcist* for inspiration, charging any investigators present at the rites small SAN losses but awarding them with 1D8 percentiles to their Occult skills to reflect what they've learned from the experience.

Exhumation

The key to the second solution is the vow Hilda made at Split Rock. She pledged her spirit would not rest until she was united with her love, Clyde Beckworth. Their bodies now lie far apart. Hilda's final resting place is in Potter's Field, an overgrown few acres of land north of the city.

Beckford is interred in the ornate Beckford mausoleum near the Peaslee family plot in Christchurch cemetery on the south side of town. Uniting the remains of these two people puts Hilda's disturbed spirit to rest. Investigators may figure this solution out for themselves or the keeper can call for Idea rolls. If Rose Three Dogs is visited, she can illuminate slow-thinking investigators. Digging up the rotting Hilda from her fresh plot in the ghoul-ridden potter's field may prove an adventure in itself, at the very least resulting in small SAN losses. Additional problems arise moving the corpse across town and reinterring it in the locked Beckford mausoleum. Discovery and arrest are a constant danger.

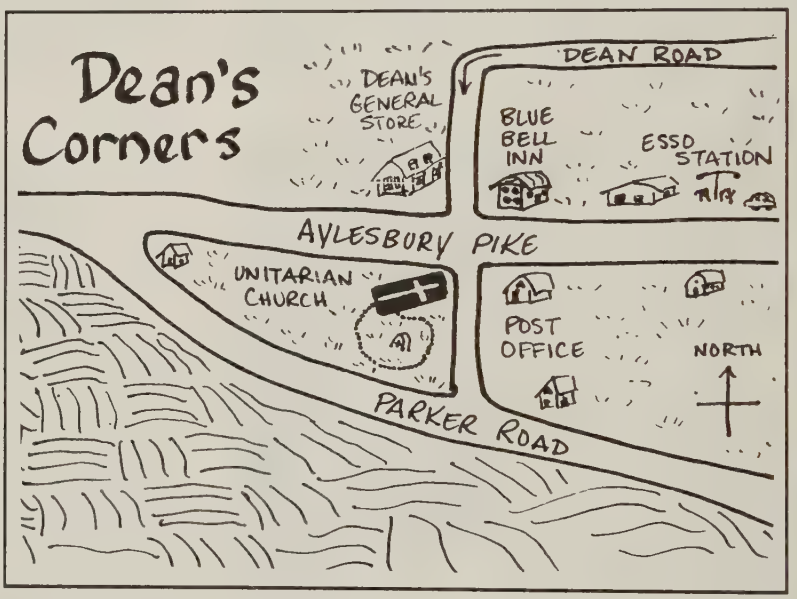
If investigators have made friends with the cemetery's night watchmen, Gerber Pender, his cooperation proves of immense value. At the keeper's discretion, Hilda's spirit, not comprehending the investigators' intentions, may launch one final, deadly doll-assault against them.

Final Reward

Putting Hilda's spirit to rest affords renewed peace of mind for the investigators and results in an award of 1D6+2 SAN points for each investigator involved.

The Village of Dean's Corners

The village of Dean's Corners was settled in the early 19th century about the time the toll road from Arkham to Aylesbury was completed. Dean's Corners was the last stop on the turnpike before Aylesbury and catered to the hungry, tired traveler. It was a stop on the stage line that that once passed through. Few people now stay the night at Dean's Corners but the town still does trade with motorists going to Aylesbury.



Dean's General Store

Now owned and operated by the Meacham family, the store has stood on this spot since 1846. Ethel Meacham, 56, operates the establishment, open 9-5 on weekdays and 10-1 on Saturday. The store caters to the locals and is well-stocked with canned goods, tools, and other items. The store is also a milk depot. Once a day a truck arrives from Aylesbury to collect the milk from local farms.

The Esso Station

Owned by Harry Barnes, this place sells gas and does auto repair at a skill of 75%. Harry is capable of fixing tractors and trucks.

The Blue Bell Inn

This combination restaurant and small hotel is owned by William and Catherine Miller, 31 and 30, newcomers to Dean's Corners. They purchased the inn only five years ago and moved here from Arkham with their two young children. The restaurant does a fair business with travelers and locals. The third floor has been converted to the family'sprivate living quarters but there are two rooms on the second floor available to rent for guests. Although rarely used, these small, tidy rooms are kept dusted and the linen changed.

Post Office

The newest building in Dean's Corners, this structure was built by the Federal Government. It serves Dean's Corners and Jennings Township south of Miles Ridge. The Postmaster is Ezra Dean, 60, who happens to be the great-grandson of the Ezra Dean who first founded the settlement.

The Unitarian Church

Constructed in 1842, this prim, well-maintained wooden church is of a late Georgian style. It is used as a local meeting house and is well attended by many of the locals. Mr. Herman Giles, 44, is presently pastor.

Upper Miskatonic Valley:

The Watcher in the Valley

In which certain Indian legends telling of a battle fought and won against eldritch forces prove to be presumptuous.

This adventure is set in the Miskatonic River Valley far up the Aylesbury Pike in the vicinity of Dunwich and Dean's Corners. It occurs during the late summer or early fall. The keeper may change the season if he wishes but keep in mind that around the beginning of early November the ground freezes, making digging nearly impossible.

Keeper's Information

Tens of thousands of years ago, even before the coming of the Indians, two members of the astral race of lloigor discovered one of the "power nodes" common to the upper Miskatonic Valley. Here they took up residence, bathing in the astral energy focused by the node. Later, when man appeared in the area, a small tribe of Indians fell under the lloigor's influence.

This tribe, the Anakokes, warred for many years with neighboring tribes, sacrificing prisoners to the "spirits" of the mound. Their extended contact with the lloigor caused degeneracy within the tribe, sometimes resulting in grotesque mutations.

Eventually the other tribes in the area joined together to rid themselves of this evil Indian cult. These several united tribes, which included the Massachusetts and Pennacook Indians, ruthlessly attacked the village of the Anakokes, slaying many. The few survivors fled to their holy mound, hotly pursued by the attackers. Here they made a last stand, aided by one of the lloigor which had taken on the physical form of a giant toad-thing. Badly outnumbered, the Anakokes died to the last man. Even the terrible lloigor fell beneath the fury of the united tribesman while its brother lloigor, unharmed, remained invisible and undetected.

The attackers buried the bodies of their victims atop the mound with the body of the toad-monster they had slain. Stones were erected, warning of the danger and the flow of the river diverted, flooding the area, isolating and submerging the greater portion of the mound.

But the other lloigor still lived and continued to lurk in the vicinity of the power node. Other people, first Indians and later white men, moved into the area, though few stayed long. One family of settlers, the Calbans, lingered here too long and eventually came under the malign influence of the surviving lloigor. Many were the tales of the Calban's cruelty, bestiality, and incestuous behavior but it all ended one night in 1921 when, in a fit of lloigor-inspired rage and madness, Jesse Calban slaughtered his mother, father, and two brothers before fleeing into the wilds to die. By this time the Miskatonic River had resumed its original course, leaving only a shallow marsh surrounding the almost completely exposed mound.

WHAT IS HAPPENING NOW

The burned Anakoke village and the ancient mound are presently being excavated by a group of archaeologists funded by the Boston Society for American Indian Research (BSAIR). Volunteers from the Miskatonic University are also involved in the undertaking. Protesting the dig is an old Indian named Quiskamohan who claims the area is "holy land" and should not be desecrated.

Regardless, the archaeologists persist in their activities and before long the bones of the long-dead lloigor-cultists are unearthed. Reconstructed, these remains show signs of horrible mutations, the result of the inhuman cruelty of the lloigor. Other mysterious bones, portions of the dead lloigor's skeleton, are also discovered.

All the while, the surviving lloigor watches, invisible, toying with the dig-members and sapping their energy (magic points) while they sleep. Equipment malfunctions at the site of the mound, puzzling the dig-members, and minor disasters are soon commonplace. As the dig continues, the lloigor grows impatient with their activities and takes increasingly drastic actions in an effort to drive the meddlers away from its lair.

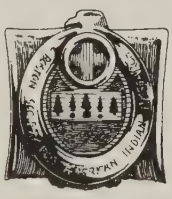
Involving the Investigators

Not only must the keeper find a way to make the investigators visit the mound, he must also provide them with a good reason for staying there, even after the lloigor's attacks become a dangerous threat. A couple of methods for getting investigators there are discussed below. Once there, they are offered a chance to join the team as volunteer help. Although the pay is low, the keeper may offer his players skill checks in the areas of Archaeology and Anthropology. Investigators receive one check for each 30-40 hour week they work at the site.

A FAVOR FOR A FRIEND

This opening assumes at least one of the investigators is an acquaintance or colleague of a Miskatonic University professor. This acquaintance, due at an important meeting, asks if the investigator(s) will deliver some books and papers to a colleague on an archaeological dig located out the Aylesbury Pike about 40 miles northwest of Arkham. (If the keeper wishes, this incident can be modified

The Boston Society for American Indian Research (BSAIR)



This organization is the sponsor of the dig currently taking place in the upper Miskatonic Valley. Its membership consists primarily of local American Indian scholars, both amateur and professional, as well as a good number of Boston blue-bloods. The Society's headquarters are in Cambridge, Massachusetts, housed in the elegant and expansive Young Mansion, just a few blocks from the campus of Harvard University. The lower floors of the building are given over to a large meeting hall, an impressive collection of New England Indian art and artifacts, and the society's library — the largest collection of books about Indians found in the state. A few extra valuable artifacts are stored on the top floor but most of this space consists of offices and the society's files and records.

Annual membership dues are $40 and entitle the member use of the library and archives. Admission fees to BSAIR-sponsored lectures and conferences are half-price to members. Members add fifteen percentiles to their Credit Rating whenever dealing with other members or with contributors. There is a 5% chance that a random Arkham/Boston businessman is a member, contributor, or supporter.

The society's highest-ranking officers are President John Read, a blue-blood lacking scholarly background, and Vice-President Elliot Mills, Professor of American History at Miskatonic University and a specialist in Indian anthropology. Both men are discussed in further detail under *The Main Dig Site*. Investigators visiting the Young Mansion inquiring about the dig are referred to John Read, provided they can impress the stern doorman, Raines, with a successful Credit Rating, Debate, History, Anthropology, or Archaeology roll. Read is in his office during working hours 20% of the time. Vice-President Mills, in charge of the current project, can most easily be found at the dig site.

President John Read

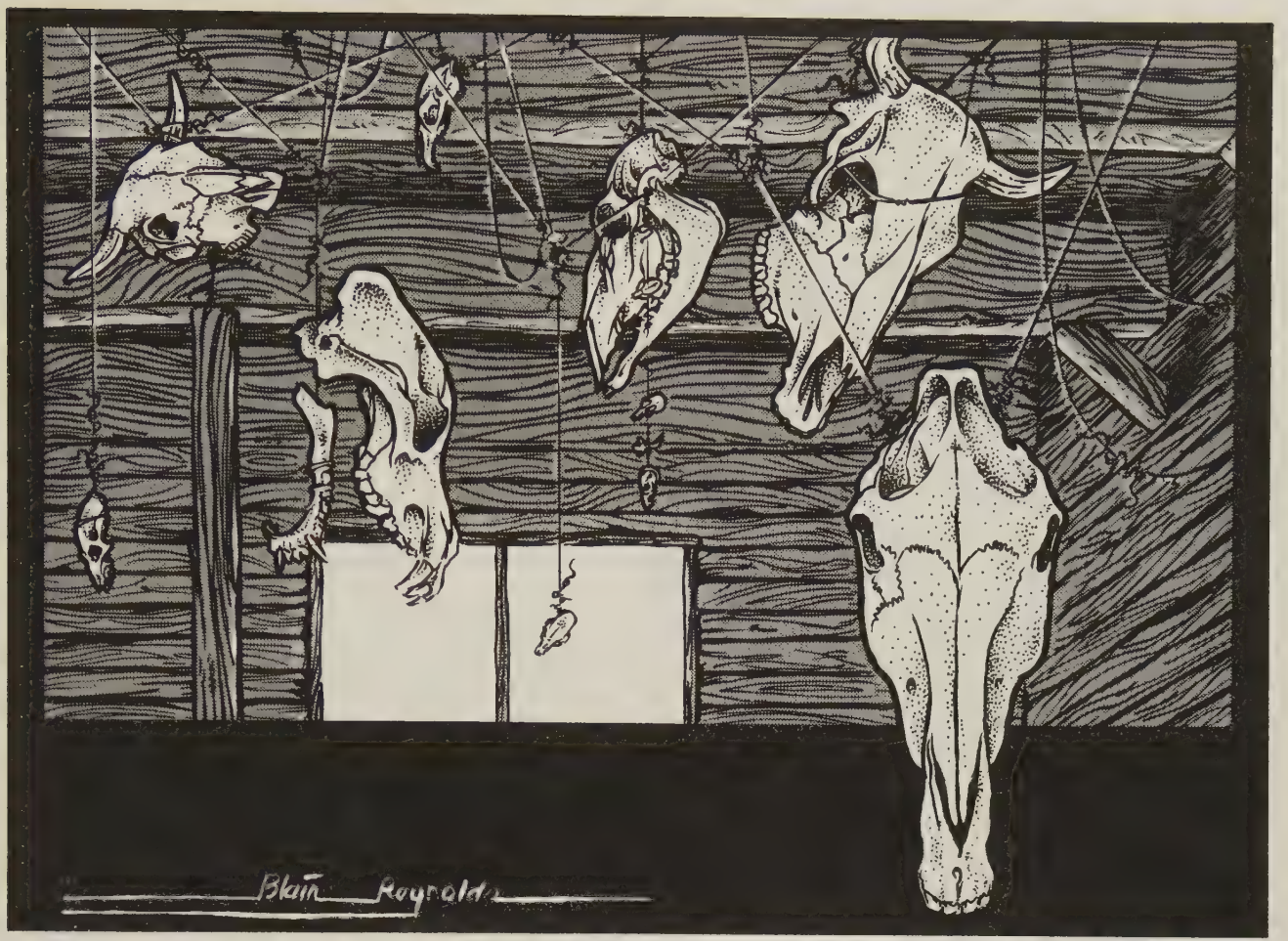
Read is a tall, athletic-looking man. Always in control of himself and his surroundings, he tends to dominate conversations. The owner of several buildings in and around Boston, his is one of the oldest and most distinguished families in the city. The society is one of his pet charities, as his family was instrumental in its founding 25 years ago. Read, despite his comparatively small knowledge of the local Indians, nonetheless dominates the society's affairs as if it were another of his many business interests.

Although Read has left the day-to-day supervision of the dig to Professor Mills, he pays frequent visits, especially on holidays and weekends. During these visits he is usually accompanied by a distinguished business associate or two, the party often indulging in some hunting while in the area.

The truth of the matter is that the society's backing of these digs is less a matter of intellectual curiosity than a desire to increase and diversify the collection of Indian artifacts at the headquarters' museum. Only the continued presence of Miskatonic University staff and students has kept the dig from becoming a complete travesty.

A fundamental problem between the two men is that Mills wants all finds carefully cataloged for study at Miskatonic University while Read always demands the choicer pieces be taken directly to the society's headquarters.

Read is quite happy to discuss details of the current dig with any knowledgeable visitors, particularly those wealthy enough to be considered potential contributors. He invites any knowledgeable characters to visit the dig and may even suggests they might volunteer for a stint working at the site.



Skulls in the ruined Calban barn

so that an investigator's superior actually *orders* him to do the task.)

If the investigator accepts, the harried academic gives him or her a heavy box about two feet square, securely taped closed, and a written set of directions to the site. The package is to be delivered to Professor Elliot Mills, currently in charge of the project. A successful History, Archaeology, Anthropology, or EDU x1 roll indicates an investigator recognizes the man as a Miskatonic University professor of American history specializing in the Indians of New England.

ON ASSIGNMENT

Journalist or author investigators may get a free-lance assignment from the editor of a newspaper or magazine asking them for a story on the mound and BSAIR. To get the kind of in-depth story the editor wants, the journalist will have to stay at the site for at least ten days.

VOLUNTEERS

The investigators hear about the archeological dig from a friend or associate and learn that volunteers are wanted. The BSAIR pays a token wage of $1 a day but also provides food, shelter, and the opportunity to be part of a scientific exploration.

The Dig

The bulk of this adventure takes place about 40 miles northwest of Arkham, just off the Aylesbury Pike near the Miskatonic River. Located a few miles southwest of Dunwich, the nearest community is tiny Dean's Corners at the intersection of the Pike and Dean Road.

REACHING THE DIG SITE

Although an automobile would be handy, a bus traveling from Arkham to Aylesbury leaves town every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 10:30 AM. Scheduled to arrive in Dean's Corners at 1:15 PM, the driver is willing to let passengers off a couple miles sooner, near the dig site.

Auto trips during daylight hours take a little over two hours. Travel after dark increases the time as does inclement weather.

Leaving Arkham and following the pike northwest, the land soon grows hilly and wooded, and increasingly more desolate. Nearing the dig site, farms are few and far between and those visible from the Pike are usually in sad condition, decaying and almost impossibly ancient. Many are abandoned, fallen to ruins, and those in better shape are inhabited by furtive, sullen-looking folk who peer balefully at passing strangers. Traffic along the pike is very light.

The Surrounding Area

The roads leading off the pike are overgrown and rutted. Anytime an investigator drives on one of these roads he must make a successful Drive Automobile roll to avoid a minor mishap. Typical mishaps include getting stuck in mud-filled ruts, stopping to clear an obstacle blocking the road, flat tires, etc. These normally mean a fifteen minute delay. A fumbled roll (96-00) indicates a major delay due to an overheated engine or minor accident with a tree or large animal.

DIRECTION SIGNS

These BSAIR signs are marked with red arrows pointing in the direction of the dig site. They were erected to help volunteers and visitors find the site. Using the signs, only a failed Idea roll allows the investigators to get lost.

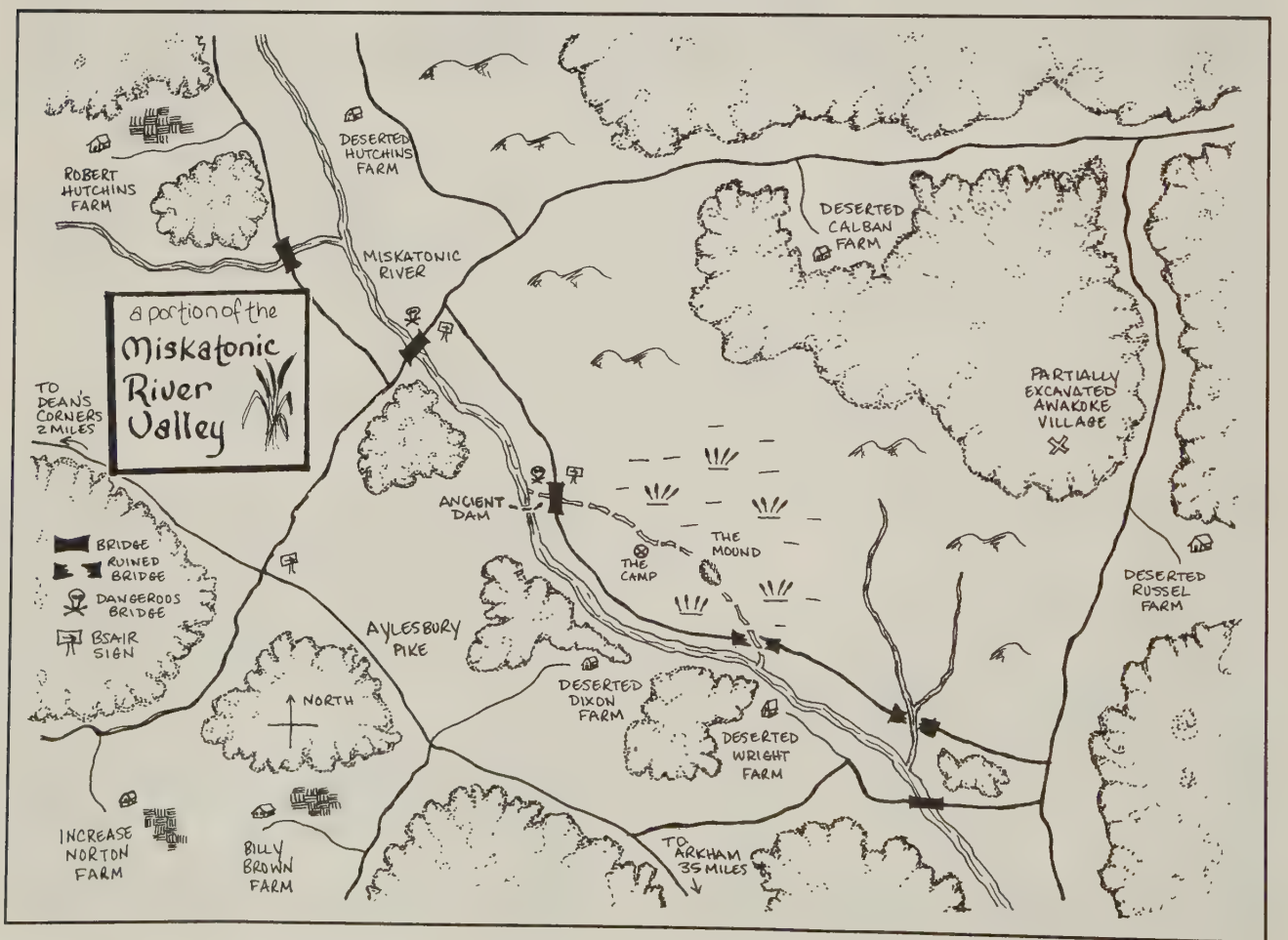
DESERTED FARMS

These four farms were abandoned before the turn of the century. The houses and barns have fallen to ruin and all that can be found are broken windows, doors hanging off hinges, overgrown yards, and rusted pumps. The names listed on the map are those of the last known tenants.

The Calban farm is noteworthy as the past residence of a debased family now dead for over eight years. In ruins, one sagging shed contains numerous animal bones including the hanging skulls of cows, dogs, squirrels, and others. Discovering this odd collection costs 0/1 SAN.

BILLY BROWN FARM

One of the few inhabited farms in the area, Billy Brown's place is in decent shape. Old Billy is over 70, and lives here with his wife Netty and a few cows and chickens. Billy's a little slow but friendly with strangers. Having lived here his entire life he knows all the stories about the



Calban family as well as some of the legends regarding the old mound near the river. Respectful of the Indian legends, old Billy keeps his distance from the mound.

INCREASE NORTON FARM

This tiny house at first appears abandoned but anyone approaching is aggressively warned off by a huge, bearded, ancient man wielding a double-barrelled shotgun. The gun isn't loaded and if visitors make a successful Fast Talk or Oratory roll, the old man turns friendly and proves willing to talk.

A half-crazy 84-year-old, Increase lives off the land and, like Billy Brown, knows the stories about the Calbans and the haunted mound. He tells his visitors that if they want to meet the ghost of Jesse Calban they should wait at the crossroads where the Calbans' driveway meets the "main" road. The ghost, says crazy old Increase, appears at midnight. He warns, however, that only a fool would try to meet up with Jesse "as he's a-still carryin' thet axe whut he chopt up his ma an' pa an' brethers wit'."

Charred Anakoke statuette

ROBERT HUTCHINS FARM

The Hutchins' farm is in good repair, home to Bob Hutchins, his wife Agatha, and their teenaged children Walt, Annie, and Amelia. The Hutchins are of Dunwich stock, taciturn with strangers, and don't talk much of local history. A farm across the river was long ago occupied by a cousin of Robert, but after a while the place was abandoned. The Hutchins are mostly uncommunicative and of little help to the investigators.

DANGEROUS BRIDGES

These two old bridges are decrepit and potentially dangerous. The rotting covered bridge spanning the small tributary between the marsh and the river is the weaker of the two. This bridge groans and creaks menacingly when crossed in an automobile. If a Luck roll fails, the tottering, bat-infested structure collapses into the marshy stream below causing 1D6 points of damage to any occupants and hopelessly miring the car in the muddy stream. Note that the dig-members, aware of the bridge's condition, all park their vehicles just off the road to the northwest of the bridge.

The other dangerous bridge crosses the Miskatonic. A wooden bridge mounted on stone piers, this bridge only collapses on a roll of 00 on a D100. Injuries to occupants are 1D6+1 and those plunging into the river must make two Swim rolls to safely reach shore. If the car is fully enclosed they will need to first make a DEX x5 roll to escape the submerged vehicle. A car falling through this bridge is not retrievable.

RUINED BRIDGES

These two covered bridges are collapsed. Anyone unfamiliar with the roads and driving at high speed needs to make a Drive Automobile roll in order to stop before plunging off the ragged approaches. If driving at night, reduce the normal skill by half. The ruined bridges could prove particularly dangerous to insane, panic-stricken characters fleeing the area.

THE ANCIENT DAM

A number of large, well-weathered stones and rotted tree trunks clutter both shores here. Other large stones submerged beneath the water can also be seen. The archaeologists have correctly surmised that this is the remains of a dam built by the Indians and used to divert some of the Miskatonic's flow into the marsh where the mound is found.

SITE OF THE ANAKOKE VILLAGE

Located a quarter of a mile west of the road, a Spot Hidden roll locates the trail cut by the dig team leading to this site. Recently excavated by the BSAIR team, the area is now abandoned while work is focussed on the mound.

Here, in a large clearing, several square pits have been dug, each roughly five to six yards across and anywhere from three to ten feet deep. The excavations reveal a layer of compressed ash about two feet below the surface, identified as such with a successful Archaeology or Geology

The Personnel of the BSAIR/

Professor Elliot Mills, Dig Supervisor

Professor Mills is of average build with sandy brown hair and moustache. He wears wire-rim glasses which he frequently removes and polishes, a nervous habit. An athletic man, Mills' quiet personality disguises his enthusiasm for the lore and history of the American Indian.

Prof. Elliot Mills

Mills, never married, has been employed at Miskatonic University for nearly ten years teaching American History and Archaeology courses to upper-classmen. He prefers fieldwork to classrooms and for this reason jumped at the chance to work with the Boston Society for American Indian Research on this dig. Mills has been a member of BSAIR for almost twenty years and its vice president for over ten. He frequently disagrees with BSAIR president John Read over matters regarding Indian rights and sacred sites; Mills feels Read is a plunderer of the past, and in no way a true scholar.

Although Mills does not believe in the gods and spirits of native Americans, he respects their beliefs. A scientist, he pays little attention to stories about the hauntings attributed to the mound, nor does he believe the legend that says a great "toad-spirit" was long-ago slain here. When strange bones start turning up, his tune changes.

Regarding other personnel, Mills is most impressed by the enthusiasm and ability of the widow Mildred Cunningham; he denies his romantic feelings toward her. Mills trusts Stephen Francks enough to leave him in charge of the dig once in a while and although he likes Alice Donlevy, the continual presence of her boyfriend, the dunderhead Will Abner, irritates him. He has no particular feelings one way or the other about George Hanshaw or the Keirs, Priscilla and Dalton.

Stephen Francks, Top Assistant

Soft-spoken Stephen Francks is a bit on the chubby side and rather pale. His hair is short, blonde, and unkempt. He wears wire-rimmed glasses. A graduate student, he is a night person who likes to sleep in late and then work until well after midnight. A capable assistant to Professor Mills, Francks is an avid archaeologist who hopes one day to conduct his own digs.

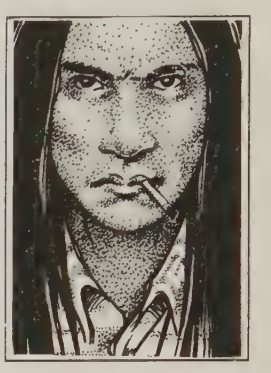
Stephen Franks

Francks is solitary and enjoys having his own tent. He may impress the investigators as strange and his late-night walks around the camp and visits to the mound may be a cause for suspicion.

Francks has a rifle in his tent for protection in the wilds. He doesn't believe the local stories about hauntings but later events leave him torn between fear of the haunter and excitement over the finds.

Jim Penahac, Indian

A half-breed Indian, Jim has a dark complexion and wears his black hair long. Tall, healthy and strong, Jim is sometimes surprisingly cheerful, especially when he's been drinking. He smokes cigarettes when he can afford them, or when he can bum them from others.



Jim Penahac

Torn between cultures, Jim desires acceptance by the white race. Consequently, he has hired himself out to the society as a guide to various Indian sites in the Miskatonic Valley. Although his betrayal of sacred Indian sites has caused him feelings of guilt, he feels that if the whites study his people's culture and heritage, they might come to better understand the red man. Jim believes that any spirits disturbed by the white man will understand his motive and forgive him. He believes whole-heartedly the stories about ghosts and toad-spirits but will be shocked to discover how malevolent these spirits are.

Jim spends most days fishing and hiking along the northern shore of the river. He occasionally hitchhikes into Dean's Corners to pick up whiskey or cigarettes.

Mildred Cunningham, Monied Widow

Mildred Cunningham is a dark-haired and somewhat plain-looking woman. Considering the amount of money left to her by her deceased husband, Mildred is not at all the stuffy blue-blood one might expect her to be.

Mildred Cunningham

Mildred has been a member of the BSAIR since her husband's death six years ago and is an avid student of history, archaeology, and Indian lore. She is genuinely thrilled to be part of the BSAIR dig and spends much of her time in the company of Professor Mills. She has formed close friendships with the other two women in the party, Alice Donlevy and Priscilla Keir.

Though she doesn't believe in the ghost stories told about the mound, she does have respect for the beliefs of the Indians and does not ridicule or patronize. Mildred respects and understands the great sacrifice made by Jim Penahac showing the whites the sacred grounds of the local Indians.

Mildred is plucky and not easily deterred. She will be one of the last to abandon the dig site and may even aid the investigators or Professor Mills in defeating the spirit of the mound.

Miskatonic U. Archeological Dig

Alice Donlevy, History Student

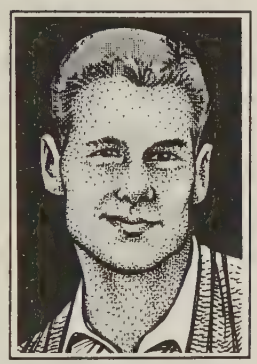
A student at Miskatonic, petite Alice Donlevy is a pretty blonde with a pleasant smile. Although an intelligent and devoted student (she is studying to be an accountant), she impresses investigators as superficial. Those she deems unattractive, or uncultured are rarely worthy of her time. She lives in Dorothy Upham Hall.

Alice Donlevy

Alice's interest in local Indian lore stems from the American history courses taught by Professor Mills, whom she greatly admires. Her boyfriend, Will Abner, who cares much more for Alice than for old bones, usually drives her out to the dig site. When he can't take the time, he lends her the use of his roadster. When things start to get strange, Alice will be one of the first to desert the site.

Will Abner, Track Star

Will Abner is a swaggering pseudo-student and star of the MU track team. Tall, lithe, and muscular, with close-cropped brown hair, he is perpetually dressed in his letter sweater. He never misses an opportunity to boast of athletic prowess or brag about his inebriated collegiate exploits with anyone he thinks will listen. He is a star sprinter and also competes in the high-jump. Will isn't stupid, he's just not a serious academic. He shares accounting and American history classes with girlfriend Alice Donlevy and is fiercely jealous of anyone who shows her attention. Though he talks tough, it is unlikely he will physically assault anyone.



Will Abner

Abner is not popular with the dig-members and only girlfriend Alice and fellow opportunist Dalton Keir put up with him. He dislikes Francks, and makes the pudgy assistant a frequent victim of his practical jokes. He treats the Indian Jim Penahac as though he were a servant and likes to think of George Hanshaw as a "whipped dog." He finds the budding romance between Professor Mills and Mildred Cunningham (or "Mom," as he calls her) hilariously amusing.

When strange things start happening at the dig site, Will stays away and does his best to discourage Alice from visiting.

George Hanshaw, Attorney

Hanshaw is a milquetoast of a man. Balding and with thick eyeglasses, he is missing his left arm from the elbow, lost to a shrapnel wound in the Great War. George joined the BSAIR after his return home from the war. He was looking for an excuse to get out of the house and away from his pushy wife but he soon found he enjoyed the subject more than he had anticipated and has since become one of the society's most active members.

George Hanshaw

George gets along well with most of the other people at the dig, especially Professor Mills and Mildred Cunningham. He doesn't care so much for Dalton Keir or Will Abner, both of whom have ulterior motives for their presence. He is fond of Jim Penahac and the two of them are often seen talking together. President John Read reminds him too much of his overbearing wife and he usually does his best to stay out of sight whenever Read visits the camp.

George doesn't have a superstitious bone in his body and will to continue to visit the dig after strange things begin to happen.

Dalton Keir, Accountant

Keir is a tall, thin, dark-haired young man, not overly-bright but with a certain amount of business cunning. He allowed his wife to talk him into joining the BSAIR because of the many wealthy and influential contacts he might make. Caring little for the work at the dig, he usually packs his rifle along on the chance that President John Read will show up and the two of them can go hunting together. He considers Jim Penahac just another useless Indian.

Dalton Keir

Priscilla Keir, Secretary

Priscilla has long red hair and freckles. Although rather pretty, she is shy and dresses modestly. Priscilla joined the BSAIR while in her final year at a Boston accounting school. She is interested in Indians and has a few artifacts in her Boston home. Priscilla likes Prof. Mills, and wishes she could take some of his courses.

The Keirs will likely be spooked into leaving. They usually only attend on weekends anyway. They always arrive together; Priscilla can't come unless Dalton drives her and Dalton comes only at the urging of his wife.

Priscilla Keir

All character statistics on pages 74 – 75

roll. A second successful Archaeology or halved Idea roll allows an investigator to guess that at some time in the past a whole village was burned to the ground.

Anyone making a thorough search of the site finds, with a halved Spot Hidden roll, a badly charred, fist-sized statuette encrusted with clay. The statuette, overlooked by the excavators, appears to be some sort of toad, but with a tail and hints of some sort of whiskers or tentacles around its snout. A successful Archaeology roll identifies the carving as definitely of Indian origin, perhaps 600 years old or more. Anthropology or Occult rolls cannot identify the creature and only assure the investigator that there is something decidedly unnatural about the carving. Anyone viewing this queer piece loses 0/1 SAN. There is nothing else of note at this site.

The Camp

The archaeologists' camp consists of four small personnel tents, a small supply tent, a large tent used as a library and laboratory, and a shabby lean-to occupied by the Indian, Jim Penahac.

JIM PENAHAC'S LEAN-TO

This lean-to, made of branches covered with pieces of tarp, is just big enough for one person to sleep in. Inside is Jim's bedroll and a change of clothes. Jim's whiskey bottle is kept hidden under the bedroll. The rest of Jim's meager belongings are kept on his person.

PROFESSOR MILLS' TENT

Professor Mills' tent is large, big enough to sleep two or even three persons comfortably, but occupied only by the professor and his equipment. Inside is an army cot, a suitcase filled with extra clothing, and a small folding table and chair. A locked briefcase contains Professor Mills' journal of the dig along with a .38 revolver and ammunition. On the table is a battery-powered dictaphone used by Mills to record his notes for later transcriptions and a number of standard reference works on local Indians.

Mills' journal outlines his theories about the mound, the dig, the personnel, and the weird phenomena which occurs later in the adventure. A book, Morris Wheaton's *Studies of the Indians of the Miskatonic Valley*, is also found here (see the Mound Papers #1).

THE MOUND PAPERS #1

a passage from ***Studies of the Indians of the Miskatonic Valley*** by Morris Wheaton

'Topanek Sam, my usually-reliable Wampanoag guide, had willingly led me into the wilderness beyond Arkham on many occasion. But this time, however, I was hard pressed to convince him to lead me to the site of the mysterious mound. This rumored spot lay far up the valley, a few miles east and south of Dunwich Village and just north of the Miskatonic River. Sam refused at first but after some argument on my part he agreed to lead me to the general area, but only on condition that he himself would not be required to approach too closely the mound in question.

Once in the area, Sam waited near the edge of the marsh, pointing out which direction the mound lay, saying I would know it when I found it — and that I should be very careful. Shrugging, I urged my horse southward along the bank.

I had gone scarcely a quarter-mile when the horse bolted, throwing me to the ground. I was stunned for several minutes and when I had recovered, my mount was nowhere to be seen. Undaunted, I continued on and soon came upon the earthen mound.

There could be no mistaking it. The artificial hill jutted some twenty feet or more above the still water, standing atop it a half-dozen worn, finger-like stones. I waded toward the island — it was situated in the middle of the marsh — and climbed to the summit. As I did this, something strange happened. I felt that somehow I was being watched. It was an odd sort of thing, very much like the hair-standing-on-end that one reads about in ghost stories. Normally not a superstitious man, something about this site unnerved me.

Sam showed up a few minutes later, terrified. My horse had galloped back without me and, worried for my safety, he had come to investigate. He was relieved to find me safe and healthy but insisted that we leave the place immediately — threatening to desert me if I did not come away with him. Faced with such a choice I left and it was only later, with the added connivance of a purchased bottle of whiskey, that I could convince him to tell me why he feared the mound so. The tale he told made me shudder a bit but I can't help but want to return to the mound, perhaps to excavate it and find what secrets it hides. Topanek Sam's tale is as follows:

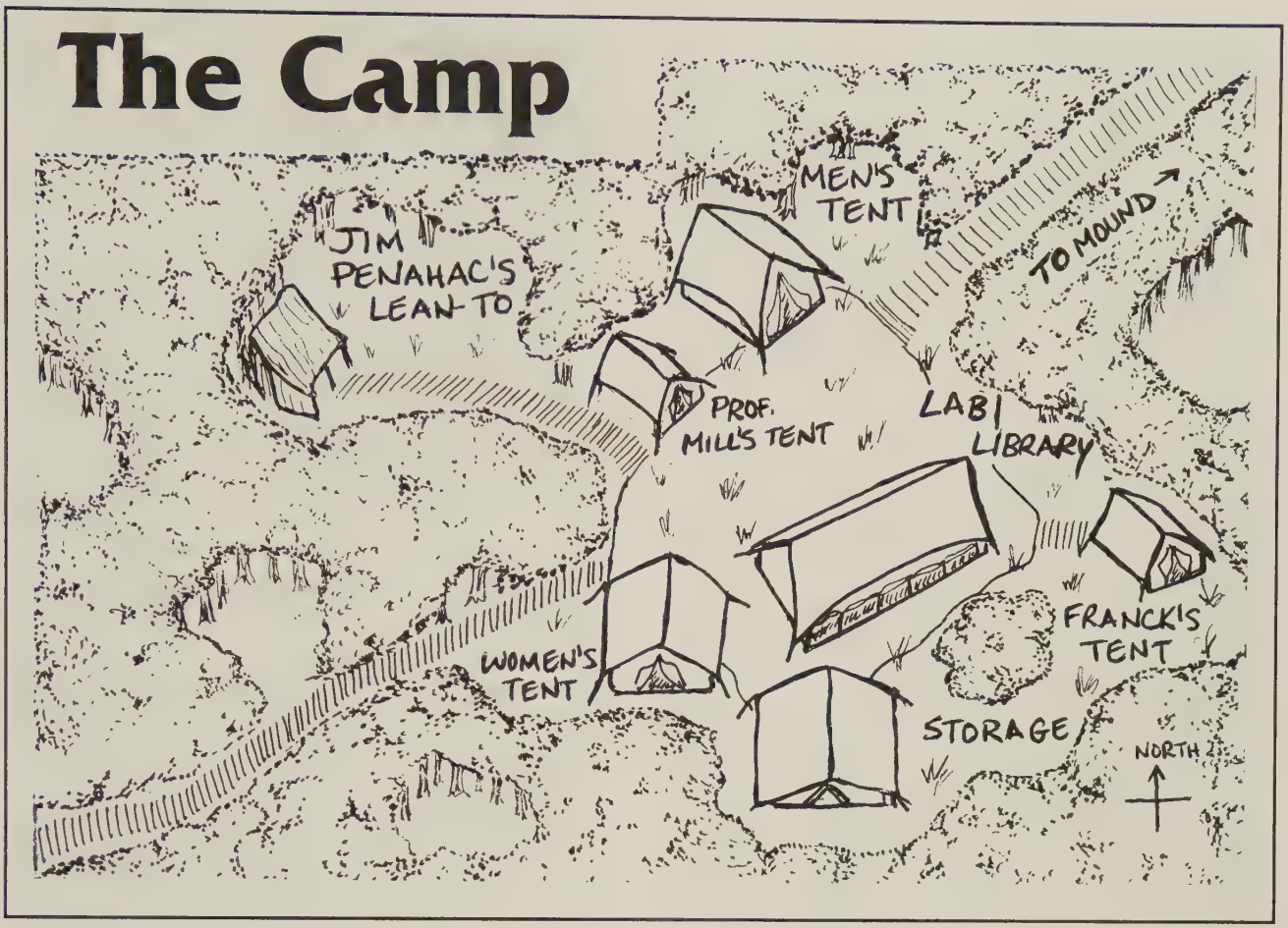
[What follows is the tale of the mound, as related in the Mound Papers #2 minus the bracketed portions, the version known to most scholars.]

THE MEN'S TENT

This tent is equipped with four bedrolls but in a pinch can sleep as many as six. It serves as the living quarters of Will Abner, George Hanshaw, and Dalton Keir whenever they are on the site. If these men are present, their personal effects — mostly extra clothes and reading materials — are found here as well. This tent is used by male investigators staying overnight.

STEPHEN FRANCKS' TENT

This tent is the same size as Professor Mills' and like Mills' tent, occupied by only one person. The interior is



very neat, containing a cot, table, and chair. Kept under the cot is Francks' .22 lever-action rifle. Francks' many notebooks are stacked on the table along with a few archaeology books. Francks' notes might also be used by the keeper to inform or misinform nosy investigators.

LAB AND LIBRARY TENT

This is the camp's largest tent and is used as a combination lab and library. Folding tables are stacked with reference books and piles of notes cataloguing and describing the finds made at the mound. Other tables hold the actual finds themselves. At the beginning of the scenario these specimens are the "warning stones" found around the mound (see below) along with stone axes and arrowheads. Later, the unearthed skeletons of the slain Anakokes will be reconstructed on these tables. Male guests who can't find room in the men's tent may be housed here.

STORAGE TENT

This tent stores the various supplies used at the dig: sample bags and cases, excavation tools (hammers, picks, shovels, brushes, sieves, pry bars, hatchets, axes, etc.), flashlights, extra batteries, canned food, cooking utensils, extra blankets, first aid kits, rubber boots, a small amount of lumber, water-resistant tarps, matches, gas lanterns, and two 1-gallon cans of kerosene. A long metal box hidden near the door (Spot Hidden to notice) contains a double-barrelled 12-gauge shotgun and a box of shells. Only Professor Mills and Stephen Francks know of the shotgun. It is intended for use in emergencies only.

THE WOMEN'S TENT

This tent is identical to the men's tent. Mildred Cunningham, Alice Donlevy, and Priscilla Keir occupy the place when on the site. Female investigators staying overnight sleep here.

FIRE PIT

The camp's fire is kept burning here nearly round the clock. Used for cooking as well as warming the often chilly evenings, it is usually allowed to go out around midnight when the last of the party turns in for bed. Once a day either Mills or Francks assigns a male dig-member to cut firewood. Francks and Mills both take their turns at this chore.

The section *Local Legends* details some of the interesting stories that might be learned around camp and the area. The section titled *Running the Adventure* describes the actual progress of the archaeological dig.

The Mound

The mound is located about 250 yards northeast of the archaeologists' camp. 40 feet long and 25 feet across at its widest point, it is actually a small island of firm ground in the middle of a swampy patch of land. Oddly, no animal or plant life of any kind is found on the island. The archaeologists have built a makeshift bridge of planks set on barrels giving them access to the island. In most places the surrounding water ranges from ankle- to chest-deep and is clogged with weeds and brush. What current there is, is very sluggish.

The Warning Stones

The island's only landmarks are the seven irregularly-sized stones arranged around the top of the mound. These stones range in height from one to five feet, the largest less than two feet in diameter. The stones are of mixed types, granite and sandstone being the most common. There are no marks of any kind on the stones other than the normal signs of weathering and aging. According to Jim (and later Quiskamohan), these stones were left by the ancient Indians to signify that this was forbidden ground. Investigators spending a day or so studying the mound and the ruined dam, and who receive successful Geology or Archaeology roles at both locations, can determine that both sites are of approximately the same age (600 years old), corroborating the legends.

Magnetic Mound Effects

With a successful Idea roll, Professor Mills remembers to advise investigators visiting the mound to leave their watches behind. There is some magnetic power there which affects them. This mysterious power also affects other devices carried onto the mound; flashlights and cameras have also suffered ill effects. Anyone taking such an item onto the mound must make a Luck roll or the device malfunctions: watches stop, flashlights dim and die, photographs develop poorly, etc. Fumbled Luck rolls (96-00) indicate the device is permanently ruined by the strange magnetic flux surrounding the mound.

Magic and the Mound

As discovered by the lloigor, the mound is a powerful source of energy. Magic points drained from the humans working the dig can be stored here for future use by the lloigor. The magic points stored in the mound are tapped by anyone who casts a spell on the mound. As an upper limit, assume the lloigor can store magic points equal to its POW x3 and can use them within a two-mile radius of the mound.

Whenever a spell is cast from the mound (or other magical effect requiring magic points), the mound contributes as many magic points as the caster(s). If a caster knows about this, he or she can successfully cast spells here at half the normal magic point cost. Unfortunately, the lloigor is alerted by the disruptions in the mound's energy field and acts quickly and murderously to put a stop to such use.

The Spirit of the Mound

The so-called spirit of the mound is one of the astral race of lloigor. It has remained near the site of the mound ever since it and its companion discovered the power node centuries ago. Even after the degenerate Anakoke Indian worshippers and one of the lloigor were killed, the remaining lloigor stayed here, basking in the energies collected at the site. Over the years, the lloigor toyed with the few humans who came into the area, poisoning their minds, corrupting them, and driving most from the area.

The lloigor has limited its range to north of the river, rarely straying more than a couple miles from the mound. Anyone who stays within its territory for very long is beset by the lloigor's subtle attacks: magic point draining, telekinesis, and possession. These victims are eventually driven to commit acts of sadism, masochism, degradation, and violence.

The people at the dig site are in great danger. During the course of the dig, the lloigor taps magic points from the sleeping humans then uses them to make subtle attacks against the archaeologists. As the excavation progresses, the attacks become increasingly violent, eventually life-threatening.

The statistics listed later are those that remain constant in all the lloigor's forms. Statistics for its various physical forms, attacks, spells, and abilities are discussed under *Running the Adventure*. Further information about lloigor is found in the *Call of Cthulhu* rule book.

Local Legends

Curious investigators might wish to learn about other legends common to this part of the valley. This information can be gained by questioning local farmers or consulting local histories or newspapers such as the *Aylesbury Transcript*. Each of the following tales requires 2D3 hours to acquire regardless of what method is used. A successful Library Use roll is required to find each of the written tales. A successful Bargain, Fast Talk, Oratory, or Psychology roll is needed to pry the stories out of local farmers.

Stories of the Mound

The best two sources of information concerning the mound are the two local Indians, Jim Penahac and Quiskamohan. The basic legend known to both of them is reproduced in the Mound Papers #2. The portions of the tale enclosed in brackets are details unique to the version told by Quiskamohan.

A second piece of information regarding is found in an 1883 book called *Studies of the Indians of the Miskatonic Valley* written by Morris Wheaton. An intriguing reminiscence by the author recounts a brief visit to the mound in the 1870s. This is reproduced in the Mound Papers #1. Copies of the Wheaton book can be found in the libraries of Miskatonic University and the BSAIR.

The Indians of New England

As shown on the map, numerous Indian tribes once inhabited Massachusetts. These tribes were all part of the coastal Algonquian nation and spoke different dialects of the same language (Algonquian). Despite their common language, the tribes were frequently at war with each other.

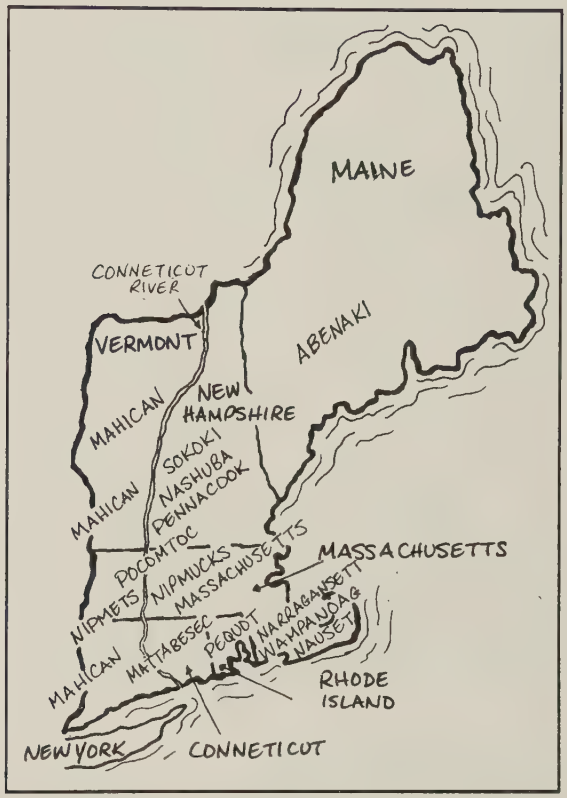
The coastal Algonquians (also called Algonkians or Algonquins) were less nomadic than their northern and western neighbors. Although hunting in a fashion similar to the other nations, the Algonquians were also farmers, raising corn and other vegetables such as squash, beans, and pumpkins. Fishing also provided a good deal of their food.

Algonquian wigwams were made of poles curved to form a dome-like frame over which birch-bark or animal hides were fastened. An Algonquian village consisted of as many as a hundred of these shelters. Tomahawks were a favorite weapon, as were war clubs and the bow and arrow. Many of the Indians wore armor made of wooden rods and carried wooden shields.

Many New England Indians believed that animals were the first residents of the Earth and that they had only taken on scales, feathers, and fur when Man appeared. The animals could still be seen in human form, but only by the greatest of dreamers. The Indians believed they were allowed to hunt and kill the animals because the animals did not really die. Instead their spirits were released to return to their villages, there to take on another form. But the creatures' bones must be returned to the place from which they came: fish bones were thrown back into the water, the bones of birds burned and returned to the sky as smoke, land animal bones were carefully buried.

These were the first encountered by explorers of the New World. The coming of the white man spelled doom to the tribes and although first contacts were not always hostile, an ever-growing series of conflicts were to take place. The last great Indian uprising in New England occurred in 1675-77. This was King Philip's War, named after the Indian, King Philip, the son of Massasoit, chief of the Wampanoags.

King Philip objected to the presence of the whites and led a confederation of Wampanoags, Narragansetts, and Nipmets against the people of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. King Philip's alliance was eventually defeated. Hundreds of prisoners were dispatched to the West Indies in chains where they were sold as slaves, even members of tribes which had stayed carefully neutral during the war (including the Pennacook, Massachusetts, and Nashua tribes). It should be noted that both sides exhibited outrageous behavior when it came to captives: torture and hideous murders were performed by Indians and whites alike while the whites in particular had a nasty tendency to dismember prisoners, parading and displaying the remains as trophies. By the 1920s, there were few true Indians left in Massachusetts, most of these living in Christian missions located along the south shore in places such as Gay Head, New Bedford, and Mashpee.



This information can be gained by investigators at any good library. Each 1D3 hours' study gains the researcher 1D6-1 in Algonquian Lore, to a maximum of 20%.

The package delivered to Professor Mills contains a copy of the book. The book offers much of the information found in previous sections as well as hints of strange happenings elsewhere in the Miskatonic Valley. Reading it adds 3% to Cthulhu Mythos at a cost of 1D3 SAN. The book contains no spells.

The Legend of the Calbans

Joshua and Louisa Calban moved into the valley in 1903. Stories about this family are well-known to current residents of the area. At first, the couple seemed happy enough on their little farm, but then Louisa became pregnant and after that no one saw much of her. She eventually had three sons by Joshua: John, Jesse, and Jack.

The boys received no schooling and were notoriously ill-behaved, shooting livestock and pets on neighboring farms, fighting with the neighbors' children, and attacking their female neighbors with bad intent. Perhaps the worst charge levelled against the Calbans was an alleged incestuous relationship between the boys and their mother.

The situation came to a head one night in 1921, when a bloody fight broke out amongst the family members. The decomposing bodies of Joshua, Louisa, and two of the sons, John and Jack, were discovered a week later by curious neighbors. All had been bloodily butchered by an axe; of Jesse Calban there was no sign. A search conducted by the police proved fruitless, no trace of Jesse was ever found.

Rumors circulated that Joshua Calban had grown jealous of his sons' relationship with their mother. During the ensuing argument Jesse grabbed an axe and slew his father and brothers. His mother tried to stop him and likewise fell under the blade. It is generally believed that Jesse fled the state.

Other Legends

The keeper should feel free to add any legends of his or her own devising, perhaps even unrelated to the mound and its spirit. The nearby village of Dunwich recently suffered through the events described in the story "The Dunwich Horror," parts of which may have now reached the ears of the locals. The following stories are all involved with the presence and actions of the invisible Iloigor.

Ramey Hutchins' Arm

This tale is known to most local residents, though the present Hutchins family will pointedly not speak of it. Back in the 1840s Ramey Hutchins and his family lived on a farm just east of the present-day Hutchins place. One day, Ramey began acting funny, wandering around like he'd forgotten who he was, neglecting the farm and livestock.

A week later, while his son was chopping wood, Ramey came to him all wild-eyed asking the boy to look at his arm. There wasn't anything visibly wrong with the arm but Ramey screamed that "somethin' was growing on his arm." He then took the axe and chopped off his own hand at the wrist. He died soon after, still raving, and a few weeks later the Hutchins family moved out.

The Deer-Hunters

In the 1880s, a pair of hunters from Dean's Corners were tracking a deer which they had earlier shot and wounded. Tracking it for several miles, they eventually cornered it in some hills near the Miskatonic River. Here the wounded animal suddenly burst from the brush and attacked the hunters, goring one of the men with its antlers. The uninjured hunter had to shoot the maddened beast three times before it finally dropped. The wounded hunter died three days later.

The Aylesbury Pike Ghost-Lights

In 1919, a motorist traveling at night on the Aylesbury Pike reported seeing a ghostly light which seemed to be following him. The light chased the car for a mile or two then abruptly vanished. More than once the driver feared he would crash, as the light would sometimes draw very close and was blindingly bright.

Running The Adventure

This section describes the course of events that take place from the initial arrival of the investigators to the final physical manifestation of the Iloigor. The events are presented in roughly chronological order but some of the Iloigor's attacks may be repeated or performed in a different sequence than described. Many of the attacks are described in detail only here and should be considered extensions of *The Spirit of the Mound* section above. The first two events listed below are ones which occur many times throughout the adventure. To avoid the necessity of keeping track of magic point levels, the keeper should try to stage no more than one of the following events per day (excluding magic point draining). One event every day or two should be plenty to keep the investigators unnerved and edgy.

The Lloigor's Tactics

In order to perform most tasks the lloigor must draw energy from intelligent beings. By expending one of its own magic points, the lloigor can drain 1D6 magic points from each sleeping human. The magic points obtained this way do not replace those expended by the lloigor but are instead stored in the node of earth-power located beneath the mound. These points remain stored until the lloigor taps them to perform its attacks.

If the lloigor drains all of an individual's magic points the victim grows weak and may eventually die. Each full day that a victim is kept at zero or less magic points a CON x5 roll is made on a D100. If the roll succeeds, the victim remains weak but suffers no other ill effects. If the CON roll fails, the investigator loses one hit point; on a roll of 96-00 a permanent point of CON is also lost. A person drained of all magic points night after night finds any injuries he has suffered refuse to heal and no hit points are regained. A drained individual rolling his POW x1 or less realizes that the weakness he feels is somehow unnatural and loses 0/1 point of SAN. An Elder Sign worn by a sleeper protects him from such drainings but the lloigor may choose to single this knowledgeable individual for special attention.

Initially, the lloigor does not attempt to drain any one individual of all his magic points. It does, however, make as many draining attempts per night as possible — without seriously endangering any of the victims. It may make as many as eighteen such attempts per day (the lloigor's POW-1) provided it has not expended any of its magic points in other endeavors. Later in the adventure, the creature may choose to completely drain one or more characters (probably Professor Mills or an investigator) in an effort to plant fear in the archaeologists' hearts.

The Natural Alarm

Each time the lloigor prepares to use one of its powers, the local wildlife falls silent. Whippoorwills and other birds abruptly cease their callings, as do crickets and frogs in the area. The keeper should use this warning sign subtly at first, requiring the investigators make a Listen roll to notice the sudden dead silence foreshadowing one of the lloigor's terror-tactics. As the adventure progresses, the party becomes sensitive to these moments of silence and begins to use them as an early warning device against the lloigor's attacks.

Arriving at the Dig

After a lengthy drive and perhaps some frustration finding their way through the back roads, the investigators discover three automobiles (a battered old Ford Model A Truck, a fairly new sedan, and a flashy looking roadster)

A Typical Day at the Dig Site

The mechanics of the dig are fairly simple. Each day the archaeologists carefully brush and dig away a few inches of earth from the mound. The removed soil is then sifted to recover any bones or artifacts. Sieves may be used to scrutinize the dirt even more carefully. The excavated earth is kept in bags and barrels on the shore, intended to rebuild the mound when the dig is completed — and if the BSAIR's funding holds out. Any artifacts discovered are catalogued then taken back to the lab tent and stored for later scrutiny.

Personnel at the dig varies. The percentages below determine who is present at the site on any given day. Note that either Mills or Francks will always be present and if dice rolls indicate both men are absent, randomly choose one to be at the dig. If John Read shows up unaccompanied by associates, his visit is usually a short one. If he has friends with him, he spends most of the day hunting. He is uninterested in minor finds.

Professor Mills: 65%.

Stephen Francks: 75%.

Jim Penahac: 95%.

Mildred Cunningham: 60%.

Alice Donlevy: 01-35% with **Wilson "Will" Abner**; 36-40% by herself.

George Hanshaw: 45%.

Dalton and Priscilla Keir: 15% on weekdays, 30% on weekends.

Quiskamohan: 30%.

John Read

John Read: 01-25% by himself; 26-50% with 1D3 hunter/businessmen companions from among Read's society friends in Boston.

These loud and overbearing men have little impact on the scenario but if investigators should take an interest, assume their names are **Charles Hockliss** (tall, thickset, balding, loud, and jovial), **Merle Casper** (average height, powerfully built, bespectacled, and a ridiculous braggart) and **Richard Weller** (short, stocky, a gambler, and a good conversationalist, though foul-mouthed).

parked just northwest of the dangerous wooden bridge over the tributary. BSAIR signs point on past the bridge. Investigators may try to drive across it but they hear ominous creaking noises and run the risk of a bridge collapse. Past the bridge another BSAIR sign points east southeast to a path leading into the hills. Following the path brings the investigators to the camp. The camp is found empty but a second path leading east out of the camp is seen. A successful Listen roll detects the sound of voices coming from this direction.

A few hundred yards down the path the investigators come upon the banks of the marshy tributary where the archaeologists can clearly be seen working on the mound. Present are Professor Mills, Stephen Francks, Jim Penahac, Mildred Cunningham, Alice Donlevy, and Will Abner. Professor Mills and his assistant, Stephen Francks, are engaged in carrying down one of the large warning stones from the mound. Penahac and Abner follow behind, carrying a similar stone. As the investigators watch, the stone carried by Jim and Will Abner makes a "pop" noise then crumbles into powder, startling the two men carrying it. Brushing himself off, Will Abner curses the "goddamned clumsy Injun" for dropping the stone while other members of the dig frown at the obnoxious youth. A Spot Hidden roll tells investigators that the stone wasn't dropped but instead simply crumbled as it was carried.

By now the investigators have been spotted and Mills, setting down his stone, walks over to greet them. If the investigators are reporters, journalists, or authors looking for a story, Mills introduces them around before filling them in on the details of the dig. If the investigators desire more information, he suggests they visit BSAIR headquarters in Boston. If the investigators wish to help with the dig, and if they seem reputable, Mills invites them to stay on.

If the investigators are here to deliver books, Mills is more effusive. He eagerly calls for a break and the whole party heads back to the camp. He talks about the finds

Other Visitors to the Dig Site

It is likely that the activity at the mound will draw the attention of locals from the immediate area and possibly visitors from more distant locations. Listed below are a few possibilities.

The Stubbs Brothers, Vernon and Norman

Vernon and Norman are both residents of Dunwich township. They have heard of the activities of the "arkyologers" and stop by to see what is going on. Hulking brutes, they are both poachers and moonshiners and carry with them shotguns as well as a couple jugs of 'shine. They attempt to sell the moonshine to the city-slickers for $2 a jug. If their offer is refused, they soon lose interest in the proceedings and wander off.

Norman Stubbs, age 38, big brother

STR 17	CON 15	SIZ 17	INT 7	POW 6
DEX 11	APP 7	EDU 3	SAN 30	HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Fist 85%, 1D3; Grapple 80%; Head Butt 80%, 1D4; Kick 75%, 1D6; 12-gauge Shotgun 75%, 4D6; Club 75%, 1D6.

Skills: Track 65%, Zoology 20%.

Vernon Stubbs, age 35, little brother

STR 17	CON 17	SIZ 16	INT 8	POW 6
DEX 12	APP 8	EDU 4	SAN 28	HP 17

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Fist 90%, 1D3; Grapple 85%; Head Butt 85%, 1D4; Kick 85%, 1D6; 12-gauge Shotgun 70%, 4D6; Club 75%, 1D6.

Skills: Track 70%, Zoology 18%.

Irene Place, age 49

Irene is a lifelong resident of Dunwich, and a powerful and influential member of the secret Dunwich cult known as the Believers. She and her husband, Joshua, run a modestly successful farm raising chickens and sheep.

It is widely believed that Irene can foretell the future by examining the entrails of an animal slaughtered in a particular manner. She usually charges $1 or more for this service but because of the nature of the last reading she made, she has decided to come here and warn the archaeologists of a danger she foresees. She is never specific but warns of potential death and disaster if the dig continues. She will not press the issue and simply refuses to argue the point with anyone. She will merely transmit the warning and then depart, leaving the dig-crew to make what they will of her grim predictions.

Skills: Pharmacy 94%, Treat Poison 85%.

Spells: Augur, Bind Enemy, Blight Crop, Call Horned Man, Charm Animal, Contact Nyarlathotep, Detect Enchantment, Dream Vision, Evil Eye, Healing, Implant Fear, Lame Animal, Stop Heart, Warding (see *Return to Dunwich for details of some spells.)*

Other visitors might include local newspaper reporters, psychics from Boston or other places who claim to have experienced dreams about the place, or even a photographic team from the National Geographic Society in Washington, D.C.

made so far: bits of weapons and a few bones, lamenting they have yet to discover something substantial. Back at camp, Mills takes the box into the lab tent and opens it. Inside are several books and monographs on a variety of topics including local Indian history, geology, and magnetic energy.

Mills is very grateful for the delivery and spends as much time as investigators desire discussing the dig and the legends surrounding the mound. Mills doesn't know how to explain the crumbling of the warning stone but does mention the queer magnetic properties of the mound and wonders whether the two phenomena aren't in some way connected.

If the investigators wish, Professor Mills is willing to spend the rest of the day touring the camp and mound site, answering any questions the investigators may have. Once work has ended for the day, Alice Donlevy and Will Abner pack their auto and head back to Arkham. Stephen Francks putters about in the lab and his tent while Jim and Mildred Cunningham set about cooking dinner. That evening Mildred and Professor Mills return to Boston and Arkham, leaving Jim and Stephen Francks — and any investigators — to spend the night at camp.

That night, the lloigor drains 1D6 magic points from anyone sleeping in the camp.

Quiskamohan Visits

Within a couple of days after the investigators' arrival, a visitor shows up. An elderly Indian, he introduces himself as Quiskamohan of the Pennacook tribe. He has come, he says, to warn the white men that they are disturbing a site of great importance, a place where evil was long ago put to rest.

If asked, Quiskamohan recounts the tale of the mound as given in the *Mound Papers #2* (bracketed portions are unique to Quiskamohan's version of the tale). If Mills is present, he rushes to fetch his dictaphone and anxiously records this unique version of the tale. If absent, Mills learns about it later and makes arrangements with Francks to make sure the tale is recorded the next time the Indian visits the camp. If the recording is made, consult the section *A Spirited Recording*.

Quiskamohan obviously believes the tale and points to the dam, the mound, and the burned village as proof. One of the archaeologists (Francks, Cunningham, Hanshaw, or Dalton Keir) suggests that perhaps the legend was made to fit and explain the presence of those sites rather than the other way around.

Of the archaeologists, Mills, Cunningham, and Jim Penahac, treat the elderly Quiskamohan with respect. Francks, Donlevy, Hanshaw, and Priscilla Keir are neutral toward him, while Will Abner and Dalton Keir are scornful (sometimes openly) of "the chief." Only Abner and Dalton Keir are brash enough to refer to the Indian in such a disrespectful manner.

Quiskamohan

Quiskamohan is tall and thin with shoulder-length gray-white hair. His face is deeply lined and tanned, his eyes sparkle with great wit and intelligence. He rarely smiles but when in the vicinity of the mound he is always grim. He carries himself well and moves like a man twenty years younger.

Quiskamohan lives several miles away in a small shack just this side of Dean's Corners. He lives off the land, the same as his ancestors did. He usually walks to the dig site though he is not above accepting a ride that is offered to him.

THE MOUND PAPERS #2
Quiskamohan's Version of the Legend of the Mound:

Many winters before the White Man came, when our people were still new to this land, there was much hunting here, much water, good land, plenty of fish. The tribes stayed here, built villages. Then those called the Anakokes find this valley and build their wigwams in forest there [he points east].

The Anakokes find this valley not all theirs. A spirit lives north of the river, a great toad. They never see it, except in dreams. It teaches them things, great magicks, but what it teaches is evil.

Like sick-in-the-head animals, the Anakokes kill not just for food, but just to kill. [If they don't do these things, the great toad-spirit does things to them, makes them sick or crippled or turns them into man-animals.] They attack other tribes, take the women, kill and torture the men.

Other tribes not fight back at first — too weak, and fight too much among themselves. But soon they think together they can kill Anakokes. [This still long before White Man. You see how only great evils like toad-spirits and White Men can bring the tribes together.] Tribes gather south of river, make attack on Anakoke village. They are many to the Anakoke's few. Many Anakokes die, but some run away into the hills, here [points at the ground]. The other tribes follow them to kill them all. The Anakokes come here to the island in this valley [points toward the mound], say many prayers to the toad-spirit. Other tribes come and attack them.

Then the toad-spirit come to the mound. [It is bigger around than ten men with hands stretched out

to the sides touching fingers.] The great toad kills many braves that day, [even some Anakokes]. But others fight on and soon all Anakokes dead and the toad-spirit falls too. [The other braves still afraid, think toad-spirit still alive as a spirit.] They gather up all Anakoke bodies, pile them on mound with toad-body, bury all fast, before dark. [They still feel spirit there, but it must be too weak to fight them.] Finally, they bring stones from across the river to mark the mound, so that men will know not to stay here.

That night they go back to the Anakoke village, burn all wigwams and bodies. Burn everything, leave nothing whole, take nothing from village. Later, they cut down trees and haul stones from river bank, build a dam across the river upstream. They change river so that it flows through this valley so that mound is now mostly underwater, make it harder to get to. It stay that way for many many winters, till after White Man come. Then river go back to old course, but by then there are too few braves to rebuild dam. The mound come back out of water. [Toad-spirit still here, but maybe weak or hiding. It now plays with White Men who come here, like it play with you if you stay.]

A SPIRITED RECORDING

If the old Indian's tale is recorded, playback provides a few surprises. Professor Mills first replays the recording in order to transcribe it to notes and hears strange hissings and hummings in the background. Anyone in the camp at the time who makes a Listen roll hears Mills replaying the recording. If they approach closer to Mills' tent they hear the inexplicable and unnerving background noises, losing 0/1 SAN in the process. If mentioned to Mills, he claims that something must be wrong with the machine but a successful Psychology roll reveals that he's uncertain of this. If no one else hears the recording closely, Mills doesn't mention the strange noises to anyone but does describe them in his journal.

On his next trip into town, Mills has the dictaphone machine checked and is told it is working properly. He attributes the anomalous sounds to the magnetic mound effects but secretly he is unsure. Unguessed by anyone, the sounds are the result of the near presence of the Iloigor, come to listen in on Quiskamohan's tale.

Old Skeletons

Five or six days after the investigators arrive at the site, after the warning stones have been moved and several feet of earth sifted through, bones belonging to the Indians slain at this site are uncovered. The keeper can randomly determine which character or investigator unearths the first of these bones but more bones from the same specimen are discovered almost immediately and later that day additional specimens are unearthed. All are stored in the lab tent for cleaning and reconstruction. That night the camp celebrates their discoveries.

If Professor Mills is not present when the finds are made, someone goes back to Arkham to notify him. He immediately comes out to the site and spends the next few days carefully supervising the excavation.

Anyone making a successful Archaeology or halved Algonquian Indian Lore roll identifies these bones (and the flint arrow- and axe-heads found with them) as dating to about 600 years ago. This date seems to correspond with the placing of the warning stones, the construction of the dam, and the burning of the nearby Anakoke village.

As the dig progresses, Francks and Mills spend most of their time trying to reconstruct the skeletons. Each skeleton requires 3D8 hours' work and a successful Archaeology roll to rebuild. Two characters can work on the same skeleton reducing the time by one half and allowing the team two chances to succeed with an Archaeology roll.

After two skeletons have been assembled, a successful Idea roll detects something strange about one of them: the first three finger bones of the left hand are severed at the first knuckle. The cuts are absolutely smooth — an abnormally neat job. No one can think of how or why this mutilation occurred.

As further specimens are reconstructed more abnormalities come to light: strange lumps of bone on skulls and limbs, mysterious amputations as noted above (fingers, toes, even whole limbs cleanly lopped off), limbs of different sizes or configurations (such as more fingers on one hand than the other), small vestigial limbs (extra hands, feet, forearms, etc.), and tail-like structures, usually in place of arms or hands but sometimes growing from other parts of the body. Again, none of the archaeologists can offer any theories regarding the deformities.

Viewing the most awful of these defects requires a loss of 0/1D2 SAN points. At the keeper's option, a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll allows an investigator to associate the defects with similar mutations found on worshippers of Iloigor.

Once a skeleton is fully reassembled it is photographed, diagrammed, disassembled, wrapped, crated, and sent to Miskatonic University for further study. Later, the Boston Society for American Indian Research argues heatedly that these specimens should be displayed in the Young Mansion in Boston.

After a few of the human skeletons have been found and assembled, another important discovery is made at the mound. A much larger, light-weight pelvic bone from some type of animal is found in the soil. A successful Zoology roll identifies it as having come

from some type of large amphibious creature previously unknown to science. A few more bones and fragments are later unearthed from this same specimen, again exciting yet confounding the archaeologists. The skeleton proves to be far too incomplete to reconstruct. Professor Mills speculates about the tale of the Anakoke's toad-god but knows that the find is too fragmentary to prove anything. Nevertheless, this amazing find points to the existence of a huge amphibious creature which lived only 600 years ago.

Telekinesis

The lloigor uses telekinesis in its first attempt to frighten the archaeologists off. According to the rules given in the *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook, when above ground the lloigor must expend ten magic points to create a telekinetic force of STR 1. For purposes of this scenario this can be considered to be anywhere above the level of the banks of the tributary. Below this level is considered underground and the lloigor must expend only six magic points to achieve the same kind of effect. No underground areas appear in this scenario.

To put this into useable terms, a STR of one is sufficient to knock over a small object such as a rifle, shovel, walking stick, fishing pole, etc. A STR of 2-3 is required to push over larger objects like crates or tentpoles, or to shove a smaller object like a pistol or lantern off a table. Other indirect uses of this power may occur to the keeper. If such an event seems especially unnerving, the keeper may charge those witnessing it 0/1 SAN.

More direct attacks can be made, such as telekinetically pushing someone down the bank or shoving someone's arm while they're at a delicate task. Attacks such as these require the lloigor to overcome the target's SIZ, DEX, or STR (whichever seems most appropriate) with telekinetic STR.

For example, at the mound (subsurface area) the lloigor expends eighteen magic points, generating a STR three telekinetic force which is then doubled due to the mound's energy storing ability. If this STR six is used to attempt to shove a character carrying a very heavy box down the side of the mound, we assume it is rolled against the character's DEX. If the character is unburdened, the keeper might roll against his or her SIZ instead. Anyone directly attacked in this manner realizes that something strange is going on and must roll for a SAN loss of 0/1D2.

A final possibility is a telekinetic whirlwind. This requires a STR of three to move papers, six to move bones. The lloigor expends the necessary magic points and throws several lightweight objects around for 10-15 seconds. Viewing this bizarre whirlwind costs 1/1D4 SAN leaving a scattered mess in its uncanny wake. This tactic is best used in the lab tent when only one or two witnesses are present.

The Wild Hunt

This strange event occurs during one of the hunting expeditions led by BSAIR President John Read. Decked out in fashionable outdoor attire and toting shotguns, Read and his cronies stop by the dig and laughingly warn the archaeologists of their intention to lower the population of game in the area. With a successful Credit Rating roll, a male investigator may talk his way into joining the hunting party. Women will not be allowed to join them.

Off to the hunt, Read and his friends (with Dalton Keir, if he's around) cross to the eastern shore of the marshy tributary. Within half an hour the first shots ring out from the hills north and east of the mound. The hunt continues normally for nearly an hour, with each man taking a bird or a rabbit or two. Then one of Read's companions undergoes a sudden change, noticed only by an investigator making a successful Psychology roll. This investigator sees the affected man's eyes glaze over slightly just before he bolts off through the brush shouting that he's seen something.

The hunter never says what it is but continues to chase through the hills occasionally stopping to shoot but never retrieving his kills. He stops now and then but never long enough to allow anyone to catch their breath. Then he's off again with a cry of "This way!" The man now shoots at nearly every living thing he sees save his human companions.

This unfortunate character is possessed by the lloigor (for details see *Possession*, below) who uses this person to lead the party on a merry, pointless chase. Each person involved in the wild hunt should roll a D100, comparing their roll to the following figures. If the roll is greater than the character's CON x5, he or she simply cannot keep up and is left behind. If the roll is greater than DEX x5, the person stumbles and takes one point of damage from a fall (1D4 in the case of a 96-00 fumble). In addition, a SAN roll must be made against a loss of 0/1D2.

The hunt finally comes to an end near the mound and camp. The archaeologists see the leader and what remains of the hunting party barrelling southward along the eastern shore. All seem to be wild-eyed and exhausted but they rush on out of sight, the leader sending a couple shotgun blasts in random directions as they go.

This mad, miles-long chase ends when the lloigor-possessed leader stumbles into the marshy creek near the ruined bridge just south of the mound. He is filthy, utterly exhausted, and terrified. He doesn't remember what he was chasing, where he has been, or why it seemed so important. The terrified man insists on going straight back to Boston. Having lost much dignity — and some sanity — he won't be back.

Possession

This spell is used by the lloigor in the preceding event as well as others. It costs seven magic points and requires one minute to cast; the target must be within ten yards of the caster. Casters lose 1D10 SAN and a possessed target loses 1D4 SAN (see below). The caster must overcome the target's magic points with his own, and if successful, the victim's mind is blacked out while the caster controls the now-vacant body. The caster can then tap into the subconscious of the victim, making use of skills, abilities, and languages, but not spells.

Possession lasts for a number of minutes equal to the caster's POW, and may be extended at a cost of one magic point per additional minute of control. The possessed awakes with no clear memory of events which transpired during the period of possession.

A major difference in the lloigor's version of this spell is that the host retains a serious mental discomfort after the possession, the result of contact with the horrible astral thing. Instead of the 1D4 SAN loss listed above, victims possessed by the lloigor lose 1D6 SAN.

The lloigor may use this spell against the archaeologists in any number of ways. Subtler uses might see a possessed character — perhaps an investigator — walked out into the wilderness in the middle of the night and left to fend for himself. Or a possession victim might be used by the lloigor to steal or destroy some important object in the lab or even the entire tent. Perhaps the possessed is used to sabotage the automobiles, or drives one of them into the river or over a dangerous bridge. More seriously, a possessed character might directly attack other members of the team.

Anyone making a successful Psychology roll spots something amiss about a possessed character. The lloigor may even choose to reveal the possession, speaking through the character in a strange, other-worldly voice. This may cost witnesses as much as 1/1D3 SAN points.

The Will-O'-The-Wisp

This power allows the lloigor to create a bright ball of sickly yellow light the size of a man's head. Use of the power costs the lloigor three magic points, the effect lasting for an indeterminate amount of time.

Three ways the lloigor might use this effect are described below, although the keeper may choose not to use the second and third options if he intends to stage the event titled *The Calban Farm at Midnight*. Other startling possible uses of this ability might suggest themselves to the keeper.

A randomly determined dig member sleeping in camp is awakened by a bright light flickering around the out-

The animated bones attack

side of his tent. Looking out, he sees a yellow ball of light darting and hovering about the camp, a discovery that costs 0/1 SAN. When a large enough audience has been attracted, the ball of light floats silently off toward the marsh, there to hover above the mound. Then the enigmatic light-ball darts northward, following the course of the tributary.

In the first option, the light-ball attempts to lure the archaeologists into dangerous parts of the swamp. It finds the deepest part of the marsh stream and hovers there, dipping up and down as if to indicate something hidden here. Once someone blunders into the nine-foot deep hole the light winks out, leaving the victim to make a successful Swim roll or suffer the effects of drowning.

In the second option the light leads the on-lookers up the stream bed directly north of the mound. Very near the source of the stream, the light-ball stops and hovers near a steep part of the shore, again dipping up and down repeatedly. There, hidden under the mud-clotted roots of a tree, the ball's followers spy the skeletal remains of a body (SAN loss 1/1D3).

Examining the remains, investigators find a badly corroded axe and a tattered and faded shirt collar tag reading "Jesse." Anyone who has heard the Calban story probably realizes that this is the body of Jesse Calban. Those who do not make the connection are allowed an Idea roll.

The third option is similar to above but before the on-lookers can search the discovered remains, the light-ball winks out. Seconds later, a hideous squelching sound is heard as the lloigor possesses the skeletal remains of Jesse Calban and begins pulling the rotted corpse up out of the mud to attack the investigators. Statistics for these animated remains are found under the event *The Calban Farm at Midnight*.

Them Bones

This involves a horrifying physical manifestation of the lloigor. It occurs in the lab tent, most likely when only one or two people are present. The lloigor expends thirteen magic points and animates one of the reconstructed skeletons.

This may be done merely to frighten the archaeologists or the skeleton/lloigor may attack and attempt to kill, as the keeper desires. If the skeleton is destroyed, the lloigor itself is not harmed, as the creature has only animated an already existing form. The lloigor can dissolve its hold on this form at any time and does so when it has killed its intended victim(s) or if destroyed. When the lloigor deserts the form, the ancient skeleton clatters to the ground in a heap of disconnected bones.

If attacking, the skeleton uses either both its bony claws or a single bite. If a claw hits, the skeleton hangs on, doing one point of damage per round and adding 10% to the thing's chance to hit with its second claw. Once both claws hit, the skeleton holds on, each round inflicting two points of damage with its claws plus an additional 1D3 bite damage per round as it chews the flesh off the face of its screaming victim. A successful STR vs. STR roll allows an investigator to break away from the long-dead attacker.

The Calban Farm at Midnight

Reconstructed Skeleton
STR 11 SIZ 13 INT 22 POW 19
DEX 10 HP *Special*

Weapons: Claws x2 50%, 1D4 each; Bite 40%, 1D3.

Armor: The skeleton does not suffer normal damage but any successful hit has a chance of destroying the skeleton completely. This chance is a percentage equal to the amount of damage inflicted x4. For example, an axe attack that normally inflicts eight points of damage would have a 32% chance of destroying the skeleton. Damage by impaling weapons is only x2. A pistol attack that does ten points of damage would only have a 20% chance of destroying the skeleton. Attacks which do not destroy the skeleton leave it virtually undamaged.

Spells: Though unlikely, the Iloigor/skeleton might use Wrack or Telekinesis.

Sanity Loss: Seeing this walking skeleton costs 1/1D6 SAN.

Midnight at the Calban Farm

If the investigators decide to check out the legend of the Calban Farm (see Increase Norton), the Iloigor is happy to oblige them. Waiting at the farm near midnight, the investigators notice that the woods suddenly fall silent. After a moment, a Listen roll picks up the crunch of footsteps coming down the road from the Calban farm. In the darkness, the investigators spy a horribly thin, ragged figure striding toward them — the mud-dripping, weed-dangling skeletal form of Jesse Calban bearing his rusted axe.

This physical manifestation requires the Iloigor to expend fifteen magic points and has the same abilities as the animated skeleton described above. It attacks with its axe until destroyed.

Jesse Calban's Skeletal Remains
STR 13 SIZ 15 INT 22 POW 19
DEX 10 HP Special

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Axe 50%, 1D8+2.

Armor: See previous description.

Spells: Wrack*, Telekinesis.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D6+1.

*The Iloigor may use this spell to show its disfavor towards a particular individual, or it may just randomly terrorize someone. The especially brave or swaggering investigator (or similarly disposed non-player character such as Will Abner, Dalton Keir, or John Read) is the most likely target.

Spontaneous Human Combustion

This is one of the Iloigor's most lethal attacks and should only be used near the climax of the adventure. The Iloigor chooses one of the more troublesome or well-respected characters as its target. Professor Mills, Stephen Francks,

Mildred Cunningham, John Read, Quiskamohan, or any investigator are likely targets. The intended victim must be at the mound or in the subsurface area below the level of the tributary's banks in order for this attack to succeed.

The lloigor begins by expending twenty magic points, half of which are supplied by the mound. Within a round or so, the target feels his hair standing on end as if charged with static electricity. Body temperature increases slightly. On the following round, clothing begins to smolder and metal or plastic objects in contact with the target become too hot to handle; the victim takes 1D3 points of damage.

At this point, an intended victim in the subsurface area may save himself by immediately fleeing the area. A target atop the mound is lost, it is too late for him to save himself. By the third round, the victim's flesh starts to char and his clothes burst into flame. Anyone touching the victim from this point on suffers 1D3 points of burn damage. On the fourth round flames burst out of the screaming target's mouth and eyes while the near-dead character stumbles and falls to the ground, withering and blackening. After six rounds all that remains are charred bones and shreds of bubbling, crackling flesh.

Once the effect is put in motion there is little hope for the victim. No amount of water can save him; even if submerged his body still roasts underwater. Anyone witnessing this horrible burning death loses 1/1D6+1 SAN. Anyone coming upon the remains of such a victim loses 1/1D4+1 SAN. A victim lucky enough to reach safety before the spell is completed loses 0/1D3 SAN due to his narrow escape.

Should this event occur, Professor Mills (or Stephen Francks) is nearly certain to abandon the dig, now convinced that there is something to the legend of the spirit of the mound. If the keeper wishes, some of the volunteers (or the investigators) may elect to continue the dig. Whether or not work continues, the lloigor may continue to attack the archaeologists — perhaps even as they break camp.

The Star Vampire

The lloigor can summon a Star Vampire using a variation of the normal spell but, as before, saves this attack for near the end of the adventure. This summoning occurs at night, the first indication is a ghostly glow emanating from the surface of the mound and the surrounding waters. Anyone awake and outside their tents sees the light waxing and waning for nearly an hour while the countryside falls deadly quiet. The light then dies out and a fierce icy wind begins to blow, heralding the arrival of the invisible alien horror.

The star vampire attacks a random victim at the dig site, slaying and draining that person, driven off only if it suffers a loss of half its hit points.

The Summoned Star Vampire

STR 29	CON 14	SIZ 26	INT 9	POW 12
DEX 8	HP 20	Move 6 / 9 flying		

Weapons: 1D4 Talons 45%, 1D6+2D6; Bite 75%, 1D6 STR per round.

Armor: Four points of thick hide, plus invisibility (see rule book).

Spells: None.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D10.

The Star Vampire attacks with 1D4 talons, hoisting the screaming victim into the air. The thing attaches mouth-stalks to the victim and begins draining blood at a rate of 1D6 STR points per round. The blood filling the body of the creature turns it visible and characters see a ghastly reddish-pink mass of writhing tentacles, talons, and toothy mouth-stalks. The victim's body whitens, flesh collapsing in on itself as blood and fluids are rapidly ingested by the monster. When the victim is reduced to 0 STR the star vampire drops the corpse and hurtles back into the stars.

Ground Zero

This event occurs when the lloigor has tired of toying with the humans. Or perhaps the archaeologists have taken steps to protect themselves, angering the creature. The lloigor waits until several of the dig members are present at the mound then triggers a vast explosion destroying everyone and everything within the tributary's banks. This might be done while the archaeologists are breaking camp, removing their equipment from the mound, or refilling the dig with earth. If necessary, the lloigor Possesses a character (see above) and uses him or her to lead the others to the mound. Assume that after the blast the lloigor has drained itself, as well as the mound, of all usable magic points. The lloigor will have only one magic point left.

The first intimation of something horribly amiss is the abrupt cessation of the marsh-sounds (birds, insects) followed by an utter stillness, even the breeze dying off. Anyone making an Idea roll realizes something strange is about to happen. The water around the mound then begins to boil, oily-green bubbles rising to the surface, filled with noxious gas. A Cthulhu Mythos roll allows an investigator to recognize the spoor of the lloigor. The ground throbs and hums ominously. Characters who do not immediately flee the mound are doomed. Within two rounds the throbbing grows so loud it beats painfully at the eardrums while motes of light wink and burst in the air about the investigators.

New Spell — Wrack

This spell temporarily incapacitates a single target but causes no permanent damage other than incidental SAN losses. Casting the spell costs three magic points and one SAN point. The caster must match his magic points against the target's on the Resistance Table and, if successful, the spell takes effect after one round. The unfortunate victim feels as if a giant hand has grabbed them and squeezed them hard. Intense wracking can temporarily cripple a victim or blister face and hands, dripping fluid and blood into the eyes and blinding the victim. The effects last for 1D6 rounds after which time sight and health returns. Full recovery takes 10+1D20 minutes during which time all of the target's skills and statistics are halved. The experience costs the target 0/1D4 SAN while witnesses lose 0/1 SAN.

With a hollow thump the mound explodes, knocking any characters within a quarter-mile off their feet. Anyone within the banks of the tributary suffers 2D10 points of damage and unless two successful Luck rolls are made, is permanently blinded and/or deafened. If the *Vortex* option (see below) is not used, the lloigor merely waits for the dig-teams to pick themselves up and flee. If they remain in the area, it quietly waits until it has enough magic points then, coalescing into its toad-form, attacks.

THE VORTEX (OPTIONAL)

If the keeper wishes, the lloigor's detonation of the mound backfires, creating a whirling vortex of energy as the earth-power node collapses. A howling wind encircles the mound, a maelstrom of swirling debris and crackling ball-lightning. A huge form, luminous and indistinct, appears in the center the whirlwind — the lloigor forced against its will to assume physical form. The howling whirlwind lasts only a couple minutes before dying off and releasing the lloigor — now with twice its original POW.

The investigators can prevent this strengthening of the lloigor by grounding the energy vortex before it expends itself naturally. With a successful Cthulhu Mythos or Occult roll, a character realizes the vortex is some sort of supernatural energy that might be easily grounded and dispersed. To accomplish this, a large metal object needs to be placed so that, however briefly, it connects the vortex to the ground or waters below. A tent pole, a length of chain, a large pry bar, or folding metal picnic table needs to be thrown into the maelstrom. This requires a successful Throw roll. Anyone foolish enough to enter the vortex is immediately burned for 2D10 points of damage and thrown violently to the ground. Successfully grounded, the vortex vanishes with a flash of light and a deafening "Whoosh."

It is possible that one of the non-player characters may think of the grounding idea. Professor Mills, Mildred Cunningham, Jim Penahac, or Quiskamohan are among the most likely. The keeper is within his rights to have this person unwittingly carry the grounding device directly into the vortex, destroying it but killing him or herself in the process. Investigators witnessing this death lose 1/1D6 SAN. Destruction of the vortex causes the lloigor to physically manifest itself.

The Thing on the Mound

This is the lloigor's final assault on the dig-members. The astral creature may voluntarily assume this form or it may be forced to due to the vortex it accidentally unleashed.

A patch of water in the marshy stream near the mound starts to roil while an oily blue-green slick slowly spreads over the surface. As the water bubbles and spouts, a form begins to coalesce, pushing itself up out of the muck. Anyone failing a SAN roll loses one point and stands dumbstruck by the sight, unable to move until the thing has fully formed in 1D3 rounds. Those whose rolls are successful may attack the still forming creature, but at half their normal chance to hit. Before fully formed it is difficult to distinguish the creature from the marsh out of which it rises. After 1D3 rounds, the lloigor's physical form is complete, a huge misshapen toad creature nearly ten feet tall and over twenty feet in length. Covered with warts and pustules, its limbs are of oddly unequal sizes causing the misshapen creature to cant forward and to one side. Its face vaguely bat-like, a dozen short tentacles encircle its mouth. A pale, sickly green, the monster is blotched with black spots and sports a thick, six-foot long tadpole tail. SAN loss for seeing the toad-thing is 1/1D10.

Once formed, the lloigor attacks anyone it can lay paws on, fighting to the death. Its first victims are those who remain to attack it. If all flee before it, the lloigor pursues and slays 1D3 characters before dissipating its physical form and leaving the area forever. The power node destroyed, it has little reason to remain.

The Toad-Thing (the lloigor's final physical form)

STR 44	CON 36	SIZ 47	INT 22	POW 19
DEX 10	HP 42	MOVE 6/12 jumping		

Weapons: Claw 30%, 1D6+5D6; Bite 35%, 1D3+5D6; Tail lash 30%, 1D4+5D6.

Armor: Eight points of rubbery hide.

Spells: Summon/Bind Star Vampire, Wrack, Possession.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D10.

The toad-thing attacks once per round, with either a bite or one claw. Additionally, it can make one tail attack per

The Lloigor Rises

round provided a character is standing behind it. Anyone bitten by the toad-thing is held in its jaws, suffering 3D6 damage each round until the victim is dead or struggles free with a STR vs. STR roll.

Resolution

The investigators may decide to abandon the dig, urging the archaeologists to do likewise. If the dig members have suffered only minor supernatural experiences, a successful Debate or Oratory roll may be needed to convince Professor Mills that the group is in danger. If there have been deaths among the archaeologists, hefty bonuses may be added to these rolls. If those in charge agree to abandon the dig, the keeper may award the investigators one SAN point for each dig member who leaves the site alive. If Mills isn't convinced and the investigators abandon the site, they lose 1D3 SAN for each dig member later killed by the lloigor (keeper's discretion as to who dies, how many, and in what manner). If everyone abandons the dig early, there are no SAN awards and the keeper should charge each investigator a 1D6 SAN loss for their inability to deal with the strange phenomena. If the investigators stay for the duration but fail to drive the lloigor off, they lose 1D10 SAN.

If the lloigor's toad-like physical form is killed the lloigor is permanently destroyed and each investigator receives 1D10 SAN. Additionally, the investigators should also regain 1D6 SAN for each of the skeletal horrors they have destroyed. Another 1D10 may be awarded if they defeated the lloigor-summoned Star Vampire.

THE ELDER SIGN AND OTHER WARDS

The Elder Sign can be used two different ways, either to protect an individual or to ward the mound. If used for personal protection, the bearer of the Sign is immune to the lloigor's magic point draining attack, though not to the SAN loss caused by the attempt. A protected character is also immune to any attempts at Possession. All other forms of attack — including the Wrack spell — are still possible. The lloigor will single out the bearer of the Elder Sign, giving him or her special attention.

If the Elder Sign is used to ward the mound (accomplished by placing the Sign atop the mound), the lloigor will be unable to tap the magic points stored here. Neither will it be able to store any additional magic points. The lloigor will use whatever spells, abilities, or physical attacks it can muster to prevent such a warding. As long as the Elder Sign remains on the mound, the energy-node's effects are negated. Unfortunately, this is sure to arouse the ire of the lloigor and it will make use of Possessed characters or animated skeletons to attempt to remove and destroy the Elder Sign. Once the ward is destroyed, the lloigor takes steps to destroy the offending party.

If the investigators attempt to cast some other spell of warding or containment (e.g. The Eye of Light and Darkness), the lloigor attempts to disrupt the casting, using as much force as necessary.

Rewards and Benefits

Aside from Archaeology and Anthropology checks awarded for time spent at the dig, surviving investigators may be invited to join the BSAIR. The grateful Professor Mills (or John Read) waives the first year's membership dues in recognition of the investigator's contributions.

The scenario also offers investigators the chance to make influential allies, from society contacts like John Read and his friends, to scholarly folks such as Professor Mills and the Stephen Francks. Not to be forgotten are Jim Penahac and Quiskamohan, two local Indians who may know more about the mysteries of the Miskatonic Valley than they let on. Any of these people might appear in future scenarios as consultants, guides, or allies.

This scenario is dedicated to screenwriter Nigel Kneale, whose film Five Million Years to Earth scared the bejeezus out of me as a kid — and forever made me a horror/sf fan.

Kevin Ross

Statistics

John Read, age 61, President of the BSAIR blue-blooded Boston businessman

STR 10	CON 10	SIZ 15	INT 13	POW 14
DEX 9	APP 10	EDU 17	SAN 69	HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: 20-gauge pump-action shotgun 65%, 2D6/1D6/1D3.

Skills: Accounting 65%, Anthropology 15%, Archaeology 15%, Credit Rating 80%, Debate 55%, History 45%, Law 30%, Listen 30%, Algonquian Indian Lore 50%, Oratory 65%, Psychology 40%, Read/Write English 90%, Spot Hidden 45%, Zoology 10%.

Professor Elliot Mills, age 51, history professor

STR 11	CON 10	SIZ 14	INT 16	POW 12
DEX 11	APP 13	EDU 19	SAN 64	HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Grapple 35%, Hatchet 35%, 1D6+1.

Skills: Anthropology 60%, Archaeology 70%, Botany 20%, Chemistry 20%, Debate 40%, Drive Automobile 35%, Geology 15%, History 80%, Latin 80%, Law 15%, Library Use 60%, Make Maps 30%, Algonquian Indian Lore 80%, Occult 20%, Psychology 40%, Spot Hidden 45%, Survival 25%, Zoology 10%.

Languages: Algonquian 20%.

Equipment: Battered old Ford Model T truck, .38 revolver, hatchet, eyeglasses (extra pair), pocket-knife.

Stephen Francks, age 27, Miskatonic University grad student

STR 9	CON 9	SIZ 13	INT 15	POW 12
DEX 15	APP 9	EDU 16	SAN 56	HP 11

Weapons: .22 lever-action rifle 25%, 1D6+2.

Skills: Anthropology 35%, Archaeology 50%, Chemistry 25%, Geology 10%, History 55%, Library Use 44%, Listen 40%, Algonquian Indian Lore 40%, Occult 50%, Photography 60%, Psychology 30%, Spot Hidden 40%.

Equipment: .22 lever-action rifle.

Jim Penahac, age 21, Indian guide

STR 13	CON 11	SIZ 14	INT 12	POW 9
DEX 12	APP 12	EDU 6	SAN 43	HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist 65%, 1D3; Grapple 60%; Hatchet 45%, 1D6+1, Bowie knife 50%, 1D4+2; Thrown Knife 40%, 1D4+2.

Skills: Botany 30%, Camouflage 50%, Climb 60%, Cooking 35%, Dodge 35%, Fast Talk 20%, First Aid 35%, Hide 60%, Hunting/Fishing 70%, Listen 65%, Make Maps 45%, Algonquian Indian Lore 60%, Navigate 70%, Occult 35%, Sneak 70%, Spot Hidden 55%, Survival 65%, Swim 45%, Throw 50%, Track 55%, Treat Poison 40%, Zoology 15%.

Languages: Algonquian 50%, English 25%.

Equipment: Bowie knife, hatchet, fishing gear, cigarettes, matches, near-empty bottle of whiskey.

Mildred Cunningham, age 41, plucky widow

STR 11	CON 13	SIZ 12	INT 15	POW 13
DEX 12	APP 11	EDU 15	SAN 67	HP 13

Weapons: Club 55%, 1D6 (she used to play tennis).

Skills: Archaeology 20%, Bargain 40%, Botany 35%, Cooking 45%, Credit Rating 60%, Drive Automobile 30%, First Aid 40%, History 45%, Listen 30%, Algonquian Lore 35%, Psychology 40%, Spot Hidden 35%.

Equipment: A modest sedan.

Alice Donlevy, age 20, shallow co-ed

STR 9	CON 11	SIZ 11	INT 14	POW 11
DEX 12	APP 16	EDU 13	SAN 54	HP 11

Weapons: None.

Skills: Accounting 45%, Anthropology 20%, Archaeology 25%, Dodge 30%, Drive Automobile 25%, Geology 05%, History 50%, Library Use 45%, Listen 45%, Algonquian Indian Lore 35%, Psychology 35%, Spot Hidden 30%.

Equipment: Cosmetics.

Wilson "Will" Abner, age 21, asinine egotist

STR 14	CON 15	SIZ 15	INT 12	POW 12
DEX 16	APP 15	EDU 13	SAN 60	HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist 65%, 1D3; Kick 55%, 1D6; Club 50%, 1D6.

Skills: Accounting 20%, Climb 50%, Dodge 45%, Drive Automobile 55%, Fast Talk 45%, History 30%, Jump 75%, Mechanical Repair 40%, Psychology 15%, Sneak 35%, Swim 50%, Throw 70%.

Equipment: Flashy roadster, pocket-knife.

George Hanshaw, age 38, Boston attorney

STR 9	CON 9	SIZ 11	INT 13	POW 9
DEX 11	APP 11	EDU 16	SAN 40	HP 10

Weapons: None.

Skills: Accounting 35%, Archaeology 15%, Credit Rating 60%, Drive Automobile 30%, History 45%, Law 75%, Library Use 55%, Listen 35%, Algonquian Indian Lore 40%, Psychology 50%, Spot Hidden 45%.

Equipment: A modest sedan.

Dalton Keir, age 28, accounting assistant

STR 12	CON 10	SIZ 15	INT 12	POW 10
DEX 9	APP 12	EDU 15	SAN 49	HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: 20-gauge shotgun 45%, 2D6/1D6/1D3.

Skills: Accounting 65%, Archaeology 15%, Climb 50%, Credit Rating 45%, Debate 30%, Drive Automobile 40%, History 40%, Hunting/Fishing 30%, Law 45%, Algonquian Indian Lore 15%, Mechanical Repair 40%, Photography 30%, Spot Hidden 30%.

Equipment: Fancy sedan, double-barrelled 20-gauge shotgun.

Priscilla Keir, age 27, secretary

STR 8	CON 10	SIZ 12	INT 14	POW 11
DEX 12	APP 13	EDU 15	SAN 53	HP 11

Weapons: None.

Skills: Accounting 55%, Archaeology 25%, Bargain 40%, Botany 25%,Cooking 60%, First Aid 40%, History 35%, Listen 50%, Algonquian Lore 25%, Photography 45%, Psychology 35%, Read/Write Shorthand 70%, Spot Hidden 35%, Typing 65%.

Equipment: Box Camera.

Quiskamohan, age 69, old Pennacook Indian

STR 9	CON 12	SIZ 15	INT 15	POW 15
DEX 9	APP 11	EDU 12	SAN 74	HP 14

Weapons: Walking Staff 55%, 1D6; Fist 55%, 1D3; Grapple 45%; Bowie Knife 35%, 1D4+2.

Skills: Algonquian Indian Lore 85%, Botany 70%, Camouflage 55%, Cooking 70%, Cthulhu Mythos 03%, First Aid 55%, History 50%, Hunting/Fishing 70%. Listen 50%, Make Maps 40%, Navigate 70%, Occult 45%, Oratory 55%, Psychology 50%, Sing 45%, Spot Hidden 60%, Survival 60%, Treat Poison 55%, Zoology 40%.

Languages: Algonquian 75%, English 20%.

Equipment: Bowie knife, leather shoulder bag (contains herbs, roots, tribal remedies, deer-jerky, berries, and other foodstuffs), an oaken staff four feet long (its top carved in the shape of an eagle's head), deerskin clothing and boots.

The Lloigor

INT 22	POW 19	DEX 10

Weapons: None in astral form.

Armor: In its normal (astral) form the lloigor is unaffected by physical weapons of any kind — fire, magic, explosives, electricity, etc.

Spells: Summon/Bind Star Vampire, Wrack, Possession.

Other Abilities: Magic Point Drain, Telekinesis, Spontaneous Human Combustion, Explosion, Physical Manifestations.

Arkham – Kingsport:

Fade to Gray

Wherein the mystery of missing children solved leads to a nightmarish but artful revenge.

"Every impulse that we strive to strangle broods in the mind and poisons us."
The Picture of Dorian Gray by Oscar Wilde

"What if it was all a game with me? What if it was a game and I let it get out of control?"
John Wayne Gacy

Keeper's Information

Over the last seven weeks four teenagers have vanished from the Arkham/Kingsport area. Police are baffled, and solving the mystery falls to the investigators. All four missing youngsters are already dead, the victims of a deranged Kingsport artist, British-born Basil Ives. Ives' mind has been infected by an Insect from Shaggai, an alien creature that drives him to commit heinous crimes. Left unchecked, Ives will continue to abduct and slay.

SCENARIO CONSIDERATIONS

To unmask and foil the murderer, leads must be tracked down and clues pieced together. Early on, three likely suspects emerge. Identifying the guilty party among the three is the challenge facing investigators.

Certain events take place during the course of this scenario and the keeper must decide when and where they occur as well as how the investigators learn of them. A scheduled showing of the works of painter Basil Ives takes place at the Mercer Art Gallery in Kingsport, the exact date left to the decision of the keeper. If the investigators are slow to unmask the killer, additional abductions and murders take place. Again the keeper must supply details. Although a couple of likely victims are suggested (see *Saturday Afternoon Classes*), specifics of time and place are left to the keeper.

Several options are offered — all intended to enhance the scenario and increase its difficulty. One involves a series of similar murders taking place simultaneously in the Severn Valley of England, the childhood home of Basil Ives. Another describes a series of dream-vignettes. These nightmarish invasions of sleep are powered by the insane Basil Ives asleep in dream-drenched Kingsport. Finally, after the climax of the scenario, an *Epilogue* is offered. With Basil Ives dead, or in jail, the investigators may feel that the case is closed. But the mad artist returns one last time for revenge.

Nominally, the scenario is set in October and November of 1928. This may be altered to suit the keeper's taste but it should noted that schools are closed from mid-June through early September for summer vacation.

Investigator Involvement

The investigators may be brought into this case in any number of ways. Articles in such publications as the *Arkham Gazette*, the *Arkham Advertiser*, the *Kingsport Chronicle*, or the *Boston Globe* describe the disappearances and may draw investigator interest. Alternatively, the investigators are contacted by parents of one of the missing teens — most likely the Jarrell family — and hired to find out what happened. It is even possible that an investigator is related to one of the missing students, a brother, sister, aunt, or uncle of one of the victims.

Three Suspects (And a Bug)

Investigation soon points to three Kingsport residents as prime suspects. The homeless, mentally-deficient Doc and the strange artist Olson Wittoski eventually prove to be innocent victims of circumstance and/or skullduggery. The third suspect -- the artist Basil Ives -- is found otherwise.

Doc, Feeble-Minded Vagrant

Doc, 52, is a mountainous, bald-headed man, usually dressed in dirty, worn clothing. Once a licensed physician living in Boston, brain damage from a head wound suffered during the Great War left him incapable of continuing his practice — even of obtaining gainful employment. A vicious scar, long healed, marks the left side of his face where a large portion of his skull has been replaced by a metal plate. Without friends or family, the man eventually found himself living in the streets, first in Boston, now in Kingsport. Born Philip A. Barton, he is now known to most Kingsport residents simply as "Doc."

Doc

Until recently, Doc lived in a packing crate in the alley behind Olson Fine Furnishings in downtown Kingsport. A short time ago, after being hauled in for questioning by Kingsport police, his crate was discovered ablaze (the result of an attack by one of Basil Ives' flame vampires). Doc has not been seen since. Unbeknownst to anyone, he now hides out in the woods next to the old Hilltop Burying Ground on the western fringes of town.

Doc, a simple, basically kind person, is a child in an enormous adult body. Showing up in Kingsport some three years ago, he has since been adopted by some of the more sympathetic members of the community. Bob Drake at Moreno's clothing store supplies Doc with a new set of clothes once or twice a year. Sean Dennehy, of Dennehy's Restaurant, makes sure the man gets hot soup and bread at least once a day, and the portly bakers at Van Hessen's Dutch Baked Goods always look the other way when a fresh cookie mysteriously disappears from their shelves.

Although subject to periodic mood swings, Doc is usually shy and self-effacing. He has a long-standing agreement with the Kingsport police that he is not to bother the tourists and he has always honored his part of the bargain. He has been known to fly into sudden rages over simple or imagined incidents and although he has never tried to harm anyone, his great size and strength are intimidating.

A year ago, Doc had a brief run-in with the law when he was discovered passing out medication to some elementary school students. The pills were later found to be Doc's prescription sedatives, aspirin-based, supplied to him once a month during his regular visit to the Naval Hospital in Boston. Doc had meant no harm; he often forgets to take his pills and long ago found it did no good to take the extras back to the hospital — they only complained. Sure that all medicine is good for you, Doc thought that giving his extra pills to the kids would make them feel better. That was also wrong. Now he throws the leftover pills down storm drains when nobody's looking. The incident of the pills stuck in a good many local minds and Doc is now considered by a number of locals as the likeliest culprit.

Doc understands that several young people are missing and suspects Basil Ives of wrongdoing. He saw Basil Ives in the company of Billy Jarrell, right before the student disappeared. Fearful of the police, he was still trying to decide what to do when he was picked up for questioning. He tried to tell them about "the little painter-man"

Doc's Mood Swings

Doc's moods change at random times, most often as a result of stress. Whenever stressed, Doc must roll his POW x3 (39), a failure indicating a mood swing determined on the following table. Alternatively, the keeper can roll for a mood change every 1D100 x2 minutes of game time.

Roll 1D10	
1	Calm
2	Joy
3	Sorrow
4	Fear
5	Anger
6	Anger
7	Fear
8	Sorrow
9	Joy
10	Calm

Anger: Doc gets mad and begins shouting and knocking things over, throwing handy objects in no particular direction. He does not intend to hit anyone but those close by may be accidentally targeted and have to Dodge to avoid being hit.

Fear: Doc is overcome by uncompromising fear and attempts to run off and hide. If trapped or restrained, he lashes out blindly at his captors.

Joy: Doc becomes giddy, laughing and playing childlike. Oblivious to any danger or threat, he runs down the middle of busy roads to chase butterflies or puppies.

Sorrow: Doc suddenly bursts into tears and becomes almost hysterical. He attempts to wander off and be alone. If restrained, he does not struggle.

Calm: Doc turns calm and rational, speaking and acting as a normal adult. During these periods he functions as though sane and can make full use of all his skills.

but they didn't believe him. After several hours of badgering, Doc was finally released without being charged.

Basil Ives, learning of Doc's visit to the police station and correctly suspecting Doc of knowing more than he should, that night sent a summoned vampire to visit the indigent's packing crate. Doc escaped, suffering only minor burns, and went into hiding. He is terrified of both the townspeople who suspect him, and of Basil Ives who would have him dead.

If tracked down, Doc proves an uncooperative witness, unwilling to answer questions. An investigator who spends at least ten minutes with him and then makes a successful Psychoanalysis roll, gains his trust and the man loosens up. For the next 2D3 hours (or until stressed, see below) he functions in a most rational and cooperative manner, answering questions, assisting investigators, and making full use of all his skills at their listed values. Eventually, his instability returns and he falls into a random mood.

Doc, Homeless Veteran, age 52

STR 16	CON 12	SIZ 17	INT 18	POW 13
DEX 11	APP 9	EDU 19	SAN 0	HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Fist 70%, 1D3; Head Butt 45%, 1D4; Club 35%, 1D6; Scalpel 50%, 1D3.

Skills: Diagnose Disease 65%*, First Aid 85%*, Hide 50%, Latin 40%, Listen 55%, Pharmacy 65%*, Psychoanalysis 45%*, Psychology 65%*, Spot Hidden 55%, Sneak 50%, Treat Disease 65%*, Treat Poison 65%*.

*Doc may properly use these skills only when in a calm and rational state. He may attempt them at any time (always insisting that he is fully capable) but under these circumstances they are reduced to 1/4 the normal chance of success.

Olson "Dac" Wittoski, Bohemian Writer

Wittoski is a young man of average size and build with longish blond hair and green, cat-like eyes. A fiction writer of some ability, he habitually dresses in black and sports a pair of round eyeglasses worn more for effect than out of need. A member of Kingsport's small artist colony, he is one of many who have been drawn to this town along the coast, searching for inspiration. Wittoski resides in a small apartment on Pickering Avenue in the Hill Town neighborhood of Kingsport's south side.

Wittoski is a night person who spends most of his days asleep then burns the midnight oil to pen his prose. A chronic alcohol abuser, he has also experimented with a variety of drugs, usually procured through the agency of fellow-artist Jim Redmond. Wittoski fluctuates between brilliantly creative and deeply depressed. He often speaks of suicide.

Olson Wittoski

The young writer also maintains an adventurous and liberated sex life, at one time or another having approached a least a half-dozen different members of the artists' set. He is known for his lack of subtlety as well as lack of sexual preference. Considering the time and place, those who know Dac consider him variously "a daring social rebel" or "a self-destructive fool." One thing known to only a few is the writer's taste for teenage partners. Although incapable of forcing himself on anyone, seduction of the less-than-innocent is not unthinkable.

Wittoski is in no way connected with the missing students, nor does he know anything about the case except what he's read in the papers or heard on the streets. Regardless, when questioned by investigators he appears nervous. Psychology rolls indicate he is hiding information. Investigators may or may not have learned that last year Wittoski was suspected in a Kingsport case of statutory rape and sodomy. Charges were never filed but Wittoski knows that he is suspect in this latest case. He has already been questioned twice by police. Now he thinks they are following him, watching his movements. Although innocent, he fears that the investigation will bring to light aspects of his private life that could conceivably result in prosecution and imprisonment.

If investigators gain Wittoski's trust, he provides himself with alibis for the dates in question, implicating — but not naming — two artist colleagues and a local townsperson. Asked about Ives, Wittoski comments that the two of them used to be friends but since Basil's return from his trip home to England last summer he seems changed, different in some subtle way. Others attribute it to a swelled ego, the result of his recent artistic successes, but Wittoski feels it is something else, something not quite describable. Wittoski might go so far as to reveal that he and Ives recently spent a night together — at Ives' suggestion. This had surprised Wittoski since the painter had shunned earlier advances and made it known he was not interested in such things. That night Wittoski quickly discovered Ives' penchant for cruelty and violence. It was with some difficulty that he persuaded Ives to leave.

If asked about the teenaged boy that artist Ted Kovey claims to have seen him with (see *Basil's Colleagues and Associates*), Wittoski explains that the

young man was simply a fan of his fiction. He claims he invited the boy back to his apartment only to show him some of his more recent writings and to autograph a copy of a recent magazine that had published one of his stories. Wittoski says the boy's name is Aaron Potter. If the lead is followed up, the young Potter corroborates Wittoski's statements.

Any investigator making a Psychology roll notes Wittoski's disturbed emotional state. Fearing imminent arrest, Wittoski may soon panic, fleeing to New York where he is soon after arrested and extradited back to Boston on suspicion of kidnap and murder. The suicide-prone Wittoski might take his own life, either in jail, or even before his arrest, slashing his wrists and bleeding to death on the floor of his apartment. If possible, he leaves behind a note declaring himself innocent of any crimes.

Olson "Dac" Wittoski, age 27, writer

STR 13	CON 10	SIZ 14	INT 18	POW 11
DEX 12	APP 16	EDU 15	SAN 55	HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapon: Fist 50%, 1D3.

Skills: Consume Alcohol 50%, History 25%, English 75%, French 45%, Library Use 50%, Occult 35%, Oratory 65%, Pharmacy 40%, Psychology 45%, Seduce 50%.

Basil Ives, Kidnaper and Murderer

Basil Ives is a handsome young man five feet ten inches tall, 140 pounds, with short blond hair and captivating blue eyes. Born in 1901 in the small town of Camside in the Severn Valley of southwest England, Ives still speaks with a distinctly British accent. An artist, he left England in 1919 and on the advice of some American correspondents, settled in Kingsport. Quickly making friends within the artist colony, he was soon earning a living painting for tourists in the summer and working menial jobs in winter.

Basil Ives

In the spring of 1925, Ives was approached by Dr. Arthur Goddard, chairman of the Fine Arts Department at Miskatonic University in Arkham. Goddard, familiar with Ives' work, offered him a temporary position at the university, filling in for staff artist David Rosen, then on a medical leave of absence. Ives gladly accepted the position and soon proved to be as fine an instructor as he was a painter. When Rosen returned to the university in the fall of 1926, Ives was asked to stay on as his assistant.

In addition to his new salary, Ives also began gaining fame in local art circles around New England — the result of contacts made through his job at the university. Good sales of his paintings in 1927 and early 1928 led to the purchase of a run-down house on the dead-end of John Street in Kingsport's Harborside neighborhood. A shiny, slightly used 3 litre Bentley — the kind of automobile Basil had dreamed of since a boy — was next. Although cherished, he rarely drives the car, preferring to keep it parked in his garage while driving the Model A Ford he has owned for the past three years. The last of the money was spent on a trip home to England — a fateful vacation that was to leave Basil forever changed.

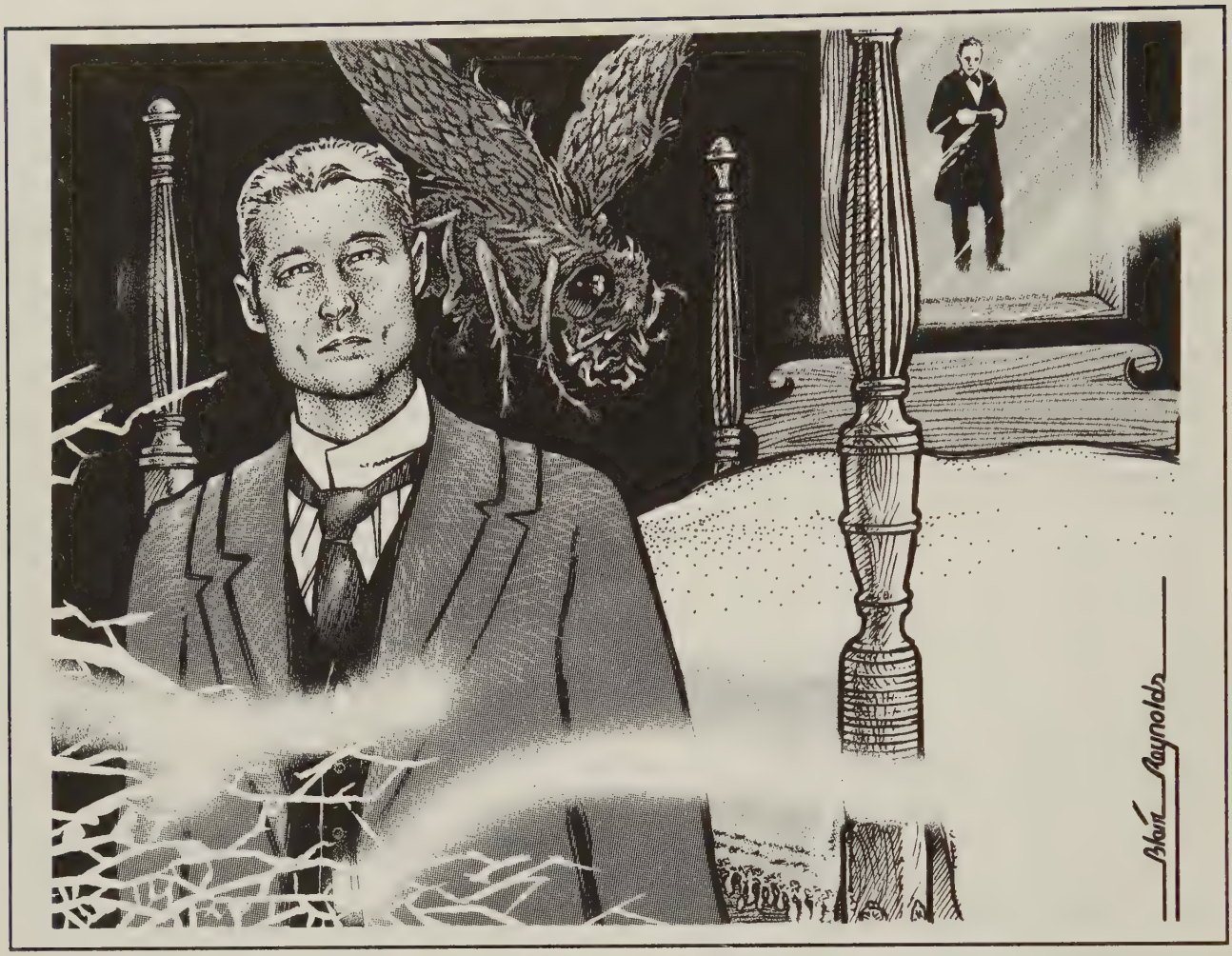
Stopping in the area of Goatswood while on an auto tour of the Severn Valley area, Basil unluckily stumbled upon a strange temple-spaceship belonging to the Insects from Shaggai. Attacked by one of the Shans, Basil's mind was infested, fed the corrupt thoughts of the Insect, and driven mad. Ives is now the alien's puppet, a tool used by the evil Shans to conduct alien-devised experiments in human psychology and suffering.

Basil Ives' Cursed Portrait

Under the direction of the parasitic Insect, Ives has created an enchanted self-portrait which magically absorbs any damage suffered by the artist. Enchanted with the blood of human victims, every point of SIZ sacrificed to the portrait increases its capacity to absorb damage a similar amount. Ives has so far sacrificed 98 human SIZ points, allowing the painting to absorb the same number of damage points inflicted on Basil. However, due to the self-abuse the Insect has commanded Basil to undergo, its present capacity is 45, 53 points having already been used.

Aside from absorbing hit point damage, the painting also absorbs the wound itself, healing Basil and reproducing the wound on the painted canvas. Stabbed by a knife, Basil reacts to the pain but the wound heals almost immediately and he loses no hit points. At the same instant, the wound is reproduced on the painting, remaining as a permanent record of the injury. If the painting is ever destroyed, Ives instantly suffers all wounds that have been absorbed, no doubt destroying him.

Witnessing wounds instantly healing on Ives costs 1/1D2 SAN points. Watching the portrait suddenly develop wounds, begin to bleed, etc. costs 0/1 SAN points. If the painting is destroyed, the horrifying scene of Basil being visited by past wounds costs 1/1D6 SAN.



Basil and the Shan

It is the foul Insect that has driven poor Basil to commit the series of heinous crimes plaguing the Kingsport and Arkham area. The mutilated corpses of the missing students are all buried in shallow graves in the cellar of Basil's home. Personal effects have been disposed of in the fireplace.

Although the Insect is in direct control of Ives only after nightfall when it is awake, Basil's deranged mind has deteriorated to the point where he is nothing more than a helpless slave to the Insect's perverted desires. He is constantly loyal to "the Master," that buzzing voice which he hears inside his own head. He is a loyal servant who does all he can to make sure the murders go undiscovered.

Investigators who met Basil both during the day and after dark, and make a successful Psychology roll, notice a distinct personality difference. Although always careful and cunning, the nighttime Basil betrays a cold detachment, a slow process of consideration alien to the normal human mind. When under direct Insect control, Ives reacts calmly, even if confronted with irrefutable evidence of his crimes.

On the other hand, accusations leveled against the unpossessed, daytime Basil result in an obvious show of fear. Basil may panic and make a run for it, particularly if arrest appears imminent. He kills only those who try to stand in the way of his escape. It should be noted that it is only at night, when the Insect is awake and in control, that Basil is able to cast spells.

If Basil is killed, the Insect materializes outside the man's head, abandoning the now-useless corpse, and possibly seeking another unwitting host/victim (see below). If incarcerated for any great length of time, the insideous Insect similarly abandons Basil, leaving him broken and totally insane, a gibbering maniac with no hope of cure.

Successful Psychoanalysis may make the patient lucid for a moment or two, long enough to answer a few questions, but the shattered man soon turns unresponsive, curling up into a fetal position.

Basil Ives, age 27, possessed painter

STR 13	CON 16	SIZ 11	INT 15	POW 18
DEX 12	APP 17	EDU 13	SAN 0	HP 14

Armor: Special. See description of Basil's portrait.

Weapons: Fist 50%, 1D3; .38 Revolver 40%, 1D10; Whip 75%, 1D3 (entangles and immobilizes on impale); Knife 50%, 1D6; Disintegration Ray 25%, 2D10+2.

Skills: Bargain 50%, Climb 55%, Credit Rating 35%, Cthulhu Mythos 40%, Dodge 30%, Draw 75%, Drive Automobile 55%, Fast Talk 30%, Hide 45%, History 35%, Italian 25%, Library Use 40%, Listen 50%, Paint 85%, Photography 50%, Psychology 45%, Sculpt 35%, Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 80%.

Note: During the hours of darkness, when the Insect is in control of Basil Ives, all its skills and abilities may be used. This includes both improved weapons skills and use of magic spells.

The Insect from Shaggai, Alien Presence

The alien Shans are devious creatures capable of melding themselves with human minds. There they share thoughts and memories with their hosts, eventually taking over and using them to conduct grotesque physical and psychological tests on other members of our species.

What conclusions the Insects draw from these bizarre tortures is unknown. The Shans keeps an odd device in the basement of Ives' home, a machine that allows it to maintain contact with the rest of its colony in Goatswood, England.

The Insect has found a good host in Ives and is loathe to leave. Only if Ives is killed or incarcerated for a long period does the Insect risk materialization. It then attempts to meld with the nearest suitable host after which it again enters human society. If it fails to meld, it flees, intent on winging its way back to Goatswood.

The Insect from Shaggai, bug-eyed molester

STR 3	CON 3	SIZ 1	INT 20	POW 21
DEX 32	HP 2	MOVE 4/40 flying		

Weapons: Meld 60%, progressive control after insect enters brain of target; Nervewhip 50%, see rule book for full details; Disintegration Ray 35%, 2D10+2.

Armor: None.

Spells: Call Azathoth, Call Ithaqua, Call Yog-Sothoth, Contact Chthonian, Create Gate, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Mental Suggestion, Mind Blast, Nightmare, Summon/Bind Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath, Summon/Bind Fire Vampire, Summon/Bind Hunting Horror, Wither Limb.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6.

First Inquiries

The following resources are those most likely to be checked by investigators and include newspaper stories, the two local police departments, the victims' families and friends, and the schools attended by the missing students.

The Newspapers

All of the following stories are of recent vintage and require no skill rolls to find. However, no single newspaper has carried all four stories. The articles are located most easily at the offices of the individual newspapers or in the files of the Miskatonic University Library. The *Kingsport Chronicle* has versions of articles 1, 3, and 4; both Arkham papers contain versions of articles 2, 3, and 4; the Boston press has only run numbers 3 and 4. The collection of the Miskatonic University Library is the only place where investigators can find all four stories in a single place.

THE GRAY PAPERS #1

Newspaper article dated September 3, 1928

Kingsport High School Student Reported Missing

KINGSPORT-- This past weekend Miss Leslie Bellingham, 17, of Kingsport High School was reported missing. Miss Bellingham was last seen on the morning of Saturday, September 1, on the grounds of the school. Anyone with information regarding her whereabouts is urged to contact the Kingsport Police Department.

THE GRAY PAPERS #2

Newspaper article dated Sept. 21, 1928

Arkham Boy Sought

ARKHAM-- Andy Monroe, 16, a student at the Arkham Public High School, has been reported missing to Arkham police. According to George Simpson, director of the Margaret Emmerton Home for Boys, Monroe failed to return from school on the afternoon of Wednesday, September 19. Fellow students last saw the boy when he decided to return to the school to collect a forgotten book. Arkham High School principal Anita Pierce has told police that she saw a man loitering near the school that day shortly after classes were dismissed. Police presently believe the boy has run away but have not ruled out the possibility of foul play.

Option—News from Overseas

If the investigators visit the basement newspaper section of the Miskatonic Library it is possible that they find the following clue. If not, the keeper can introduce it again later when a concerned citizen brings the story to the attention of the police and/or investigators.

THE GRAY PAPERS #5

Newspaper article from London Times dated October 19, 1928

Search For Missing Students Continues

LONDON— Chief Constable Arthur Campbell of Scotland Yard's Criminal Investigation Department is calling for a country-wide search in the hope of finding four missing students. All four students are from the Severn Valley area: Evelyn Walmsley, 17, of Camside; Lawrence Bradbury, 16, of Temphill; Marcus Edmond, 17, of Goatswood; and Caroline Kaye, 18, also of Goatswood. Miss Walmsley was reported missing on 31 August, Mr. Bradbury on 8 September, and Mr. Edmond and Miss Kaye both on 30 September.

Chief Constable Campbell indicates that Scotland Yard is looking for a man near thirty years old, with modest build, fair skin and blond hair. The suspect weighs about ten stone.

According to CID, a man fitting this description was spotted on 30 September in the Goatswood area. Constable William Chamberlain pursued the suspect into the woods but then lost sight of him.

About Goatswood

If the investigators search for information about Goatswood, a successful Library Use roll uncovers a book, *Satan in the British Isles*, with a singular reference to the Goatswood area. According to the author, the area has had a long history of witchcraft, devil-worship, and pagan rituals, possibly including human sacrifices. The forest near Goatswood is rumored to be haunted and is shunned by most locals. Legends hold that a clearing in the center of the woods was once used by the Romans as a temple to the Magna Mater.

Unusual phenomena were reported in this area in the late 1600s. Arcs of light streaked across the sky, the moon turned red, and a huge star was said to have fallen into the clearing, the impact being heard for miles. It is believed that a coven of witches thereafter began meeting in this clearing, performing blood sacrifices and other darkling ceremonies. Demons would emerge from the huge meteorite to cavort with the members of this black sect.

THE GRAY PAPERS #3

Newspaper article dated Oct. 1, 1928

A SECOND KINGSPORT STUDENT IS MISSING

KINGSPORT— For the second time in less than a month, a young girl has disappeared from the streets of Kingsport. Margaret Mathewson, 15, was reportedly last seen on the afternoon of September 29 — this past Saturday — near the Kingsport Masonic Lodge on Price Road near Back Street. Police Captain James Blair has told reporters that he feels it possible that Miss Mathewson's disappearance is in some way connected with that of Leslie Bellingham, missing since last September 1. Both girls were students at Kingsport High School. Blair would not confirm rumors that a suspect was under surveillance but did announce that it was only a matter of time before the case would be cleared up.

THE GRAY PAPERS #4

Newspaper article dated October 22, 1928

ANOTHER CHILD IS NOW MISSING!

KINGSPORT— Another Kingsport child has been reported missing. Billy Jarrell, 16, is the latest youngster to mysteriously vanish. Jarrell, enrolled at Kingsport High School, was reported missing by his family late this past Saturday afternoon after he failed to return home from an afternoon art class held at the high school. Captain Blair of the Kingsport Police declined comment except to say that the State Police have been notified and a county-wide search for the missing teens is already under way.

An Arkham boy, Andrew Monroe, missing since September 19, is now thought to possibly have fallen victim to the same fate as the three Kingsport students. Chief Asa Nichols of the Arkham Police Department has pledged full cooperation with the Kingsport police in an effort to solve the mysteries.

Further Information

At the individual newspaper offices, investigators might interview the reporters covering these stories possibly learning, among other things, the addresses of the missing children. Success should be judged on Oratory rolls, past connections, and/or bribes. Individual reporters are as follows: *Arkham Advertiser,* Roberta Henry; *Arkham Gazette,* Willard Peck; *Kingsport Chronicle,* Editor Stanley Carter. The Boston papers simply rerun the stories from Arkham and Kingsport. No one at these offices has any information.

Optionally, British newspapers are currently covering a similar series of teen disappearances taking place in their own country. See the nearby boxed text if you wish to introduce this additional plot wrinkle.

The Police

Both the Arkham and Kingsport Police Departments are now involved in the case. Although a joint cooperative effort has been announced, the investigators soon learn this to be less than true.

THE ARKHAM POLICE DEPARTMENT

Chief Asa Nichols is an open and friendly sort. If the investigators can show they have a legitimate interest in the case, he proves eager to assist them. He reveals that the Monroe boy has a previous string of minor offenses and has twice before run away from the Emmerton Home for Boys. For these reasons, not too much credence was paid to the Arkham High School principal's report of a man seen loitering near the school. However, with the recent disappearances in Kingsport, Nichols is now of the opinion that the Monroe boy may have fallen victim to foul play.

The only clue the Arkham authorities have is the description of the stranger given them by Principal Anita Pierce. Pierce described the man she saw as being in his late 20s or early 30s with a slight build. She did not get a clear view of the man's face — the collar of his coat was turned up — but says he had blond hair. Nichols is still unsure if this stranger has anything to do with the case or not.

He can provide the address of the Margaret Emmerton Home for Boys (644 E. Main, between French Hill and Sentinel Sts.) but has no information regarding the missing Kingsport students. Captain Blair of the Kingsport police has proved to be less than forthcoming with his information.

THE KINGSPORT POLICE DEPARTMENT

Captain James Blair is second-in-command at the Kingsport Police Department and currently in charge of the investigation of the missing students. Blair, an overweight man, grouchy by nature, resents the investigators poking their noses into official police business. He is of no assistance unless one of the investigators makes a Law or Oratory roll. If successful, Blair grudgingly shares with them what few leads he has available. Additionally, he can also provide all of the addresses of the homes of the missing children.

Perhaps later, after another child or two has disappeared, and with the editor of the Kingsport Chronicle calling for Blair's resignation in addition to his head, the police captain may prove more cooperative — he may even actively seek the investigators' aid.

If the investigators convince Blair to open up, he reveals that he presently has two suspects under surveillance: a writer named Olson Wittoski, and a local indigent known only as Doc. Wittoski keeps an apartment in the artist district. The indigent Doc, shortly after being brought in for questioning, dropped out of sight. The police have no hard evidence linking either suspect to the case but Wittoski was once suspected in a case of statutory rape and Doc was previously arrested for attempting to pass out medicine to school children.

Wittoski has been twice questioned by police but not officially detained. He is closely watched and has not been seen near the high school or in the company of any teenagers. Blair has learned that Wittoski calls himself "Dac" and believes the monogrammed, bloodied handkerchief to be his. Wittoski, lying, claims no knowledge of the item. (In a day or two a report comes back from the lab identifying the substance on the handkerchief as animal blood.)

Doc was picked up for questioning on October 10 and was found to be in the possession of a bottle of pills, later shown to be prescription medicine. He was questioned for several hours then released. That evening the Kingsport fire department responded to reports of a blaze behind Olson's furniture store and found the packing crate used by Doc as a home in flames. He has not been seen since.

Kingsport Police Leads

- On the afternoon of Saturday, September 29, the day that Margaret Mathewson disappeared, a cleaning woman leaving the Congregational Church spotted a fancy foreign car turning onto Tuttle from Summit Street. The car then turned onto nearby Price Road and drove out of sight. Although she didn't get a good look at the driver, the cleaning woman was sure it was a man. This happened about 3:15 PM. The Kingsport High School is located at 806 Summit Street and the Masonic Lodge is at 102 Price Road.
- On the evening of Saturday, October 20, a few hours after Billy Jarrell was reported missing, a search of the area where he was last seen turned up a small, ornate snuff box near the front door of the school. It contained a bitter, brown substance, tentatively identified as opium. Unfortunately, Blair explains, the snuff box seems to have gotten lost somewhere, misplaced after being brought to the station. (This item belongs to Basil Ives and was stolen from the station by Jim Redmond, a deranged artist who serves as part-time henchman to the evil painter.)
- On the following Monday afternoon, October 22, a man's silk handkerchief stained with blood was found in the vicinity of the high school. It was monogrammed "DAC."

Friends and Families

The addresses of the families of the missing Kingsport teens have not been published in the newspapers and only the Jarrell and Mathewson families are listed in public directories. Investigators will have to gain the unlisted addresses from police, newsmen, or possibly from one of the other families.

LESLIE BELLINGHAM,
932 CALDECOTT, KINGSPORT

This is a downstairs flat in a run-down part of Hill Town. The apartment is messy, inhabited by four children, a mother, and a step-father. Mrs. Downey (formerly Bellingham) is distraught over her missing daughter but her alcoholic, abusive husband seems to care little. He did not get along with his step-daughter and she often threatened to run away from home. "Good riddance," he says.

Leslie's friends reiterate this. They mention that in the past few months Leslie had talked more and more of leaving home. Her girlfriends have all along suspected she went to New York but lately, in light of the other disappearances, they fear some evil has befallen her.

ANDREW MONROE, 644 E. MAIN, ARKHAM

This is the Margaret Emmerton Home for Boys. Most of the residents are either orphans or have been placed here by single parents who for one reason or another find it impossible to raise their child themselves. Andrew's mother died when he was eight and his father, a merchant marine, placed the boy in the home shortly thereafter. The father rarely visits and at the time of Andrew's disappearance, has not been seen in Arkham for over a year.

The director of the home, 44-year-old George Simpson, tells investigators that the boy has had some past trouble with the law. Nothing serious, but in Simpson's opinion Andrew has long been headed for trouble. Simpson complains that Andrew has always tended to hang out with a crowd of boys of questionable character. These boys congregate at the Southside Gym on Sentinel Street.

Asking around the gym, investigators are put in touch with some of Andrew's chums, all members of Arkham's Irish teen gang, the Finns. Most of the Finn's think Andrew simply ran away. "The home's too strict," they tell investigators "Andy didn't like it there."

MARGARET MATHEWSON,
1214 HOAG STREET, KINGSPORT

This address is found in a lower-middle class neighborhood of Kingsport. Mr. Mathewson is foreman at the loading dock of Farnsworth's Paints. Mrs. Mathewson is a hard-working if tired-looking mother. Both are very worried about their missing daughter, Mr. Mathewson blaming a local boy named Stephen Leroux. Margaret dated this boy for a time but recently

Dreams of Madness

Because of the close connection between Kingsport and the lands of dream, and because of the hyper-active state of Basil Ives' Insect-infested mind, investigators and others involved with the case may find themselves sucked into the painter's own nightmarish dream-world. The keeper is urged to find ways of introducing the following dream-vignettes so that investigators do not at first realize they are experiencing a dream. Most begin on the street somewhere and can be introduced as an investigator trudges home at night after a long day of conducting interviews or researching newspaper files. Only when events turn surrealistic does the investigator (and player) realize he is caught in a dream. At the dream's conclusion, the investigator awakes (probably at home in bed). Only when his head clears does he realize that it was all a dream and that the walk home the night before, prior to going to bed, had been quite uneventful. Find other creative ways to fool your players. Characters left by themselves to sit on a warm park bench after lunch, charged with watching for a suspect, are likely to doze off and slip into one of these dreams. Quiet libraries are also known to induce drowsiness.

Four dream vignettes are described in the following pages. Although written as though only one investigator is experiencing the dream, most of the vignettes can be adapted to handle two or more dreamers.

Non-player characters intimately involved with the case (family and friends of victims, police officers, maybe even local journalists) experience similar dreams and may mention them to investigators during interviews. Some of these non-player characters may even be encountered within an investigator's dream.

Upon awakening, all lost hit points, magic points, POW, etc. are restored, despite any losses during the nightmare. SAN point losses are real and remain charged against the investigator. Any dreamer "killed" in the course of a nightmare immediately awakens, suffering the SAN loss listed for the dream +2.

Note that the dreaming rules in Chaosium's *Dreamlands* are not intended for use in these dream-vignettes. Keepers familiar with these rules may, if they wish, adapt them.

broke up with him. Margaret's father thinks that Leroux may have gotten his daughter pregnant who, after being abandoned by the young man, has run off somewhere. Both parents desperately hope that the girl calls or writes soon. The father swears vengeance upon the young Leroux.

The parents can put the investigators in touch with some of Margaret's friends who, in part, agree with the parents' stories. However, Margaret's best friend, Maureen Tully, flatly denies her friend was pregnant.

BILLY JARRELL, 202 ENDICOTT, KINGSPORT

Billy's West Side residence seems an extremely stable middle-class Kingsport home. The boy is a good student, has had no trouble with police or authorities, and there seems little reason to suspect he has run away from home.

According to his parents, Billy had gotten up early that fateful Saturday morning. Over breakfast he mentioned joining his friends, Larry Crawford, Hazel Stillberg and Alice Checkley at the New & Used Book store over on North Ward Street before they headed off to attend Saturday afternoon art classes at the high school.

Billy had promised to return home by 4:00 PM. When there was no word from him by 6:30, the mother checked with the Crawford, Stillberg and Checkley homes. None of Billy's friends had seen him since they left the school together a little after 3:00. They noticed nothing unusual about their friend.

The Schools Involved

ARKHAM HIGH SCHOOL

Principal Anita Pierce can only tell the investigators what she has told police: that on the afternoon of Andrew Monroe's disappearance she noticed a young man with blond hair loitering around the school grounds. She offers little else, other than to say that Monroe was a bad student, a truant, and a trouble-maker.

Ira Bunch, the school janitor, knows more but is afraid to tell. He saw Andy Monroe get into a car with Basil Ives. He thought nothing of it until the boy later turned up missing. He had intended to go to police but was that night visited in his dreams by the very same man he had seen giving Billy Jarrell a lift.

This dream-Basil threatened Bunch and the janitor is now too fearful to talk to anyone. Sooner or later he will approach police or investigators and tell them what he saw. More than likely he will soon suffer an unexpected visit from one of Basil's summoned flame vampires, leaving him burnt to a crisp.

KINGSPORT HIGH SCHOOL

Kingsport High School principal James Wheaton has already told the authorities all he knows concerning the missing students. If asked about mysterious loiterers around the school, he replies that he has on several occasions seen the man known as Doc in the area. Wheaton describes Doc as the "local loony" and states flatly that the man should be locked up in the state Hospital for the Insane in Danvers. He says that Doc was once arrested for trying to pass out pills to students coming out of school. As far as Wheaton knows, Doc has never actually hurt anyone but the principal still considers him a menace and hopes sincerely that he will be put away.

If the investigators ask about Saturday classes, Wheaton informs them that the school is open in the afternoon,noon and 3:00 PM. Music and art classes are held indoors, conducted by Anna Wolf and Basil Ives. Coach Foster runs the football team through practices on the field.

Saturday Classes

Investigators find Coach Foster, whistle around his neck, putting a field of young boys through a series of grueling calisthenics. Foster has no information regarding the missing students but confirms suspicions of Doc, stating that the man has often stood across the street observing the football team in action. He can direct investigators to Miss Wolf and Mr. Ives inside the building.

The Music Teacher

Miss Anna Wolf teaches piano to students scheduled for half-hour lessons on Saturday afternoons. She is a good-looking woman, a fact disguised by her unflattering eyeglasses and hair tied in a severe bun.

Originally from Boston, Anna now lives in Kingsport, earning enough money from music lessons to provide her with a modest living. Although schooled in the works of the masters, she lacks the self-confidence required to make a career of public performance. Anna supplements her income with money earned from occasional jobs playing at the Stratton Yacht Club or other places. She may mention that she has been hired to play at an upcoming showing of Basil Ives' recent paintings at the local Mercer Art Gallery. Wolf is part of Kingsport's

Basil Ives' Art Students

Maureen Brewster: 15 years old, Maureen is a plump, shy girl who keeps mostly to herself. If the investigators ask Maureen about the missing students, Doc, or anything else related to the case, her face darkens as she becomes visibly nervous. On the afternoon of October 28, the day Billy Jarrell disappeared, she saw the boy in the company of the man called Doc. Doc was holding onto Billy's arm but when he saw her watching, he let go and ran off down the street. She's never said anything to anyone, fearing that the huge Doc will come looking for her. It requires a successful Oratory roll to loosen the girl's tongue. (Unknown to her, Doc was only attempting to warn Billy about Ives. The indigent even then suspected the artist of evil deeds.)

Maureen Brewster

Arnie Mowry: Arnie is 15 years old, an overweight, thick-spectacled boy with a face full of freckles and a smile full of teeth. Arnie is the class underdog, often bearing the brunt of jokes and ridicule. He is regularly seen around McCarty's Newsstand where he eagerly awaits each issue of such favorites as Weird Tales and Amazing Stories magazines. His clay sculpture is strong.

Larry Crawford

Larry Crawford: Crawford is 17 years old, a good looking young man with an athletic build. Larry is popular with the girls though he seems little interested in romance. He is one of Basil Ives' favorite students and could well be a future victim.

Jodie Endicott: Jodie is 15, a cute girl from Boston, new this semester to Kingsport. Jodie is from a wealthy family and does nothing to conceal the fact. She has a crush on Larry Crawford and usually spends more time staring at the young man than painting.

Hazel Stillberg: Hazel is a pretty 16-year-old, a member of one of the few Jewish families found in Kingsport. Hazel is everyone's friend and is famous for her love of animals. She enjoys good literature and spends a great deal of time at the local New & Used Books shop, searching for interesting titles in the collections acquired by owner Jim Heath.

Marion Gifford: Marion, 18, is a tragic-looking young woman obsessed with death and all things morbid. She habitually attires herself in black and is rarely seen without a collection of the works of Poe. She shows real artistic talent, consistently producing paintings of dark and brooding atmosphere. Subject to depression, she has twice in her life attempted suicide.

Marion Gifford

Marion has a secret crush on Basil Ives. She is fascinated by the artist's worldly attitude, his recent artistic successes, and his seeming knowledge of the darker side of the human beast. If Marion overhears anything of interest to Basil, she innocently informs him — it is impossible for her to believe ill of the man. Because of her inability to perceive Ives' true nature, she is a likely future victim.

Stephen Leroux: Stephen, 18 years old, came to Kingsport four years ago, moving with his family from Toronto, Canada. Tall and handsome, popular with the girls, Stephen likes to think of himself as a young Valentino. Two years ago he got a girl pregnant but through the influence of his wealthy father the affair was hushed up. Stephen spent a year back in Canada, staying with relatives, but returned to Kingsport last spring planning to graduate from Kingsport High. He is a passable artist but lacking in creativity.

Stephen Leroux

Leroux recently heard rumors that the father of one of his past girlfriends is spreading stories about him. It is being said that Margaret Mathewson, who disappeared a short time ago, was pregnant with Leroux's baby. Stephen has consistently denied this but with his reputation, few believe him. Stephen fears what his father will do to him if these accusations become public.

If the investigators mention Billy Jarrell or anything regarding the case of the missing students, Leroux attempts to excuse himself from the discussion; a Psychology roll reveals he is hiding something. Although fond of Basil Ives, Stephen knows a secret that could incriminate his teacher. If the investigators can somehow get Leroux to talk, he says he saw Billy Jarrell on the afternoon of October 20 in the company of Ives. The two of them were riding in Ives' Model A Ford. This was about an hour or so after the art class had ended. Stephen has not shared his story with anyone because he does not want to get Ives into trouble. While finding it hard to believe that Mr. Ives could harm one of his students, Stephen is nonetheless suspicious.

If Ives overhears this story, he later sorcerously coerces Stephen into suicide. Leroux leaves behind the following note:

I'm sorry for the mess I've made of so many lives. I can't go on knowing that I have accused an innocent man of terrible things. I'm sorry Mr. Ives. Forgive me.

Sadly,
Stephen

Alice Checkley: Alice, 16, is a friendly girl with a "one-of-the-guys" personality. She is best-friends with fellow art student Larry Crawford and the pair are nearly inseparable. Although she tries hard, she shows little aptitude for the arts.

Alice Checkly

Roberta Miskell: Roberta is 17, a pretty princess whose father is a member of both the Stratton Yacht Club and the Kingsport Chamber of Commerce. Learning from her father, Roberta only associates with the right people, at the right times, and always for the right reasons. Roberta is shallow, cruel to those students she feels beneath her social standing. Recently,she decided to befriend Jodie Endicott, the new girl from Boston, whom she judges to be worthy of her attention. Roberta has quietly developed a reputation as a "bad girl."

Everett Zabel: Everett is 16, a tall, lanky boy with a tangle of curly hair and a disarming grin. Everett is an intellectual who enjoys quoting long-dead philosophers. Kind and friendly, he is quick to help someone in need. He is close friends with Arnie Mowry, the pair spending hours trying to out-think one another.

artist set, well-liked by most. She lives with her two cats in a plant-cluttered apartment on Green Lane between Holt and Pickering.

Anna Wolf

She is familiar with the man called Doc but does not know him. She admits he is an odd character but believes him to be harmless. She knows Olson Wittoski and for the most part, speaks well of him. Familiar with the man's sexual exploits, she avoids this topic, but might admit to worrying about his abuse of alcohol and drugs. A successful Psychology roll proves her concern is real. Depending upon her perception of the investigators, she may or may not reveal these secrets.

If asked about Basil Ives, Wolf replies that she has known the artist for years and that they were good friends. Since Basil's return from England last summer, however, their association has cooled. He seems no longer interested in her friendship and they rarely see each other aside from Saturday classes. Ives seems distant, somehow different. As most do, Anna blames Basil's aloofness on his recent artistic successes, accusing him of having a swelled head. Despite this, Anna finds it difficult to believe Basil capable of such crimes.

Anna Wolf, age 37, charming musician

STR 8	CON 14	SIZ 12	INT 13	POW 10
DEX 11	APP 12	EDU 14	SAN 50	HP 13

Skills: Credit Rating 40%, Italian 40%, Listen 75%, Play Piano 85%, Play Violin 65%, Psychology 40%, Read/Write Musical Score 85%, Sing 75%.

The Art Teacher

Basil Ives' Saturday afternoon art class presently consists of ten students whom he instructs in the techniques of oil painting and sculpture. The students work mostly on still lifes but Ives occasionally hires a model to sit for the class. He tells his class that they would get much more working from nude models but that the principal and school board frowns upon such things. Ives restricts himself to the occasional scantily-clad female or shirtless male model — even this having brought him a reprimand from principal Wheaton. Ives is very popular with his students who take great delight in his Bohemian theories.

Billy Jarrell was a member of Ives' Saturday afternoon art class. A well-liked young man, both teacher and students express deep concern for his well-being. In addition to interviewing Basil, investigators may wish to question the art students as well.

Colleagues & Associates

Basil Ives sooner or later emerges as the prime suspect. Investigators may wish to further inquire after the man, questioning both his colleagues at the Miskatonic University and friends and acquaintances within Kingsport's art colony.

Miskatonic University

Ives has been employed by the university since 1925 and now serves as an assistant to staff artist David Rosen. If questioned about Ives, Rosen shows great admiration for the man's talent and ability. Rosen says that Ives is a valuable member of his small staff and an excellent teacher.

Only if the investigators make an Oratory roll does Rosen even mention that Ives has seemed strangely detached and aloof since his visit to England last summer. He mentions that since his return, Ives has had several heated arguments with different staff members. Nothing serious but unlike the cooperative and friendly Basil that Rosen knew.

The Artist Colony

Over the past decade Kingsport has become a popular spot with vacationers. Attracted by the easy tourist dollars, great numbers of artists spend summers here, painting landscapes and sketching portraits for the vacationers. Many of these artists find Kingsport's dreamy atmosphere so stimulating that they become permanent residents, most congregating in the south of town in an aging neighborhood called Hill Town. Although Ives now lives on the north side of town, he previously dwelt in the colony and is known to many. The artists described below may be individually tracked down and questioned or investigators may meet them at the upcoming art show at the Mercer Gallery.

ELIZABETH BRUNDAGE, AGE 44, SENIOR ARTIST

Elizabeth Brundage is a talented and respected woman, something of a mother-figure for Kingsport's younger artists. Many seek out her advice or just drop by to talk, making her a repository for colony secrets. Elizabeth

lives alone in a large apartment on Holt Street near Green Lane.

Miss Brundage thinks highly of Basil Ives, although she admits he seems somehow different since his trip home to England. Rumor has it that he has been drinking heavily.

If the missing students are mentioned, Elizabeth's mood changes; a successful Psychology roll indicates she is holding something back. If questioned, she reluctantly admits that one of her fellow-artists may be involved. Pressed further, tears form in her eyes as she reveals her suspicions about Olson Wittoski.

Brundage explains that Wittoski has a less than innocent taste for teenagers and was last year named in a suspected case of statutory rape. She is at odds with herself, fond of Wittoski but unable to convince herself of his innocence.

If she decides to aid the investigators, Elizabeth suggests they speak with sculptor Ted Kovey, painter Jim Redmond, or musician Anna Wolf, all members of the artist colony in Kingsport.

TED KOVEY, AGE 38, SCULPTOR

Ted Kovey is a large, bear-like man with long beard and graying hair. Loud and jovial, he is well-liked by most. Kovey lives in a small house on Holt Street where he sculpts in clay and stone. He frequents the grimy Penn's Billiard Hall where he nightly engages in his favorite pastime — drinking.

If asked about Basil Ives, Kovey claims to be only an acquaintance. A successful Psychology roll reveals a hint of jealousy in the sculptor's attitude. If pressed, the graying artist admits that he felt he deserved the assistant's position at Miskatonic University as much as Ives.

Dream Vignette 1: Children of the Damned

This dream begins on the street, the investigator finding himself in front of a large, run-down house surrounded by a high iron fence. The place is reminiscent of the house belonging to Basil Ives. One of the missing students stands on the front porch. Spying the investigator(s), the student quickly opens the front door and slips inside. The iron gate is locked, requiring either a successful lock pick or Climb roll (multiple Climb attempts allowed) to gain entrance to the yard. The front door of the house is unlocked. Once the investigator enters the house, the door slams shut behind him.

Inside the obviously long-vacant house the dreamer finds no sign of the student. Turning to leave he finds the door mysteriously vanished. No doors or windows lead out. The place is dead silent — the only sound the mad pounding of the dreamer's heart. Speech proves impossible.

A door appears in the far wall and swings silently open. Exploring, the investigator finds many more doors leading to long, winding hallways that stretch and shrink, near-endless series of rooms, and flights of stairs that lead in circles.

The dreamer finds neither a way out nor any trace of the youngster seen entering the building. Occasional windows are found but each one reveals the same view — a thick, silent forest (Goatswood, as depicted in Basil Ives' painting).

Finally, the dreamer happens upon a room containing a huge bed, chains swinging noiselessly from its four posts. Stepping into the room, the investigator must make a POW x3 roll or find himself suddenly chained to the bed, unable to move, wrists and ankles tightly bound. If the POW roll succeeds, the investigator instead sees the latest missing student chained to the bed. In either case, the chains are absolutely unbreakable.

A silent, silhouetted figure next appears and approaches the foot of the bed, a long knife glowing eerily in its shadowy hand. The room now seems filled with identical blood-soaked beds, each with silently swaying chains, each with a pool of blood forming slowly beneath it.

As the shadowy form lifts the knife high in the air several faceless figures, all of them horribly slashed and bleeding, crawling out of the darkness to make their way toward the dreamer. Slowly, the silhouetted figure twists the blade then plunges the gleaming knife into its own unseen face. With a terrible ripping sound, the shadowy figure yanks the blade down viciously, splitting open its own head.

If the investigator is chained to the bed he can do nothing to resist the clawing, ripping hands of the faceless figures. He is slowly and horribly torn to pieces. The dream ends when he awakes in his own bed, shaken, and suffering a loss of 1/1D3 SAN. If not imprisoned on the bed, the investigator may attempt to escape the clutching corpses by making a Dodge roll and successfully gaining the door leading out of the room. Throwing it open he finds himself back on the street, the weird house mysteriously vanished. From nowhere comes the sound of a man's voice, tinged with a British accent, "I'll get you [investigator's name], just like all the others. I'll get you!" The investigator awakes, suffering a loss of only 0/1 SAN.

If the dreamer stays behind to protect the chained student he may fight the shadowy figure but is probably torn apart. He wakes as described above, suffering a 1/1D3 SAN loss. If he manages to kill the dark Ripper he loses only 0/1 SAN.

Shadowy Ripper

STR 18 CON 16 SIZ 19 INT 15
POW 18 DEX 12 HP 18 Move 9

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapon: Knife 50%, 1D6.

Armor: None, but the Ripper only suffers damage when impaled.

Skills: Dodge 25%.

Kovey, always honest, concedes that Ives deserves the success he has enjoyed.

If asked about Olson Wittoski, the large man hesitates for a moment and then proclaims that the writer is a "good kid, and a better than average drinker!" He tells investigators that Wittoski is an odd fellow, with some pretty bizarre ideas and habits, but an honest man all the same. Only if Kovey trusts the investigators does he mention that he saw Wittoski in the company of a teenage boy around October 20. Kovey does not know who the boy was, or what the circumstances were, and he hasn't asked about it. He is hesitant to reveal this information, fearing that he might unjustly implicate Wittoski in the recent rash of disappearances. He suspects neither Ives nor Wittoski of any wrong-doing.

JIM REDMOND, AGE 31, PAINTER

Redmond is an unkempt, skeletal man with a scruffy beard and nervous leer. As a result of a series of horrible nightmares he experienced in early 1925, he is deeply interested in the occult and his library contains a copy of the blasphemous *Nameless Cults* (Golden Goblin edition). Most of Redmond's paintings are based on his nightmares and depict alien landscapes, horrible creatures, and other subjects less pleasant. His mental instability, accentuated by chronic drug use, has resulted in a paranoid mistrust, making him a less than popular member of the artist community.

Artists interested in hashish, opium, or other drugs find Jim Redmond to be their best bet. His shadowy connection at Arkham's Desolate Highway Cafe is a steady supplier. Among others, Redmond regularly supplies both Wittoski and Ives.

Redmond's mental instability has made it easy for Basil Ives to manipulate him. Gaining his trust, and sharing small secrets of occult lore with him, Ives has turned Redmond into his eyes and ears. Redmond keeps abreast of the police investigation and is ready to warn Basil should any evidence be found implicating the painter. In return, Ives fills Jim's head with nightmare visions of long-suppressed blasphemies. Redmond is responsible for the theft of Ives' snuff box from the police station as well as the theft of Olson Wittoski's handkerchief, staining it with animal blood, and planting it near the school. Redmond, whose mental state is rapidly deteriorating, may eventually go so far as to help Ives abduct a future victim. It may be that Ives begins to worry about Redmond's failing condition and, fearing he might go to police, eliminates him with one of his fire vampires.

If questioned by investigators, Redmond quickly betrays his paranoia, refusing to answer even the most innocent of queries. If asked about Ives or the missing students, Redmond becomes visibly agitated. A successful Psychology roll reveals that not only is the man mentally disturbed, but also terrified of something. Only under the effects of hypnosis, powerful drugs, or threat to his life does Redmond reveal any information about the guilty Basil Ives. Redmond knows that Ives has been abducting the teenagers, although he doesn't know where he takes them or what he eventually does with them.

The Art Show

This event is held at the Mercer Art Gallery located on Hall Street between Holt and Howard. Investigators hear about it through newspaper announcements, associates, or during interviews with some of the local artists. If the investigators attend, they find the place crowded with people dressed in elegant, formal attire. Any number of influential Arkhamites and Kingsporters are here, as well local artists Elizabeth Brundage, Ted Kovey, Jim Redmond, Olson Wittoski, and Miskatonic University staff artist David Rosen. Groomed men in waistcoats assist guests and pass trays of hors d'oeuvres. A beautifully dressed Anna Wolf sits at the grand piano, filling the gallery with soft, passionate music.

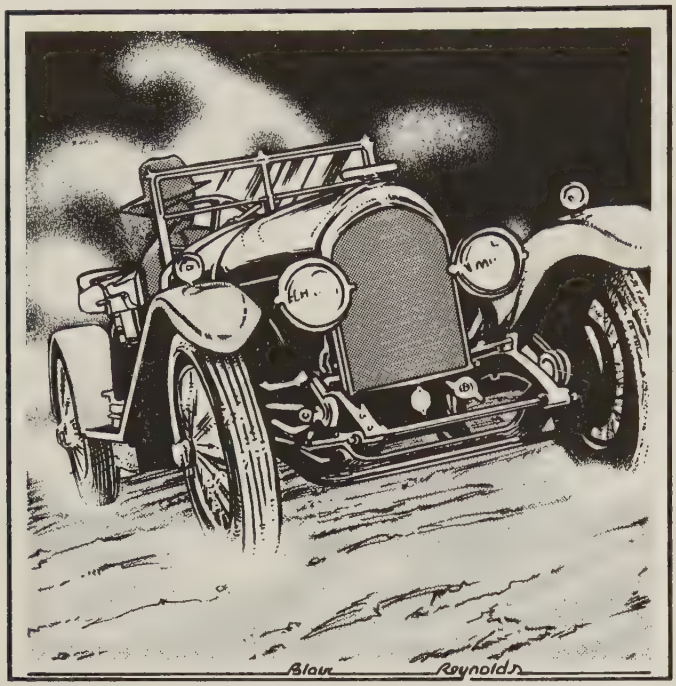
Unless the investigators have dressed appropriately, any attempts to blend into the crowd are performed at penalty. If unkempt or slovenly-looking, they are not admitted.

Basil Ives is here, surrounded by patrons praising his new works. If the investigators watch some of the guests, and make successful Idea rolls, they notice that Brundage appears to be avoiding Wittoski while Redmond seems to be nervously watching the people around Ives. Kovey and Wittoski both appear to be keeping a cool distance from Ives.

If the investigators look over Ives' collection of paintings they eventually come upon one entitled *Twilight at Goatswood.* This painting is of a thick, dusky forest haunted by strange, unidentifiable shadows and shapes. While it lacks any overt Mythos implications, there is something unsettling about the piece. Anyone viewing this painting must roll their SAN against a loss of 0/1.

The painting, with a price tag of $250, is tagged as sold. The buyer is Malcolm Veidt, an instructor at the private Hall School in Kingsport. (See the optional section, *News from Overseas,* for more information about Goatswood.)

Speaking with some of the guests, investigators discover there is mixed reaction to the show. Some find Ives' latest works to be challenging, evocative, and deeply moving; others find his recent works vaguely repulsive and unsettling. All agree his style and technique have radically changed in the last few months (since Basil's return from England).



Basil Ives' Bently 3 litre

Bentley 3 litre

Max Speed: 100
Hit Points: 20
Handling: 10
Driver + Passengers: 2 + RB
Accel./Decel.: 4X

At some point during the evening, a Spot Hidden roll reveals the hulking form of Doc loitering outside, near one of the doors. He appears to be carefully observing the show. If the investigators move toward him, the large man runs off into the night. (The keeper may allow the investigators a chance to catch or follow Doc.)

The Home of Basil Ives

As the investigation narrows to Basil Ives, investigators will probably want to visit his residence. A brooding old place found in Kingsport's ancient Harborside neighborhood, the two-story house is located on the dead-end of narrow John Street. A high iron fence guards the property.

Purchased from an aged widow, the property was already in bad shape. Under the stewardship of Basil Ives there has been little improvement. The paint is flaking away, exposing old wood to the elements and causing clapboards to warp and split. Window panes are cracked and roof shingles regularly blow off during storms. The front porch sags weakly, the steps leading up to it are bent and broken. The yard is badly neglected, wind-blown leaves and papers piled thickly along the fence. Shrubs and trees grow rampant, unpruned.

From among these shrubs peer several stone garden gnomes, noticed only with a Spot Hidden roll. Closer examination shows them to be quite old and exceedingly ugly, possessed of bulging eyes, pointed noses, and shark-like teeth. A Know roll reminds an investigator that garden gnomes are thought to have originated in the British Isles centuries ago. These gnomes, perhaps centuries old themselves, were purchased by Ives when he visited Goatswood.

A narrow driveway next to the house leads to a small garage at the rear of the property. It is in no better shape than the rest of the house, boards warped and peeling, windows cracked, etc. All doors are kept locked.

Both of Ives' cars are stored here although one or the other may be out on the road at the time of the investigators' visit. Ives owns both a Model A Ford and a 3 litre Bentley. The Bentley is his pride and joy, purchased with the money he received from sales of his paintings. He rarely puts it on the road but if the villain decides to flee, it will be the Bentley he uses.

THE FOYER

Two paintings hang in the foyer — both depicting the serene English countryside. They are signed by Basil Ives, and dated 1926.

THE KITCHEN

This is a normal kitchen, complete with ice box, small gas stove, and a table with four chairs. A cursory inspection turns up several bottles of liquor stashed in a cupboard. In the sink is a large knife streaked with what might be dried blood (analysis proves it human). A Spot Hidden roll identifies similar stains on the floor.

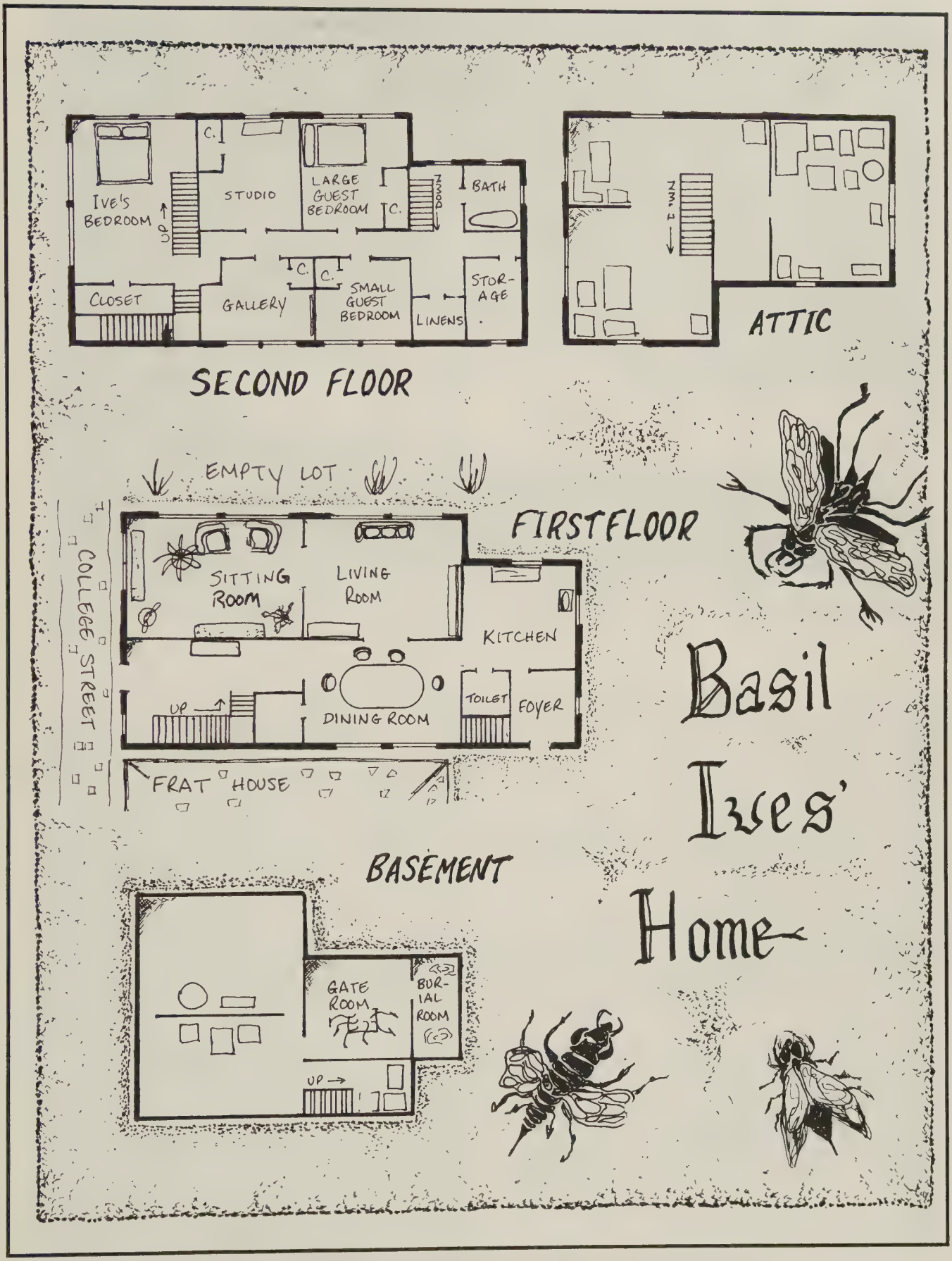
A single work by Basil Ives hangs on a wall. A classic still life depicting cheese, fruit, flowers, and a bottle of wine. It is dated 1924.

THE DINING ROOM

The large dining area is furnished with a massive oak table and eight battered chairs. The hardwood floor is partially covered by a worn rug. Several Ives paintings decorate the walls, all of them Kingsport landscapes dated 1922-1925.

THE LIVING ROOM

The living room is furnished with an overstuffed sofa, a love seat, and an old coffee table. An impressive-looking radio rests atop a high wooden stand and a large fireplace is shared with the sitting room next door. On the mantel


C.
STUDIO
LARGE GUEST BEDROOM
C.
BATH
IVE'S BEDROOM
UP
CLOSET
GALLERY
C.
C.
SMALL GUEST BEDROOM
LINENS
STOR-AGE
SECOND FLOOR
DOWN
ATTIC
EMPTY LOT
FIRSTFLOOR
COLLEGE STREET
SITTING ROOM
LIVING ROOM
KITCHEN
UP
DINING ROOM
TOILET
FOYER
FRAT HOUSE
BASEMENT
GATE ROOM
BUR-IAL ROOM
UP
Basil Ives' Home

Requiem for Shaggai

above are several old family photographs in frames. A successful Idea roll notes that the man in the pictures looks a lot like Ives and could well be his father. The young boy pictured next to him would be Basil.

Next to the photos is an odd carving in wood. The fat figurine represents a headless, naked man. Closer inspection reveals mouths carved into the palms of the figure's hands. The statue stands about four inches high and at first glance appears quite old.

A successful Archaeology roll indicates the item is probably from the British Isles, carved in a primitive style but of relatively recent manufacture, probably no earlier than the 18th century. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll identifies the thing as Y'golonac, a discovery calling for a SAN loss of 0/1.

A cursory inspection of the fireplace and a Spot Hidden roll reveals a scrap of charred cloth. This scrap proves to be the burnt remains of a boy's shirt. Sifting through the ashes uncovers several charred buttons, coins, and additional fragments of scorched cloth. An Idea roll allows the investigators to surmise that several articles of clothing were recently burned in this fireplace. No traces of bones or teeth are found.

THE SITTING ROOM

This room is crowded with the major portion of Ives' collection of potted plants. Ferns, cacti, and clinging vines hang suspended from the ceiling or reside in enormous pots upon the bare, hardwood floor. All are dead and brown, covered with dust and cobwebs. They have not been watered in months. Furniture is limited to three high-backed leather chairs in worn condition, a battered rocking chair, and an enormous round coffee table. On the mantel over the fireplace are several candles of varying sizes and bowls filled with pine cones and dried flowers.

In a corner stands an antique music stand upon which rests a yellowed manuscript bound with a length of frayed red silk cord. This proves to be a musical score, an Italian opera *Massa di Requiem per Shuggay*. A successful Italian roll translates the title: *Requiem for Shaggai*.

The opera was written in 1768 by the Italian composer Benevento Chieti Bordighera who was soon after convicted of heresy. He was put to death in the year 1771. If someone can successfully read Italian, they find this bizarre and haunting opera recounts the history of the planet Shaggai and its inhabitants, and tells of the great cosmic cataclysm which destroyed the planet and brought

about the exodus of these inhabitants. A disturbing libretto sings the praises of Baoht Z'uqqa-Mogg, the Bringer of Pestilence, apparently some powerful entity or god worshipped by the inhabitants of Shaggai.

This portion of the opera also refers to Azathoth, the mighty Daemon Sultan. Anyone familiar with musical composition, or anyone who can make an Know roll of EDU x1, instantly recognizes the incredible complexities of this piece. Certain sections appear to have been written for unheard of instruments and notes.

Although the opera contains no spells, four hours' study time and a successful Read Italian roll rewards the reader with 4% Cthulhu Mythos knowledge while costing him 1D6 SAN points.

BASIL IVES' BEDROOM

This room is furnished with a large four-poster bed, a rocking chair, a dresser, and a nightstand. Hanging on the wall over the bed is the cursed self-portrait of Basil Ives. A full-length painting of the young man formally posed with walking stick — the picture is a startling nightmare in oils. The nose is slashed off, revealing gaping, bloody nostrils. Ears are similarly amputated and black, empty eye sockets stare hideously down at the investigators. Stabs and gaping wounds mark other parts of the portrait's body and the waistcoat and trousers are soaked with blood, SAN loss is 1/1D3. (See the previous section *Three Likely Suspects* for more pertinant details of the portrait's functions.)

A Spot Hidden roll made while checking the bed reveals worn spots on the four bedposts. An Idea roll deduces that something, or someone, has been tied to these posts. If the investigators strip Ives' bed down to the bare mattress they find it stained with what appears to be blood (verified by analysis as human). Further Spot Hidden rolls find drops of dried blood spattered across the hardwood floor.

Looking through the nightstand turns up a small, ornate snuff box. It contains a bitter, brown substance identified with a Chemistry or Pharmacy roll as opium. The box matches the description of the one that vanished from the Kingsport Police Department. Another drawer holds a slim book, *The Picture of Dorian Gray* by Oscar Wilde.

A search through the closet turns up a cardboard box at the rear of a shelf. Inside are found four pieces of blood-stained rope, a small whip, and several sexual devices illegal in Massachusetts and most other states.

THE STUDIO

The artist's work area, the place stinks of paint and thinner. A large easel displays Ives' current project and stands next to a low wooden platform used by the artist to stage his subjects. Blank and partially finished canvases lie stacked against walls.

Dream Vignette 2: Requiem for Shaggai

This dream again begins on the street. The investigator hears, as if coming from far away, the faint sound of music. Try as he may, the dreaming investigator cannot locate the source of the sound. Searching the dark streets, the dreamer sees one of the missing students who quickly ducks into a dark, crumbling building.

Following this, the investigator finds himself in a large room; a motionless figure stands before an ornate music stand. On closer inspection the figure is found to be the dried husk of a corpse — the body of the missing student he just spied entering the building. Touched, it crumbles to dust. The yellowed score on the stand is an opera entitled *Massa di Requiem per Shuggay*. A Read Italian roll translates the title to *Requiem for Shaggai*.

Looking up, the dreamer suddenly realizes he is seated in a huge opera house. Dressed in formal attire, he is alone, watching an odd but extravagant opera performed in an otherwise empty theatre. The stage is decorated to resemble an ancient temple and the actors are all garbed in long, dark robes.

An unseen orchestra plays unearthly strains while the actors sing complicated arias. Although the language resembles Italian, skill rolls prove unable to translate it.

The elaborate opera goes on for hours and the investigator is unable to locate an exit of any kind. Neither does he ever find the orchestra, conductor, or stage crew. Backstage, the dreamer spots the shadow of some amorphous thing rolling and flailing about while it plays a vaguely flute-like instrument, but the source of the shadow is never found. The bizarre music finally reaches a fevered crescendo as the air begins to roll and boil in time with the alien rhythms. The walls start to buckle inward ominously. A POW x3 roll allows the dreamer to escape, awaking with a SAN loss of 0/1. Failure leaves the dreamer stranded in an unfolding nightmare.

The tortured air rips open and a huge, glowing mass spills obscenely out from nowhere, pouring onto the stage, flailing pseudopods destroying sets and killing actors. The hideous alien mass rapidly expands, quickly filling the theater and crushing everything in sight.

A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll identifies none other than mighty Azathoth, lord of the outer voids. The investigator awakes, losing 1/1D3 SAN. In the stillness of his bedroom he can still hear, ever so faintly, the closing strains of the music.

The painting on the easel depicts an enormous scorpion-like thing with a greasy green-black, chitinous shell, feeler-covered head dotted with yellow eyes, countless spider-like legs, curved tail with vicious stinger, and massive claws. Three pairs of thorny wings lie folded against the creature's back and a swarm of weird insects and other vermin buzz about its head. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll identifies Baoht Z'uqqa-Mogg, the Bringer of Pestilence. Viewing this painting costs 0/1 SAN points. Ives has created this painting using memories fed to him by the alien Insect.

THE GALLERY

This is Ives' private art gallery, a place he always keeps locked. Dozens of paintings hang on the walls, all of them dealing with disturbing subjects. Many depict young people being brutally molested or murdered while others are simply abstract blotches of color that hint of maddening things. A few are overtly Mythos-influenced and show formless horrors slopping up out of infernal pits, ghastly shapes plummeting through the voids of space, and blasphemous, non-human temples and cities. Viewing this collection calls for a SAN loss of 1/1D4 points.

One painting in particular captures the attention of the investigators, a huge piece of nearly photographic realism. It measures six feet high by four feet across and depicts a young boy sitting on his knees, gagged, and his hands tied behind his back. Blood pours from vicious cuts in his bare chest, stomach, arms, and shoulders. The worst part of the piece is the boy's face — his eyes stare straight out of the canvas, pleading for help.

A small brass plate at the bottom of the ornate frame identifies this painting as *The Innocence of Billy*. It is signed by Basil Ives and dated 21/10/28. Viewing this horrible thing costs 1/1D4 SAN. If any of the investigators have seen a picture of the missing Billy Jarrell they recognize the face in the painting as his.

The dates of these grotesque paintings show them all to have been executed in the past few weeks, since the return of Basil from England.

Dream Vignette 3: Fade to Gray

This dream involves a visit to the home of a local artist and could be introduced on the night before an investigator has a scheduled interview with one of the artists involved in the case. Only when the dream turns into a nightmare does the investigator suspect what is happening to him. He awakes in the early morning, the actual visit still ahead of him.

The artist-in-question answers the investigator's call, invites him in, offers refreshments, and makes the investigator comfortable. All seems normal and the investigator is allowed to ask questions, receiving answers as the keeper sees fit. Let the investigator make some skill rolls, such as Spot Hidden, etc. to simulate a real-world experience, giving out little clues or bits of inconsequential information. Eventually the artist says he has something important to show the investigator and leads him to another room.

The dreamer finds himself in a brightly-illuminated studio, blank canvases all around, a small raised platform in the center of the room. Of course, if the artist is a musician or writer, this studio may strike the dreaming investigator as odd. The dreamer's host turns to him and says, "I've been waiting for you [investigator's name]!" The artist's voice has changed, he now speaks with a British accent. The dreamer watches his host darken and change, twist and contort, finally turning into a misty, shadowy figure that can no longer be clearly seen. If the dreamer wishes to make an escape, a successful Dodge roll gets him out of the door and house. He awakes to find himself at home in bed. SAN loss is 0/1.

If the investigator fails the Dodge, he feels a ripple of change run through him. A roll of POW x3 or less suppresses the feeling but the investigator is then immediately attacked by the shadowy Ripper. If killed, the dreamer awakes and suffers a loss of 1/1D3 SAN. If the investigator kills the Ripper he wakes with a SAN loss of only 0/1.

If the POW roll fails, the dreamer is overcome by the Ripper's spell and finds himself standing on the wooden riser in the center of the room, frozen into a pose. Nearby stands the shadowy Ripper, painting on a large canvas. He makes no sound and answers no questions.

The painting on the canvas, fully visible to the dreamer, is a likeness of the investigator, a near-photographic image painted entirely in shades of gray. As the dreamer's portrait takes shape on canvas, the frozen character notices that corresponding parts of his body disappearing. The more the artist paints, the more the investigator disappears. A second chance to roll POW x3 or less allows the investigator to escape the dream, awaking at home with a SAN loss of 0/1. Failure means the dream continues.

The shadowy artist saves the head for last but with the final stroke the dreamer feels his consciousness pulled across the room and into the canvas. With a shock, he finds himself reduced to a two-dimensional image of paint, frozen into position on the canvas. The weird artist chuckles softly then walks away, disappearing into the darkness. The dream ends and the investigator awakes. SAN loss is 1/1D3.

Shadowy Ripper/Artist

STR 18 CON 16 SIZ 19 INT 15
POW 18 DEX 12 HP 18 MOVE 9

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapon: Knife 50%, 1D6.

Armor: None, but the Ripper only suffers damage when impaled.

Skills: Dodge 25%.

LARGE GUEST ROOM

The door to this room is tightly locked, the windows boarded up from the inside. The only furniture is a single small bed in the center of the room, lengths of rope attached to the four bedposts. This is where Ives keeps his victims until he is ready to work his dark deeds.

SMALL GUEST ROOM

This smaller bedroom is furnished comfortably with a bed, dresser, and nightstand. Ives sleeps his occasional guests here. A painting on the wall depicts a scene of Kingsport and is dated 1927.

THE ATTIC

The attic of Ives' home is used for storage. Crowding the floor are boxes filled with seasonal clothes, holiday decorations, and old books and papers.

THE CELLAR

The musty, damp cellar is divided into four rooms, the largest used for storage. Nothing unusual is found here.

THE GATE ROOM

This dank room holds a most unusual treasure. Hovering a foot above the damp floor is a dull-gray cube, four feet across, fashioned of oddly-ribbed metal and decorated with unknown glyphs. It emits a buzzing, hissing sound and sporadic bolts of oddly-colored light dance across its surface, flooding the chamber with fleeting, ambiguous shadows. Numerous thread-like needles sprout from flexible cords emerging from a tangle of transparent tubes, wires, and plugs decorating its surface. Despite its apparent bulk, the machine weighs less than 50 pounds. The mysterious metal is nearly indestructible but the machine itself quite fragile. All but the most delicate handling snaps thin wires and pulsating tubes, rendering the device useless.

Constructed by the Insects from Shaggai, this machine is capable of producing a tangible, duplicate image of its operator and projecting it to a distant location. The Insect uses this machine to maintain contact with the central colony in Goatswood. (If the keeper is using the optional English murders, the machine is also used by Ives to commit the crimes taking place overseas.)

Although the machine's purpose may be at first unguessable, study and experimentation may reveal some of its secrets. 1D10 hours time spent with the machine, followed by successful Electrical Repair and Idea rolls, give hints of its functions. Used to travel across space (and possibly time), the device breaks the user down into his/her/its basic bio-electrical components then transmits these as impulses, reintegrating them at some distant location. When travelling via the machine, the body of the operator remains attached to the apparatus while a duplicate appears at the desired destination. This duplicate is fully physical, free-willed, and functions independently of the operator. The intricacies of the device can only be grasped by the mind of an Insect from Shaggai or someone trained by them.

The apparatus also has a defense system which may be activated by the user. With a roll of POW x5 the alien machine fires a sharp bolt of energy — a disintegration ray — causing 2D10+2 points of damage. The basic chance to hit is equal to the user's POW x1 and can improve with experience. As many as three attacks per round may be attempted. On a roll of 96-00 the machine malfunctions, becoming inoperative. Repair is impossible (for humans at least).

THE BURIAL ROOM

Three stone steps lead down to a damp dirt and gravel floor. The room is found empty but investigators notice a cloying, musty stink, identified with a successful Chemistry or EDU x1 roll as hydrogen sulfide, a poisonous gas produced by putrefying matter.

Exploring the room, investigators notice sunken areas in the dirt floor partially filled with purplish water. A closer inspection reveals thousands of tiny, thread-like red worms wriggling about in the puddles. A Spot Hidden roll reveals that some of these worms are actually strands of hair.

Excavating the depressions brings to light the decaying bodies of Ives' young victims. The SAN cost of this discovery is 1/1D6 points. As the first corpse is unearthed, gas pressure from internal decomposition swells the body, the rotting torso soon bursting open to release noxious gas and spatter investigators with sticky tissue and rancid blood. All investigators must make CON x2 rolls to avoid nausea and uncontrolled vomiting. Any investigator rolling 96-00 passes out for 1D10 minutes. All investigators lose another 1/1D3 SAN points.

Finishing the Adventure

The course of this scenario depends entirely on the investigators' actions and the keeper's response to these actions. If the investigation moves quickly, Basil immediately begins abducting additional victims while other suspects innocently commit acts that attract the attention of authorities and investigators. If the investigators have difficulty following the trail of clues, witnesses begin to step forward offering information. Of course these witnesses usually suffer mad Basil's revenge, dying in ways that cost the investigators extra SAN losses.

Once Basil is identified as the culprit and the forces of law and order are closing in, the mad artist may try to flee

town, resulting in an improvised car or foot chase through the narrow, twisting maze of Kingsport's foggy streets (many of them one-way). On the other hand, Basil may choose to hole up inside the house, ready to make a last stand making use of the machine hidden in his basement and possibly magic spells.

PUNISHMENT AND REWARD

The longer the investigators take to stop the killer, the greater the likelihood that further innocent lives will be lost. Each additional abduction costs investigators 1/1D4 SAN, possibly more depending on the circumstances. This holds true for any witnesses that come forward then later fall to Basil's revenge. Tracking down the mad artist and putting an end to his reign of terror results in a SAN award of 1D10+4. Discovering and destroying the Insect results in an additional award of 1D6+1. However, if the optional *Epilogue* is used, additional SAN losses may occur.

Epilogue: Basil's Revenge

This dream vignette is intended for use after the case is wrapped up and Basil Ives either dead or in jail. Even if dead, Ives' soul, still intact and haunting the world of

Dream Vignette 4: The Pilgrim of Drinen

This dream can begin almost anywhere outside the investigator's home. The dreamer, hearing his name called, sees across the street a short, ugly man with unusually large eyes. Dressed completely in black, the dwarfish figure beckons to the investigator from within a building or other place of the keeper's choice, its voice little more than a buzzing-whisper. If the dreamer ignores the summons, he wakes in his bed and loses 0/1 SAN.

If the dreamer approaches the dwarf, the man asks in his weird voice, "What is your pleasure [investigator's name]?" The little man gives no other clue as to what he wants. If the dreamer does not respond, the dwarf repeats his question. If the investigator gives up and walks away, he hears the buzzing voice repeating his name over and over. He awakes, suffering a loss of 0/1 SAN.

If the dreamer gives the questioner a reasonable response, the dwarf produces a small, ornate hourglass from his pocket, hands it to the character, then vanishes. A roll of POW x3 roll allows the dreamer to awake with a SAN loss of 0/1.If the POW roll fails, sand begins to pour down on the dreamer's head, collecting around his legs and quickly trapping him. The dreamer realizes he is now caught inside the hourglass and in danger of being buried alive under the relentless sand.

The investigator may break out by matching his STR against the glass's STR of 18, or attempt to awake himself with a POW x3 roll. If he manages to escape, he suffers a SAN loss of 0/1. If he fails, the sand continues to rise, preventing further attempts to break out and eventually covering the dreamer's head, requiring drowning rolls.

A second attempt to escape using POW x3 is allowed. If successful, the investigator awakes with a 0/1 SAN loss. If unsuccessful, the dreamer is soon smothered. As his last hit points disappear, the dreamer suffers a 1/1D3 SAN loss.

As the dreamer gasps his last breath, the hourglass suddenly shatters, freeing him from the entrapping sand. All lost hit points are restored. The dazed dreamer finds himself standing in a sere, dry desert. On the distant horizon looms an alien city from which issues a strange, eerie music.

Someone approaches, a tiny man with bulging, lidless eyes and black, shining skin. He is accompanied by a faceless man led along on a leash. In a weird buzzing-whisper the tiny man explains that he is on his way to Drinen where the Pleasure Quarter awaits.

He asks the dreamer, "What is your pleasure?" A second leash appears in the dwarf's hand as he stealthily approaches the dreamer, obviously intent on securing another companion.

If the dreamer resists the leash, the faceless creature enters the fray, battling the dreamer madly. The dark dwarf tries to disengage from the fight in order to use the glowing crystal that holds his disintegration ray.

If the dreamer kills the faceless creature, the dwarf screams, then vanishes. If the dwarf is killed, the faceless creature goes rigid and falls to the sand. Seconds later a face appears on the blank figure — the face of a young man with blond hair and blue eyes, Basil Ives. If the dreamer manages to best his enemies, he wakes with a loss of only 0/1D2 SAN points.

If the investigator does not resist, or loses the combat, he is not killed but captured by the dwarf's leash. The dreamer soon discovers his face gone, only smooth flesh where there ought to eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. The dream ends and the investigator awakes with a SAN loss of 1/1D4 points.

Bug-eyed Dwarf

STR 6 CON 18 SIZ 4 INT 20
POW 21 DEX 32 HP 11 Move 40

Damage Bonus: -1D6.

Weapon: Disintegration Ray 35%, automatic death.

Skills: Dodge 64%.

Faceless Man

STR 18 CON 16 SIZ 18 INT 6
POW 8 DEX 12 HP 17 Move 8

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapon: Claw 50%, 1D8+1D6.

dreams, returns to visit the investigators in their sleep, seeking revenge. As before, the dream should be introduced in a way that leaves the investigators at first unaware they are experiencing a group dream.

A Late Night Summons

The investigators all receive late night telephone calls from a chosen nonplayer character (friend, police chief, witness, etc.). This person tells them they have reason to believe the Basil Ives case is not yet closed. Investigators without phones can be contacted by fellow player characters. The group is told to meet at a specific location of the keeper's choice, probably the home of the caller, where everything will be explained to them.

The investigators meet the caller as planned. This person tells them that earlier that evening they were awakened by a strange feeling of crawling unease. A quick search of the house turned up nothing but upon returning to their bedroom the caller found a weird portrait hanging over his bed. Producing this canvas from behind a nearby chair or couch, the caller displays the cursed portrait of Basil Ives.

Welcome to the Dream-Gallery

The eyes of the portrait blink as the face twists into an evil grin. "I told you I'd get you," cackles the portrait, "I told you I'd get you all!'' All doors and windows slam shut while the echoes of Ives' insane laughter roll through the house. Chaos reigns as furniture begins flying about the room and lights flicker on and off. Each and every round there is a 33% chance an investigator is targeted by a flying object. Targeted investigators must make a Dodge roll or suffer 1D4 points of damage. Escaping the room requires the investigators to match their STR against that of the shuttered windows (14 STR), or the door (18 STR).

No matter which escape route is chosen, all investigators find themselves in a long, narrow room with vaulted ceilings and walls of rough-cut stone. Paintings hang neatly along the walls. There is no visible exit.

A cool fog rolls over the floor, all the eerier for the deathly quiet of the place. Hanging on the far wall, by itself, is the portrait of Basil Ives. The canvas bulges, stretches, there is a ripping sound, then a figure flings itself off the canvas to land on the floor. Investigators see the mad painter, Basil Ives, now a bending, folding abstract figure of splashed and mottled colors.

The abstract Ives laughs, "Welcome to my world. You'll never escape me now. Never!" He scrabbles toward the investigators, warping, changing, becoming flat and two-dimensional one moment, fully three-dimensional the next.

LIVING ART

This is the domain of the dream-Basil. Here he wields strange powers, including the ability to animate the paintings hanging in the dream-gallery. Simply by pointing to them and successfully rolling his POW x3, Basil can cause the objects depicted on canvas to spring to life.

Butterfly on a Wheel: This piece depicts a flock of colorful butterflies dancing above a green, grassy field. Ives uses the butterflies to obscure the investigators' vision. The insects swarm into the gallery and around the dreamers, causing them to halve all combat and perception skills.

The Elder Folly: A painting of an amorphous monstrosity festering in an enormous pit. If Ives wishes, this shoggoth-like creature slops out of the painting to attack the dreaming investigators.

Amorphous Thing

STR 20	CON 18	SIZ 38	INT 1	POW 5
DEX 18	HP 28	Move 5		

Weapon: Pseudopod 40%, 1D6+3D6.

Armor: None, but the monster regenerates 1D10 hit points each round.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6

The Innocence of Billy: This is the same gruesome portrait that hangs in Ives' real-world gallery. Ives can cause Billy to fall dead from the canvas to the foggy floor. Rushing over, Ives lifts the boy's head then kisses him, breathing life into the still body. Basil shouts: "My creation! It lives!" With that, Billy springs to his feet and attacks the investigators.

"Billy"

STR 15	CON 16	SIZ 14	INT 11	POW 12
DEX 14	HP 15	Move 8		

Weapon: Maul 35%, 1D6+1D4.

Still Life with Axe: A gleaming wood axe atop a chopping block surrounded by split logs and tall wild flowers. If Ives desires a weapon, he simply reaches into this piece and snatches out the axe. Ives has a 25% skill with the weapon, capable of inflicting 1D8+2 points of damage.

Cats in a Hat: Three cuddly kittens frolic in a black top hat. The Basil-monster reaches into this picture and pulls out one of the kittens. He pets it gently. "Isn't she darling?" He laughs. The kitten undergoes a change, within seconds transmuting into a terrible Cat from Saturn. With an eerie, purring-growl, the Cat attacks the investigators.

The Cats from Saturn are a race of garishly-colorful, abstract cat-like creatures, native to the Dreamlands. These creatures have weird, complex bodies from which they can unfold two, four, or more legs. They attack with 1D4 paws each round.

Cat from Saturn

STR 15	CON 9	SIZ 12	INT 8	POW 19
DEX 14	HP 11	Move 9		

Weapons: Bite 40%, 1D6+1D4; Paw 40%, 1D4

Skills: Hide 30%, Jump 90%, Spot Hidden 70%, Sneak 80%.

Armor: None, but impaling weapons do minimum possible damage.

Spells: None

Sanity Loss: 0/1D4

Ending the Dream

Any investigator killed in the course of this dream awakes in his bed, suffering an automatic loss of 1D6+2 SAN points. Hit points lost during the dream are restored. If all the dreamers are killed, they suffer the same dream on the following night, a recurring nightmare that threatens their sanity and does not go away until satisfactorily solved.

All weapons carried into this dream function normally and, like spells, can be used to combat the living art. Ives, however, is nothing more than a dream made of animated paint. Although vulnerable to some magics, he cannot be harmed by ordinary weapons.

Common turpentine is his worst enemy, causing 1D10 points of damage per gallon. Since this is all a dream, the investigators have the ability to "dream up" anything they desire. An Idea roll suggests the possibility of using turpentine. If someone makes the Idea roll successfully, a gallon of turpentine appears as if in answer. Additional gallons of turpentine can be dreamed up, each requiring a round of uninterrupted concentration and a successful POW x1 roll.

Spells useful against the dream-creature are only those that affect POW or magic points. Magic which affects physical bodies such as Shrivelling, Clutch of Nyogtha, etc., do no harm to the garish dream-entity.

Abstract Dream-Basil Ives

STR 16	CON 20	SIZ varies	INT 15	POW 18
DEX 13	HP 20	Move 8		

Weapon: Sharp, two-dimensional limbs 33%, 1D6

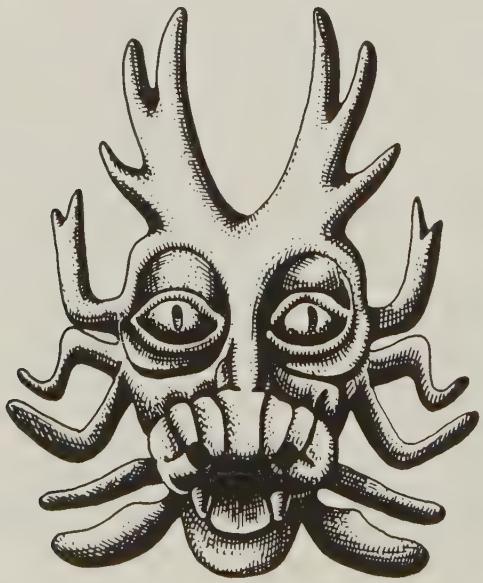
Armor: None, but can only be harmed by turpentine or certain magicks.

Skills: Dodge (become one-dimensional) 33%.

Spells: None, but can animate any paintings by rolling POW x3 or less on 1D100. Also Basil can change the shape and/or dimension at will.

This dream repeats itself, night after night, until the investigators finally solve it. If Basil lives, the dreams emanate from him. Investigators unable to cope with the dreams can put an end to it by killing Ives. If Ives is dead but his self-portrait still exists, the dreams are a product of the enchanted painting. The dreams can be stopped simply by locating and destroying the portrait. If Basil is dead and the painting already destroyed, the dreams can be halted only by directly destroying the dream-Basil. Dissolved by turpentine, the mad painter screams as he slowly dissipates into a pool of liquid colors.

Dream-Basil destroyed, the dreamers awake in their own beds. Was it all just a dream, or was it more? Maybe each of the investigators discovers a bit of smudged paint on their hands, or notices the lingering scent of turpentine. Investigators who survive this dream and help to destroy Ives are rewarded with 2D6+2 SAN points.



Arkham – Dunwich:

Trail Of Yig

Introducing the investigators to points in Arkham not mentioned before, and thence to the grimmer and contradictory treats of back-country intimations of the divine.

This adventure begins when individuals around Arkham perceive the terrible peril posed by the preternatural forces of the Cthulhu Mythos. Clues uncovered in Arkham lead the investigators up the Miskatonic River to Dunwich, and beyond.

This introductory adventure is suitable for investigators and players of any experience, though keepers may wish to vary the intensity or persistence with which they present some encounters.

Keeper Information

The investigators attend a séance at a well-to-do Arkham address. One of the investigators hands Madame Yolanda a golden ring shaped like a serpent. This family heirloom sets events in motion.

If the keeper judges no investigator to be an appropriate owner of the ring, then some third party—perhaps Gerrhardt Wvinch, a well-known local seer discussed in *Arkham Unveiled*—hands her the ring.

Or perhaps one or more investigators are journalists, psychics, or private investigators who attend the séance hoping to expose Madame Yolanda as a fake or to applaud her genius. Any third party then hands her the ring; the keeper then needs to keep the investigators in contact with it.

After touching the ring, Madam Yolanda's trance is broken. She recesses the séance, retires to her bedroom, and there hangs herself. The investigators have a chance to view the body, her journal, and smoldering ashes in the fireplace, contributing to their understanding of her act.

The Arkham portion of this adventure consists mostly of research, concluded by a single dangerous encounter. Research complete, the rest of the adventure occurs in Dunwich Township, Massachusetts, that dubious and decaying country hamlet of dire antecedent.

The quest becomes one to locate an ancient mound made in the shape of a coiled serpent, and the Yig-spawn within it. Specific knowledge of the site is known only to Granny Barnes, who lives near the mound with her cursed son. Plagued by strange dreams and snake attacks, the investigators must locate the mound, expose the egg, and destroy the spawn which curls within it.

Local characters, a gang of bootleggers, and a federal agent complicate matters.

THE GOLDEN RING

No simple heirloom, the solid gold ring is in the shape of a serpent which twice encircles the finger; two blood rubies mark its eyes. The ring is a potent Mythos object made for serpent-priests of Yig before human history began. When Madame Yolanda touches the ring, her mentalist powers perceive its true and horrifying nature. Naturally the investigators think it of value and significance, but it is more like a curse. While an investigator or someone near an investigator possesses it near the mound, it causes the dangerous snake-dreams described later, and summons to the attack the Children of Yig, intelligent and vicious guardians of the Yig-spawn within the mound.

Arkham

The adventure begins in the well-appointed parlor of Madame Yolanda, a renowned spiritualist, here for a visit. Her rented Georgian mansion on High Street affords a pleasant prospect of the University campus, of the rolling Miskatonic River, and of leafy Old Arkham beyond.

Madame Yolanda's French maid takes the investigators' coats and wraps, serves hors d'oeuvres, and offers fine illegal brandy. The fee for tonight's séance is $150, several weeks' salary for an experienced journalist in the 1920s. The cash payment has already been made, perhaps, or perhaps the maid, Babette, accepts an envelope discreetly stuffed with money and labeled with the great lady's name.

In good time, Madame Yolanda sweeps in, wearing flowing, colorful silk robes. She is a tall, thin woman, about sixty, with a prominent nose and eyebrows habitually raised askance. She greets her guests with a thick Eastern European accent vaguely Gypsy-like. A successful Linguist roll shows the accent to be false, and suggests that Madame Yolanda grew up in eastern Pennsylvania.

Whatever her origin, the medium is friendly and charming. Creditably, she dissuades anyone from discussing the questions they intend to ask during the séance.

She ushers her guests to an adjacent room where stands a round table surrounded by the proper number of straight-backed chairs. A fire burns in the fireplace, but an opaque screen shields the table from all direct light. If investigators ask to examine the table, Madame Yolanda does not refuse. "My powers do not depend on strings or levers," she smiles. She is a genuine medium.

Everyone seated, she asks for silence. As the minutes pass, she gradually enters a trance, closing her eyes and humming tunelessly, all the time rocking back and forth in her chair, arms on the table, palms up and hands open. Babette waits unobtrusively near the door.

After a time, Madame Yolanda achieves contact with her spirit guide, Erika, a mischievous nine-year-old, whose voice and accent a successful Linguist or German roll identifies as from the Munich area.

"Vell," Erika giggles, "der first question, chentlmen?"

The investigators may ask whatever questions they wish; Erika/Yolanda should answer them as well as possible. Erika enjoys jokes and misdirections. If keeper and players alike have nimble wits, this dialogue can be extended and amusing. Erika is a pitiable contact from the beyond, though not the harmless 'lost soul' that Madame Yolanda imagines.

THE CURSE OF THE SERPENT RING

When the questions have been dealt with, the owner of the ring places it in Madame Yolanda's open hand. The hand immediately begins to tremble. "Vat ist this? Vat ist this? Oh, I cannot bear it! I must go! I must go!" Erika screams. Then there is a moment of silence.

Suddenly Madame Yolanda's body smashes against table, then up against chair several times, at the same time trembling as though in epileptic shock. Her eyes open, she screams in dismay, and hurls the ring across the room. Babette, ever practical, stoops and reclaims it before hurrying to her mistress. The lights go on. The shuddering stops. Madame Yolanda awakes.

Rising unsteadily, the medium excuses herself, promising to return in a few minutes and discuss matters. Babette soon reappears to serve coffee, then attends to her mistress. Allow the investigators time for discussion. Before long, Babette dashes into the room, exclaiming "Madame Yolanda—morte! Morte!" then collapsing in a faint.

A Terrible Consequence

Madame Yolanda is dead. Babette unconscious, surely someone goes upstairs to learn what has happened or to help. In the first bedroom to the left, Madame Yolanda swings from a sash cord tied to a chandelier. Her face is blackened and her tongue extended horribly. Her feet still twitch. On the floor beneath her is an overturned chair. An opened diary lies on the bed and a small fire burns in the fireplace, slowly consuming a sheaf of papers.

Freed from the noose, Madame Yolanda coughs out a few last words from her horribly crushed throat. "What was written in the books was true." She adds, "The *Necronomicon* holds the secret—the other book, the truth." Then her heart gives out, and she truly dies.

It takes only a few seconds for the papers in the fireplace to be completely destroyed. If someone does not immediately decide to snatch the charred remnants of the papers from the fire, the investigators do not get the Yig Papers #1.

The diary contains all the clues necessary for the adventure. It consists of brief entries, and it is likely that an investigator can grasp its significance before the police arrive; if no investigator thinks to call them, Babette or someone else does. Any investigator who knows the police, or whose player can make a successful Credit Rating roll, is allowed by the police to read but not keep Madame Yolanda's diary. After reading it, the investigators receive the Yig Papers #2.

When the police arrive, Detective Harden takes the investigators' names and addresses, and brief statements of what they understand to have happened. The investigators reclaim their coats, and head for the door and the curious eyes of onlookers outside.

Near the door, a successful Spot Hidden roll notices an unopened envelope addressed to Madame Yolanda. The return address is *Olivia Hanover, Chestnut Street, Aylesbury, Mass.* A successful Pickpocket roll, or a successful DEX x2 or less roll snatches the letter without being seen by a policeman. Contained in the envelope is the Yig Papers #3.

THE YIG PAPERS #1

. . . As they hatch, one by one the spawn seek the seams of the earth, where they feed on dismaying things, and grow huge and blasphemous, one day to return to the light, to the terror of men . . . . And the priests did guard these with their lives, for they were blessed to Yig and good in his sight, and he allowed them not to fall before his enemies . . . . And by these sounds, and the power of the sun, could the spawn be destroyed.

THE YIG PAPERS #2
Excerpts from the Diary of Madame Yolanda

December 8, 1926

Wilcox lent me a book, McAllister's Devil-Worship in the New World. Mostly bunk, with some interesting stories. He is biased against the occult sciences. However, he mentions the 'coiled serpent hill' in northern Massachusetts in connection with my old friend Olivia Hanover. I must drop her a line. And Wilcox has mentioned other things in his collection that may have to do with the problem.

May 18, 1928

Met Henry Armitage today. He is as kind in person as his letters made him seem. We spent hours together in the upstairs of the University library. Handling that dark volume, the Necronomicon, unnerved me, and I am usually not dismayed by the mere touch of objects. My rusty Latin betrayed me; I could not find what I sought, though the horrors in that book burrow into me like charnel worms. I did stumble across a passage referring to a Yig, which put me in mind of McAllister's Devil-Worship, so I copied out a rough translation.

Armitage invited me to return, but I shall not. With Elihu Wilcox dead, the topic has turned to bile for me.

The Last Entry, undated

Too awful to be true. Yig-spawn do exist. It will hatch, and then will be the coming. I shall destroy the papers, then myself. Thus I escape from that awful ring.

THE YIG PAPERS #3

Dear Beatrice,

Enough of reminiscing about the old days at school! To answer your question, yes, according to my informant Granny Barnes, there is a coiled-snake mound in this area. Granny lives several miles from here, in the township of Dunwich. She is reclusive, but I've spoken with her several times. She knows many Indian tales that she learned as a young girl. She even knows a few songs reputedly sung by Abenaki tribes long-lost to this area. I have not seen the mound myself; she says it is deep in the woods. I don't recall legends of odd visitors to this mound, but there are plenty of stories concerning things hidden in it, gold and evil spirits and so on. Granny doesn't trust people, but she feels comfortable with me.

— Olivia

THE YIG PAPERS #4

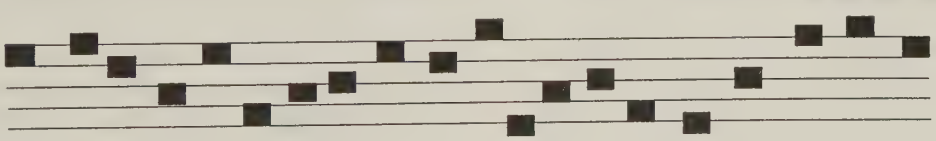
Yig excerpts from the Necronomicon

Yig coupled with those great enough to challenge him and tore from them the eggs that grew in their bellies. He ordered that his followers build nests of the earth, like Yig coiled and ready, where Yig might descend and set himself upon the earth, and leave these eggs, and so the nests became holy, while the stars did churn.

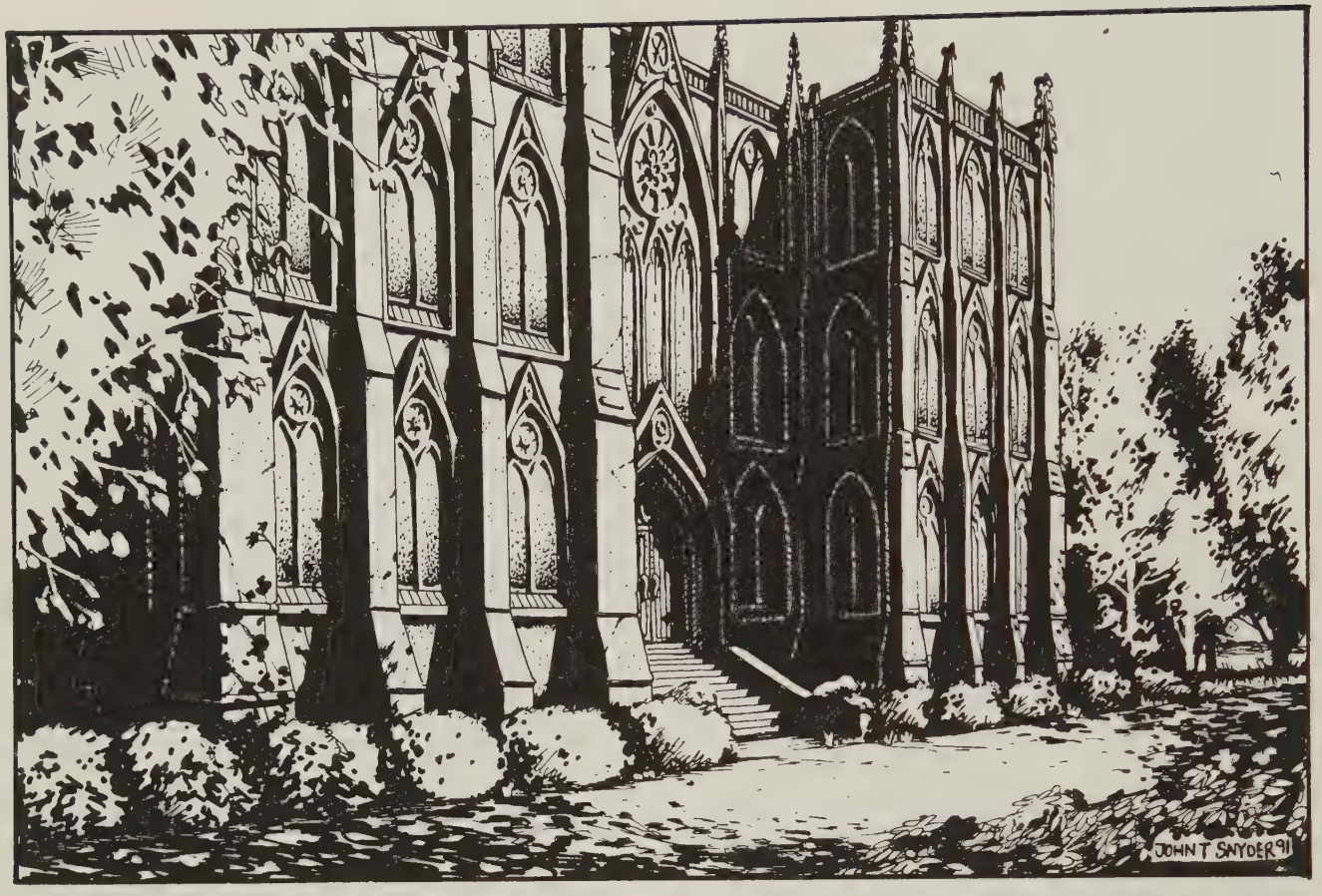
. . . As they hatch, one by one the spawn seek the seams of the earth, where they feed on unmentionable things, and grow huge and blasphemous, one day to return to the light, to the terror of all men. . . .

. . . Of old, the inhuman priests wore rings cast in likenesses of the Children, and made of gold. The eyes were polished stones, and the priests did guard these rings with their lives, for the rings were blessed of Yig, and might not comfort his enemies. . . .

In warm Chaldee an egg was destroyed by the light of the sun and a wordless chant. The chant was to sound as follows:



By these sounds, and the power of the sun, could be destroyed the spawn.



The Miskatonic University Library

Miskatonic U. Library

If the investigators contact Henry Armitage to get access to the *Necronomicon,* Armitage politely meets with them inside those ivy-covered Gothic Revival walls, but will not allow the exceedingly rare *Necronomicon* to be examined without a successful Oratory or Debate roll accompanied by letters of reference from reputable academics.

Only one investigator gets the chance to read the book, and he or she must have skill in Latin. Studying the *Necronomicon* takes the investigator 2D6 months to accomplish; completing his or her studies of the horrible tome, the chance of recovering the quotations below is the scholar's Latin skill on D100. Reading the book costs 2D10 SAN and adds 16% Cthulhu Mythos.

Deciphering the mad rambling and mistranslations of the Latin version is a lengthy process; if the keeper wishes, the investigators can attempt to personally interest Armitage in the project, given either a successful Credit Rating or Oratory roll; he will not go to Dunwich in any case. Armitage has 75% Latin, but even his help only lowers the time needed to 2D6 weeks. If the keeper wishes a short elapse of time, he should send a dream to the holder of the ring. Thus Handout #4 might represent words from a vision, wherein great and horrible voices intone the words while ghastly images terrify the sleeper.

The odd markings found within the text are medieval tablature, a simple system of musical notation; a successful Sing or Know roll easily identifies them and allows the investigator to decipher the primitive melody. However, if the information is dreamt, the melody can be heard and remembered.

The Wilcox Museum

Located a half-mile east of Arkham on Saltonstall Road, the red-brick Wilcox mansion has been closed since the death of Elihu Wilcox a few weeks before, dead of old age and natural causes. After the funeral, the servants boarded up the house, and moved Widow Wilcox, 24 trunks, and 35 hat boxes to Newport, Rhode Island, "to get away from Elihu's ungodly museum," as she will tell the investigators if they visit her.

The mansion remains insured, and the Arkham police regularly visit the old place; they'll quickly see obvious damage, lights, or smoke, and will investigate.

The electricity is off in the old Gothic mansion, the furnaces are cold, and the taps are dry. Already mildew creeps out of the wallpaper and speckles the dampest corners of window glass. Most of the house is clean and neat, but the four rooms of the museum are dirty and dusty, as though rarely entered. Individual footprints to the bookshelf in Room Four may be noticed.

Wilcox's eccentric private museum occupies the entirety of four rooms, each about twenty feet square, ground floor rear, whose windows are barred. Two doors lead from the library into the museum, the left into Room Four and the right into Room One. The rooms are arranged in a square, a double door connecting each room to the next; thus one tours the museum either clock-wise or counter-clockwise.

There is no map included here; the order described is that for counter-clockwise movement through the right-hand door from the library. Each room is half-paneled in mahogany; the upper walls are in gray and rose wallpaper, a flower pattern which is confusing and disconcerting to study.

Expand upon the description of any item as wished; only the bookshelf and the trail to the basement have scenario significance. If the museum survives this adventure, additional items might be discovered later, but any significant item or exhibit should open the way to at least as much peril as reward.

ROOM ONE

A small placard proclaims, "Struggles with the Unknown and the Unknowable." It is the only written description in the room.

- An unwrapped mummy, hideously desiccated. A successful Biology, History, or Chemistry roll identifies the mummification technique as Egyptian.
- An empty mummy case; a successful History or Egyptology roll dates it as 22nd dynasty.
- A scale model of the plateau at Giza, including the pyramids and the Sphinx.
- An unlocked cabinet containing miscellaneous papyrus scrolls, cuneiform clay tablets, and various religious amulets, all unidentified.
- A locked glass case contains three shrunken heads.
- Another mummy, desiccated like its Egyptian brother, heavily varnished in an unsuccessful attempt to keep it free of mold, seated on a Hepplewhite chair. Study suggests it may come from the western coast of Peru.
- A feathered robe protected in a large, flat glass case on the wall. This robe was worn by long-ago Andeans whose sect worshiped Mi-Go miners in the area, and the robe is woven with variations of the Elder Sign. The robe is useless to the investigators, but the designs might lead them to believe that it is potent.
- A glass case containing Aztecan, Mayan, and Incan ceremonial knives and clubs, the blades of some noticeably stained.
- A life-sized wax study of an Indian warrior readied for sacrifice by Aztec priests. The granite slab on which the replica is bound is genuine, and its blood channels are stained.

ROOM TWO

A small placard proclaims, "The Unknowable Which Is With Us."

- A two-headed calf, pickled in a huge glass jar full of preservative.
- A display cabinet containing a dozen small mutated mammals, stuffed and snarling.
- Documenting photos of human freaks, sports, and mutants.
- A wooden statue of Pan, recently carved.
- An Egyptian statue of Osiris, 5th dynasty, bearing the cartouche of Userkaf.
- A small totem pole, probably Haida in origin, but with recognizably human faces rather than assembled animal totems.
- Nearest the door to Room Three is a free-standing glass case whose front has been broken; glittering shards litter the floor. Inside the case are stone chunks and fragments of a larger, rounded stone. Much like a geode, purple crystals line the stone's hollow. A successful Geology roll denies volcanic origin to the stones, however.

  This is corroborated if the stones are examined; a yellowed clipping glued to one chunk tells of a stony meteorite that fell in Kansas, in 1882.

  On the floor, a wandering track about a foot wide has discolored the carpet from beneath the case across the floor and passes beneath a locked door. The door is easy to force or can be unlocked with one of the keys Mrs. Wilcox may have supplied. Beyond it narrow steps lead down into the cellars.

ROOM THREE

A small placard proclaims, "The Satisfactions of Activity Cannot Circumscribe the Unknowable."

- A dented suit of 14th century Norman armor worn by an articulated human skeleton.
- A medieval torture rack in working order.

- A miniature model of Stonehenge.
- A full-sized guillotine in working order.
- A life-sized wax representation of a cruel-looking man who carries a doctor's bag and wields a scalpel dripping with wax blood.
- An iron maiden.
- A brass replica of a medieval goblet adorned with crosses.
- A wax life-sized group depicting the Devil having his way with a comely witch.
- A scale model of Chartres cathedral sculpted from soap.

ROOM FOUR

A small placard proclaims, "Knowledge Salves the Unknown, not the Unknowable."

- Fenced off by a velvet rope, a complete alchemist's lab, with retorts, manuals, common ingredients (wax replicas represent living components), a furnace, and iron ingots ready to change into gold.
- A beautiful bronze representation of Shiva.
- A shelf of rare books concerning magic, religion, and anthropology. Among them is McAllister's book, *Devil-Worship in the New World.*

  The pertinent McAllister entry is easily located and read in the space of a few minutes. The author, a religious zealot, tries to link Indian rituals to the worship of Satan, quoting many obscure references by early Christian missionaries. the Yig Papers #5 is found nearby.

  A successful Anthropology roll correlates this information with the recent discovery of a snake cult thought to have flourished in the Yucatan before the Mayans rose. Those cultists dotted the region with small mounds shaped like coiled serpents, and apparently traveled hundreds or thousands of miles to establish such symbols in locations far removed, perhaps as part of ritual religious quests. The Mayans destroyed these mounds wherever they found them.
- Other books on the same shelf as the McAllister volume include the *Clavicula Salmonis* (Latin) and the *Lemegeton* (Latin), as well as copies of the *Gran Albert* and *Petit Albert* (French).

  Among the books is a single Mythos tome, *True Magick,* by Theophilus Wenn (study of the book yields 6% Cthulhu Mythos and costs 1D8 SAN.) If the keeper wishes, the spells include Summon Byakhee and Bind Byakhee, but the time required for study should be long.
- Proof sheets in German and corrected in German, from Einstein's *Special Theory of Relativity.*
- A blasphemical and obscene Pre-Raphaelite mural relating to the Once and Future King, in which Arthur draws other than a sword from the stone, while other major figures from the cycle of tales look on leeringly and behave with equal indecency.
- A glass case containing mostly Roman and Celtic pins, buckles, and rings; a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll notices two amulets almost surely of deep-one work from Ponape, in Polynesia.
- A brass cauldron over a wax fire containing waxen boiling water, waxen eye of newt and limb of toad, and more ghastly ingredients.
- An octopoid statuette carved from a slimy green stone.

THE YIG PAPERS #5
From *Devil-Worship in the New World*

> Miss Olivia Hanover of Aylesbury County, Massachusetts, supplied me with a copy of Father Raymond's manuscript, dated 1577, from which I quote.
>
> "I had seen with my own eyes the horror that lay beneath that terrible desert mound, and watched in awe as my guide and friend destroyed the thing we had exposed . . . He told me of another place which lay far north and east, beyond many rivers. If others such as this blasphemy lie hidden in serpent mounds, then such eggs of Satan as are there must also be destroyed."
>
> Miss Hanover states that in the area of Dunwich what is known as the 'coil'd sarpent hill' reputedly exists. Whatever lies within it is surely of Satan's hand.

The Thing in the Cellars

Several stairs in different parts of the house lead to the cellars, including the steps behind the maintenance door in Room Two. If the investigators follow the discolored path from the broken glass case, it leads into the cellars.

The Wilcox mansion cellars are completely dark, day or night. A pipe has weakened, and several inches of water have accumulated in places. Empty crates, old furniture, and boxed possessions of people long dead fill the place; the ceilings are cluttered with supports, pipes, and ducts leading from the furnaces. In the darkness of the hot-water boiler, a 500-gallon tank now cold and emptied, lurks the shapeless, gaseous thing from the interior of the meteorite.

It makes no sound. It is nearly transparent except for glistening red and green flecks that flow through its body. It moves slowly, just fast enough to keep up with cau-

tiously-moving investigators. Its target chosen, it silently seeps down from overhead and attempts to engulf the hapless victim.

Once touched by the being, allow a Dodge roll for the investigator to get clear. If this fails, the thing attaches itself to the investigators and flows down from the ceiling to engulf him or her. The target coated, the thing sucks strength from the victim's cells at the rate of 2 CON and 2 APP per combat round; the horrifying situation costs the victim 1D8 SAN. Witnesses lose 1/1D6 SAN to see their friend begin to shrivel and die beneath the pulsating transparent goo.

The entity is impervious to low-level physical damage such as from guns or knives. Intense heat and powerful explosion do damage it. Intense light, such as two or three flashlight beams, force it to release its victim; it then returns through the air valve to its lair in the water tank.

Destroying the thing has no bearing on the adventure, but reward those involved with 1D6 SAN each.

Dunwich

Fifty miles from Arkham, the drive to Dunwich takes over three hours of constant driving. As the investigators travel, they notice that prosperous farms gradually give way to overgrown, abandoned fields, that the casual wave of strangers changes to glowers and averted gazes from black-clad itinerants, and that the large and well-made homes of the Arkham area are replaced by new shacks or ancient homes in bad repair. The landscape turns grayer, grimmer, and more ghostly; the comfortable undulating hills of the lower Miskatonic give way to steep, stony riverbanks and strangely-knobby barren hills. For more details of the town of Dunwich, see Chaosium's *Return To Dunwich* sourcebook

Olivia Hanover

Miss Hanover lives west of Dunwich, on the eastern outskirts of the town of Aylesbury. A fall from a horse a few years before has left her legs permanently crippled, and she does not often leave her broad-porched wooden house. Julie-Deene Whatmaus, a young female companion, cooks and tends for her. Miss Hanover's statistics are found at the end of this adventure.

The woman's mind is clear and intelligent. Miss Hanover readily provides the general location of the 'coil'd sarpent,' but only Granny Barnes actually knows the mound's location, which is inaccessible to car or wheelchair.

Among other historical and literary curiosities, she also possesses the fragment of Father Raymond's original document. It is in Latin. A fresh translation shows only that McAllister's translation was complete and accurate. The original adds a drawing made by Raymond of a stone plaque or tablet which he found buried atop the mound. It shows a central point surrounded by nine circles, each circle intersecting another dot. Although only eight planets are known presently, an Idea roll hypothesizes that this representation is of the solar system. Several weeks spent with a collection of ephemerises and a successful Astronomy roll shows that the identical configuration of the eight inner planets will soon occur; the last time it occurred was centuries ago.

SHOWING THE RING

If Miss Hanover sees the golden snake ring, she recognizes it from Indian legends telling of similar rings. But she knows only that such jewelry is reputedly quite ancient and cursed.

ABOUT SNAKES

Miss Hanover's library is exceptional even for an educated woman in the age of literacy, but she is able to find only one passage ispertinent to the investigators. It is from Mason Weedon's *Massachusetts Folklore*, 1908.

THE YIG PAPERS #6
Massachusetts Folklore by Marion Weedon

> Superstitions about unlucky areas are also common. When some mountainside gains reputation for ill fortune, one may soon find an entire locality avoided by superstitious rustics. Natural conditions, such as episodic flooding or infestation by pestilential insects, can be deduced as prompting causes. However, Indian lore maintains that such areas are haunts of evil spirits—snakes being particularly mentioned—and avoided long before the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth.

The Entrepreneurs

Unknown to Olivia Hanover, the Sherman brothers distilling operation recently has been moved to within a mile of the serpent mound. Prohibition has brought good money to the Sherman family, residents of neighboring Hammett Township, and after episodic poisonings of their initial customers, they now sell a decent sipping whiskey made from bottomland corn; to limit detection, they make bi-weekly runs into Canada for yeast and sugar, a trip that takes an entire day.

Prosperity has toughened the three burly, full-bearded Sherman boys. They are emboldened enough, and vicious enough, to kill to protect an enterprise which fetches

nearly $500 a week from Boston hoodlums. The Shermans' statistics are found at the end of this adventure.

THE T-MAN

To complicate matters, a 'dry agent' from the Treasury department is in the area, disguised as a Bible salesman. He and the Shermans know about each other, and have been playing cat-and-mouse for nearly a week. The lanky, keen-eyed agent, Jack Johnson, has been unable to locate the still; and so far the Shermans boys have been unable to find a seemly way to kill the T-man. Johnson's statistics occur at the end of this adventure.

Johnson's persona is named Dr. Stanley Montcomb; he owns a dusty Model A with a souped-up engine, and in boxes of Bibles in the back he conceals such non-retail items as his tommygun.

CONSEQUENCES

The sudden arrival of the investigators in conjunction with Agent Johnson causes the Shermans great alarm, especially when the group visits Granny Barnes and the mound. Let any encounters evolve over the next several days. If the Shermans decide to murder the investigators, Johnson should arrive in time to warn the group of their peril.

The Power of the Ring

Once near Dunwich, the gold serpent ring begins to affect the owner-investigator. The only way to stop the effect of the curse is to give it away, throw it away, or melt it down. Within a dozen miles or so of the mound, it causes alarming dreams to come to the investigators. If they sleep within a mile of the mound, the ring begins to summon actual Children of Yig as well as normal-sized copperheads and timber rattlers.

If the investigators dare bring the ring to Yig's holy nest, the blasphemy draws Children of Yig and serpents of all types to the attack.

DREAM ONE

The ring's owner awakes to muffled, struggling noises coming from the bed or room next to him or her. He finds a hapless friend entwined in the coils of a giant constrictor snake, a tropical species. A successful Idea roll establishes the vision as an illusion—it disappears when the dreamer awakes. If the Idea roll fails and the investigator attacks the vision, the damage he or she inflicts is sustained by the second investigator. Only a successful Idea roll wakes the attacking investigator.

DREAM TWO

The second dream involves the entire party. They all feel they awake to a normal morning breakfast. At the table, however, someone begins to grin and laugh evilly while the skin of his face splits down the middle. He or she stands up and wriggles out of his skin to reveal the serpent man beneath. Before the investigators can react, each awakes in his or her own bed, terrified and dripping with sweat. This dream costs each 0/1D2 SAN.

DREAM THREE

This experience is dreamlike from the beginning. Each investigator walks alone, through a twisting distorted forest. It is night, and the mound is just ahead. Arriving there, the mound becomes a gigantic living snake.

DREAM FOUR

Each dreams that a dark man in a red robe stalks in the dead of night through the house. From a sack he draws forth dark living serpents which he carefully places into the substance of furniture, books, and other material possessions where each serpent waits ready to bite the unwary.

Stu Giles

He is in his late twenties, an orphan, mentally and emotionally a little slow, a round-faced and blank-eyed individual. As a boy, lost in the woods, he fell asleep on the serpent mound. The next day he was found confused and wandering near the village. From that day, Giles rarely talked and seemed to understand little. He never spoke of the bizarre dreams he had that night. When he was fifteen, his family pulled up stakes and left the area, leaving Stu to his own devices. Now he lives on handouts and does odd jobs in exchange for shelter. Because he has a lot of time to look and listen, and because he never repeats what he knows, Stu Giles knows a lot about Dunwich. A successful Psychology roll or two are needed to get him to talk, and additional Fast Talks or Oratories are needed to keep him talking.

He knows everything about the Shermans' whiskey-making. The Shermans will kill him if they think he has betrayed them.

Granny Barnes

More than seventy years old, Granny Barnes lives out Raven Creek Road, in a pleasant clearing. Wisteria covers her tiny cabin. She is a short, quick-talking woman nearly crippled with rheumatoid arthritis. If there is plenty of room, Miss Hanover might come with the investigators; if there is not, she gives very exact directions. She writes a short, friendly letter of introduction to Granny Barnes.

Before her two-room cabin, two well-tended graves with weathered wooden markers can be seen in the front yard. One is inscribed *Ezekiel Barnes* and the other is for

Jamie Barnes. The date of death for both is 1888. The investigators cannot know it, but the grave of Jamie Barnes contains no corpse.

As the investigators near the cabin door, a squeaking rustic voice comes from within the cabin, ordering them to stop. It is Granny Barnes. The investigators see her at the door, and notice the double-barreled shotgun she braces against the jam.

A successful Oratory roll, the letter from Olivia Hanover, or an escort by a local resident gets Granny's ear. Otherwise she orders them off her property. Judge the investigators' ingenuity; if they persist cleverly, Granny Barnes gives them directions out of exasperation.

"Just follow the trail here outside the house. Take it a half-mile north." Then she orders them away again, and will not be shy to discharge a barrel over their heads.

FRIENDLY RELATIONS

If Granny Barnes agrees to talk to the investigators, she invites them in where they may sit for a few minutes amid simple furnishings. She answers every question freely and easily.

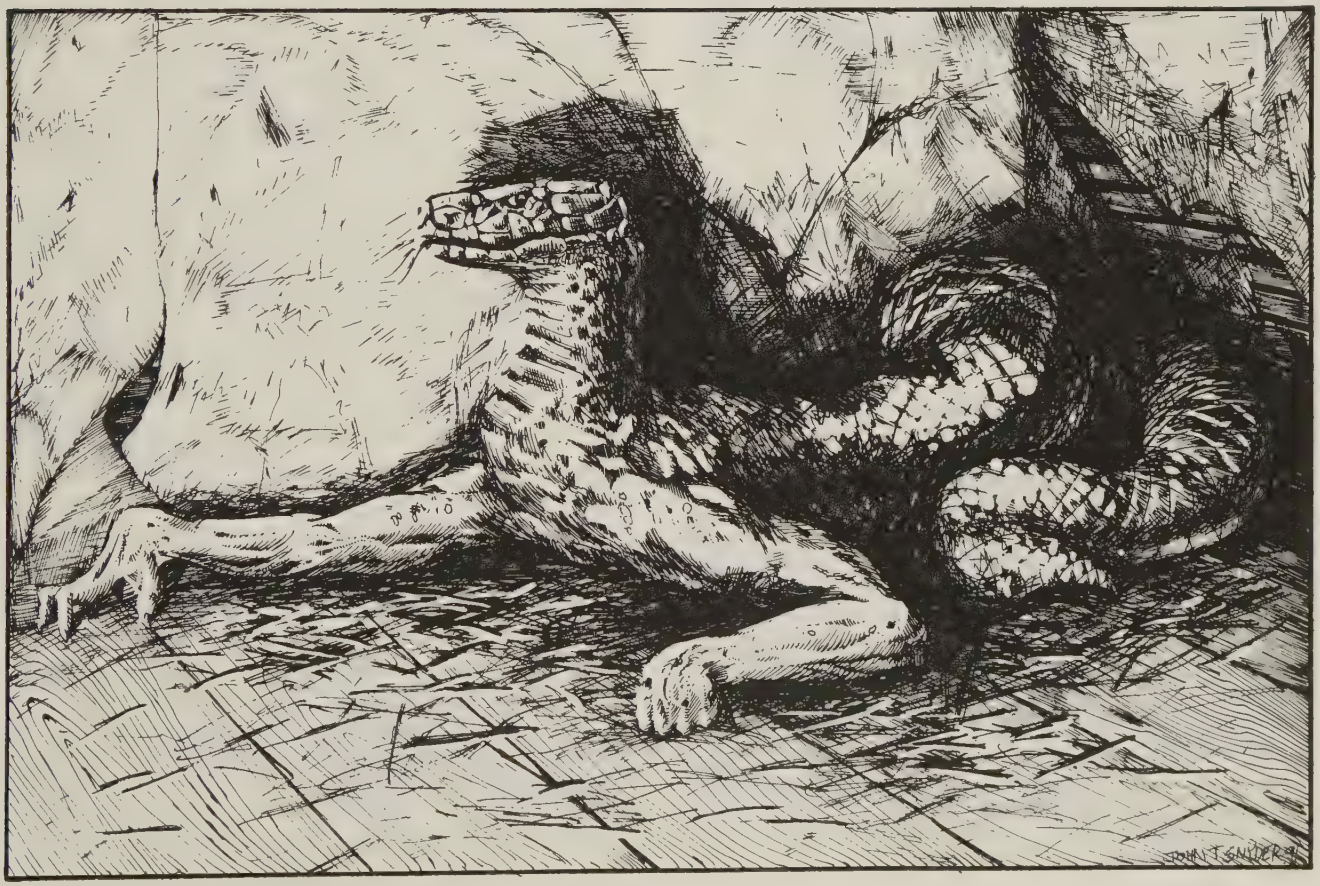
Asked for directions to the mound, she directs them to the same ancient trail. "But stay off the right fork." She will not explain that the right branch leads to the flooded quarry where the Shermans have moved their still; locked gates and a *No Trespass* sign guard an old road to the same place. "The mound is a half mile in, I reckon. You city boys'll find the walkin' rough."

THE WORDLESS SONG

Depending on how the encounter proceeds, she also relates the Indian legend of a great evil that lives in the mound. She knows the wordless chant of protection which can destroy the egg, and will teach it if asked, though she does not understand its significance. Learning the song takes either a successful Sing roll or an INT x4 or less roll on D100. But the melody is hair-raising and haunting to hear and, whether or not it is learned, each listener loses 1/1D2 SAN the first time the song is heard.

Destroy Spawn Of Yig

This song-spell destroys an unhatched or recently hatched spawn of Yig. The egg or the spawn must have been exposed to sunlight before the spell is sung. It takes one combat round to sing the spell; it costs 2 magic points and 1D4 SAN. A successful Sing roll is needed for the spell to be effective. The caster may attempt the spell as many times as he or she is able.



Jamie Barnes

THE TALE OF THE QUARRY

If Granny Barnes warms up to the investigators, she warns them that the dark force in the forest has to do with snakes. There was a place, she says, not far from the mound, where men carved out marble, but they broke into an underground river, and everyone in the pit was drowned, among them her beloved husband, Ezekiel. But she saw the corpses just after the disaster, and swears that they were not drowned—though the quarry pit was flooded—but swollen and blackened from snake venom. "I think the snakes wanted no more digging so close to the mound," she says. She can offer no proof of this other than the tale of a man who happened to be at the edge of the quarry. He is long dead, but he swore that serpents seemed to erupt from every crevice, and that the men were dead before the rushing water broke through the stone.

A MYSTERIOUS SCENT

Whether or not the investigators go inside the cabin, a successful Luck roll indicates that they are down-wind from the cabin. From that direction wafts a peculiar scent. A successful Zoology roll identifies the odor as that of snakes.

The strange odor is noticeably stronger in the house; this gives the players another chance for successful Zoology rolls. As they leave the cabin, call for a listen roll. Those with successes hear sliding sounds and soft hissing noises from the back room of the cabin. A successful Sneak roll earns a move to the back of the cabin and a peep through cracks in the shuttered window. When they see Jamie, each loses 1/1D6 SAN.

Granny's Fate, and Jamie's

At some point after the investigators visit Granny Barnes, Children of Yig pay her a call. Returning, the investigators find her blackened and bloated body lying face up in the yard, not far from the two graves. Seeing her costs 1/1D4 SAN.

A successful Listen roll hears the same sliding sounds and soft hissing noises from the back of the cabin. Jamie Barnes has been kept locked away in the back room for more than forty years, and with good reason. Living near the cursed serpent mound affected Jamie as a foetus.

He is nearly seven feet long, hairless, and with a skin mottled pale brown and green, Jamie slides across the floor of his cramped back room, his lidless eyes ever searching for a way of escape from his prison. He eats rats and chickens provided by his mother. He is harmless, but disgusting. Let him cower in the corner at the sight of strangers, and let the investigators decide what to do with him. His statistics are found at the end of this adventure.

The Trail To Yig

The trail to the mound is still plain. A couple hundred yards up the trail, the investigators come to the fork—to the right after half a mile is the quarry site which the Shermans have taken as theirs; following the fork to the left leads into a hilly, darkly-wooded area wherein lays the mound.

The Abandoned Quarry

If the investigators follow the right fork, the trail ends beside a small lake from which a wide stream pours. A nearby shed holds the still, and auto tracks lead to a shack containing supplies for whiskey-making, as well as fifty one-gallon jugs filled with whiskey. What the investigators wish to do with the moonshine, or the knowledge of it, is up to them. The Shermans will be aware of their intrusion.

To The Serpent Mound

If an investigator is carrying the ring, the chance of a copperhead snake attack is 100%. A successful Spot Hidden avoids the attack; a statement of thick leather boots at the beginning of the walk protects against an otherwise successful attack.

The trail winds through a dark wood; the investigators notice the lack of birds, insects, or other animals here. A strange odor, not unlike the scent encountered at Granny's cabin, becomes evident. The mound, only ten feet high and about sixty feet across, comes into view in an area mostly clear of trees. Some saplings grow in and around the mound, but they are stunted and scrubby. Dappled sun shines down onto the silent mound.

The investigators should know that something must be dug up from the mound. If they inspect the mound first, a successful Spot Hidden finds a bone protruding from the earth. Examination proves that the bone is human; numerous small snake bones (successful Zoology or Know x1 roll to identify them) are found there too. The skeleton seems to be Indian, judging by the age, size, and lack of dental work. Along with the remains is a small silver crucifix; a jeweler or antiquarian identifies it as 16th century Spanish work.

If the investigators still possess the golden serpent ring, it now draws serpents and Children of Yig to the attack, so long as the investigators continue to possess it. Let the attack build gradually, first with random sightings and then with warnings, then with isolated, unexpected attacks.

If the investigators persist, then a digger is suddenly the victim of dozens of serpents suddenly erupting from the ground around his feet. Before he can react, writhing snakes bite him dozens of times, and he collapses on the spot, dead. Snake attacks continue until the ring is disposed of.

If the ring is thrown away or taken out of the area, then the attacks cease. The flooded quarry would be an excellent place to get rid of it, as an Idea roll can suggest (Agent Johnson might be lurking there by this time, too). Statistics for attacking serpents can be found at the end of this adventure.

After The Ring Is Discarded

Digging atop the mound, investigators find a stone tablet bearing incisions similar to the drawing in Raymond's manuscript. Two more hours of shoveling yields a broad pit six feet deep; a tiny portion of the egg's surface is now uncovered.

Yig's egg is white and glowing, and nine feet long. The egg is near to hatching; undue prodding or hammering by the investigators may cause it to hatch on the spot. A successful Spot Hidden detects movement within the egg. See the commentary on the Yig-Spawn in the statistics for additional information.

- To destroy the egg where it rests, use the wordless chant. More than one investigator can sing at the same time; if any one investigator succeeds, the song is effective.

  The song requires a successful Sing roll to make it work; singing the song makes the egg begin to hatch; as it cracks, a horrible smell wafts out. If the first song did not succeed, a second attempt may be made, but before the song concludes, the spawn hatches. If the second chant is unsuccessful, the spawn attacks, beginning with the singer, and continues to attack as it can.

- A large quantity of dynamite atop the exposed egg will kill it immediately.

Conclusion

Each investigator gets 2D10+4 SAN for destroying the Yig-spawn before it kills them and escapes underground. Humanitarians who develop some appropriate way of caring for Jamie Barnes earn an added 1D6 SAN. Helping Agent Johnson bring in the Sherman boys earns the group $100 and their photos in the *Aylesbury Transcript.*

Statistics

Olivia Hanover, Age 47, heiress to a minor fortune

STR 8	CON 8	SIZ 9	INT 16	POW 14
DEX 5	APP 11	EDU 20	SAN 70	HP 9

Skills: Accounting 45%, Anthropology 40%, Archaeology 30%, Geology 20%, History 40%, Library Use 55%, Linguist 20%, Occult 25%, Sing 65%.

Sherman Brothers, bad bearded bumpkins

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 60%, 1D3; .30-06 Rifle 60%, 2D6+3; 12-Gauge Shotgun 50%, 4D6/2D6/1D6; Tire Iron 50%, 1D8.

Skills: Bargain 50%, Brew 30%, Bully 40%, Camouflage 40%, Chemistry 3%, Dodge 40%, Drive Automobile 45%, Hide 40%, Listen 45%, Psychology 20%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 35%.

	STR	*CON*	*SIZ*	*DEX*	*POW*	*HP*
Bill	14	14	14	13	13	14
Nate	15	14	16	12	11	15
Jim	18	16	17	10	9	17

Jack Johnson, age 32, treasury agent

STR 14	CON 14	SIZ 14	INT 13	POW 15
DEX 13	APP 10	EDU 18	SAN 65	HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 75%, 1D3; .45 Revolver 65%, 1D10+2; Thompson Submachine Gun 60%, 1D10+2 (auto).

Skills: Accounting 35%, Bargain 50%, Climb 60%, Credit Rating 1% (in Dunwich), Debate 30%, Dodge 51%, Drive Automobile 63%, Electrical Repair 15%, FastTalk 40%, First Aid 60%, Hide 30%, Jump 55%, Law 35%, Listen 35%, Make Maps 20%, Mechanical Repair 30%, Oratory 20%, Photography 20%, Pitch Bibles 25%, Psychology 45%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 65%, Swim 35%, Track 18%.

Stu Giles, age 29, slightly insane

STR 13	CON 10	SIZ 10	INT 9	POW 8
DEX 10	APP 8	EDU 4	SAN 7	HP 10

Weapons: None.

Skills: Bargain 05%, Botany 10%, Hide 70%, Listen 65%, Psychology 10%, Sneak 45%, Track 25%, Zoology 10%.

Granny Barnes, age 71, recluse

STR 9	CON 12	SIZ 8	INT 12	POW 11
DEX 12	APP 10	EDU 8	SAN 40	HP 10

Weapon: 12-gauge Shotgun 45%, 4D6/2D6/1D6

Skills: Bargain 45%, Diagnose Disease 25%, First Aid 40%, Hide 30%, Listen 65%, Pharmacy 15%, Psychology 30%, Sing 65%, Treat Disease 30%, Treat Poison 25%.

Jamie Barnes, human reptile

STR 15	CON 16	SIZ 16	INT 5	POW 6
DEX 9	APP 5	SAN 0	HP 16	Move 5

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: None.

Skills: Snag Horsefly With Tongue 35%.

Six Children of Yig

Weapon: Bite 55%, venom POT* 1D10+6

** roll against target CON on resistance table: success kills victim, and failure leaves victim sick and nauseous.*

	STR	*CON*	*SIZ*	*INT*	*POW*	*DEX*	*HP*
First	3	4	4	14	4	20	4
Second	2	4	2	13	5	19	3
Third	4	4	4	12	3	19	4
Fourth	4	3	3	13	4	19	3
Fifth	5	4	4	14	5	18	4
Sixth	4	6	6	13	5	18	6

Six Copperhead Snakes

Weapon: Bite 45%, venom POT* 1D10

** roll against target CON on resistance table: success kills victim, and failure leaves victim sick and nauseous.*

	STR	*CON*	*SIZ*	*POW*	*DEX*	*HP*
Snake 1	2	9	2	4	18	6
Snake 2	4	11	3	3	17	8
Snake 3	3	10	2	3	17	6
Snake 4	2	9	3	2	17	6
Snake 5	3	8	3	6	16	6
Snake 6	4	12	3	5	16	8

The Yig-Spawn

This wet and glistening thing is colored a pale, yellowish white and, stretched out, measures nearly twenty feet long. Small, shrunken arms dangle useslessly from the upper part of its body and two tiny legs drag along the ground behind. Its head is partially human but set with a serpent's cold, lidless eyes. The thing can rear up to a height of nine feet, and strikes as fast as any snake. Victims are swallowed whole.

While intelligent, it is new-born and knows nothing of the world around it. It is hungry, but one or two investigators satisfy it. At that point, it searches for a way underground, and inevitably comes to the flooded quarry, where it slips into the water and swims upstream into the underground river, disappearing into the Greater Caverns.

If killed, its body rapidly decomposes, leaving a sticky black goo covered with swarms of flies.

Yig-Spawn, new-born

STR 32	CON 30	SIZ 36	INT 15	POW 14
DEX 25	HP 33	Move 9		

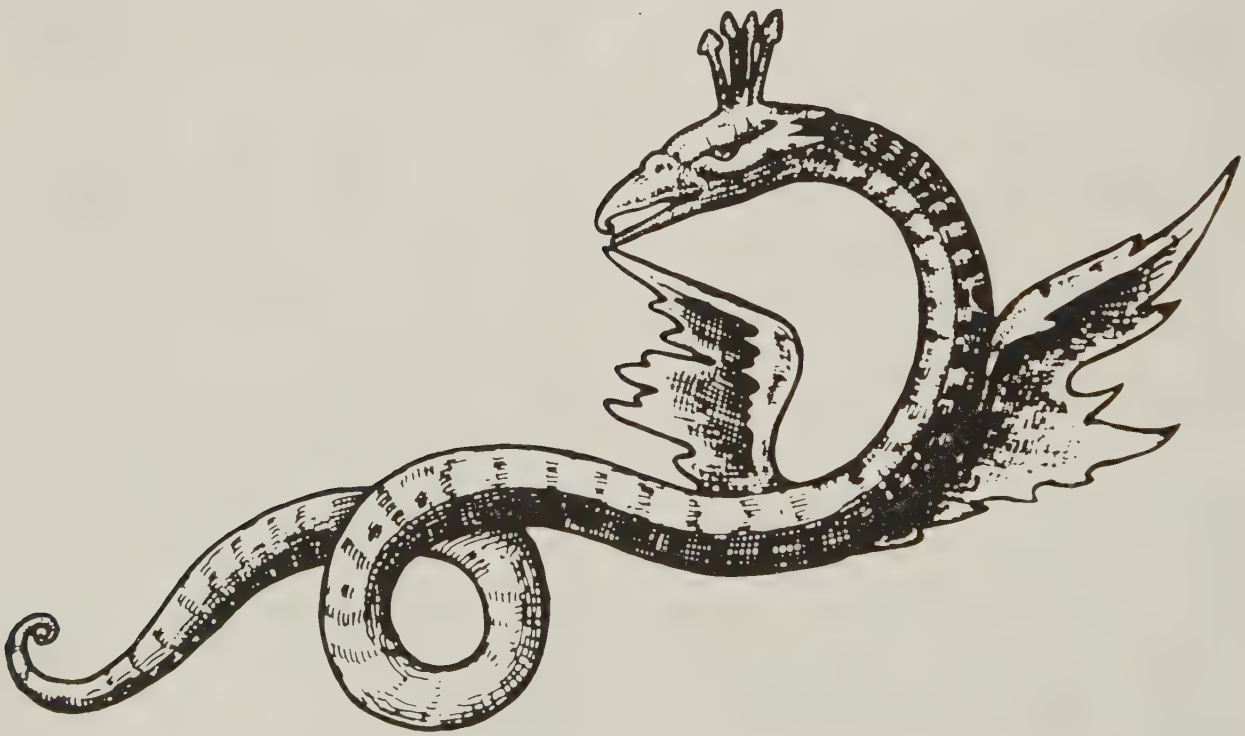
Weapons: Swallow 35%, engulfment*; Crush* 20%, 3D6+4; Bite** 30%, 1D6 plus venom

** death in three combat rounds from constriction, suffocation, and stomach acid burns.*

*** venom is potency 12, rolled against CON on the resistance table: subsequent success kills the investigator, while failure renders him or her unconscious for 24 hours.*

Skill: Seek Out Deep Places 15%.

Sanity Loss: 2/2D4+1



Player Handouts

Distribute and reproduce as you wish, for personal play only.

FOUL PLAY SUSPECTED IN DEATH OF FISHERMAN

GLOUCESTER-- Authorities of the Coast Guard, Massachusetts State Police, and Gloucester Police Departments are investigating the death of Harrod Bailey, 63, a local fisherman. Bailey was found dead at sea earlier this week by local fishermen, his body caught in fishing nets and trapped beneath his boat. The corpse appeared to have been submerged for several days, according to coroner Dr. Whitby Lodge. Lodge's report further states that Bailey's body showed signs of strangulation, including bruises and lacerations of the throat. An unnamed Coast Guard officer stated that Bailey's case is being treated as a homicide.

The Carnival Papers #2

THE CARNIVAL PAPERS #1
The Nichols Carnival Poster
Is on page 125

LOCAL INDUSTRIALIST KILLED IN ACCIDENT

Clyde Beckford Dead at Age 34

ARKHAM-- One of Arkham's prominent citizens was killed last evening in a carriage accident that also took the life of his wife, Sonia Merritt of Boston. The scene of the accident was High Street east of French Hill, near the intersection of East Street. Witnesses say a young child dashing in front of the horses caused them to bolt, overturning the carriage. Clyde Beckford was killed instantly; his wife died a few hours later at Arkham General Hospital. The unidentified child, described as a girl about ten years old with long blonde curls, disappeared during the ensuing chaos and has not yet been found. Final funeral arrangements are still incomplete but the family has announced it will donate Mr. Beckford's papers, along with portions of his library, to the Arkham Historical Society, of which Beckford was a co-founder. Mr. Beckford and his wife are survived by three sons, Matthew, Thomas, and Richard.

Painted Smile Papers #2

TRAGIC ACCIDENT

Local Boy Drowns

ARKHAM— The death of Mathias James Wellington, aged ten years, late of Pickman Street, Arkham, was reported by police yesterday evening. The child's body was found face down in a puddle, apparently the victim of a tragic accident. In his report, Arkham Medical Examiner Ephraim Sprague stated that the boy's lungs contained water and that it seemed likely he fell and, knocked unconscious, accidentally drowned in the shallow puddle. The staff of the *Arkham Advertiser* would like to extend their deepest condolences to the Wellington family in their time of need. Details of the funeral service are to be announced.

Painted Smile Papers #1

PAINTED SMILE
PAPERS #1

CARNIVAL
PAPERS #2

PAINTED SMILE
PAPERS #2

A passage from Morris Wheaton's "Studies of the Indians of the Miskatonic Valley"

Topanek Sam, my usually-reliable Wampanoag guide, had willingly led me into the wilderness beyond Arkham on many occasion. But this time, however, I was hard pressed to convince him to lead me to the site of the mysterious mound. This rumored spot lay far up the valley, a few miles east and south of Dunwich Village and just north of the Miskatonic River. Sam refused at first but after some argument on my part he agreed to lead me to the general area, but only on condition that he himself would not be required to approach too closely the mound in question.

Once in the area, Sam waited near the edge of the marsh, pointing out which direction the mound lay, saying I would know it when I found it — and that I should be careful. Shrugging, I urged my horse southward along the bank.

I had gone scarcely a quarter-mile when the horse bolted, throwing me to the ground. I was stunned for several minutes and when I had recovered, my mount was nowhere to be seen. Undaunted, I continued on and soon came upon the earthen mound.

There could be no mistaking it. The artificial hill jutted some twenty feet or more above the still water, standing atop it a half-dozen worn, finger-like stones. I waded toward the island — it was situated in the middle of the marsh — and climbed to the summit. As I did this, something strange happened.

I felt that somehow I was being watched. It was an odd sort of thing, very much like the hair-standing-on-end that one reads about in ghost stories. Normally not a superstitious man, something about this site unnerved me.

Sam showed up a few minutes later, terrified. My horse had galloped back without me and, worried for my safety, he had come to investigate. He was relieved to find me safe and healthy but insisted that we leave the place immediately — threatening to desert me if I did not come away with him.

Faced with such a choice I left and it was only later, with the connivance of a bottle of whiskey, that I could convince him to tell me why he feared the mound so.

His tale is both frightening and bizarre. According to Sam, before white men came, when his people were new to this valley, it was a good land with plentiful fish and game. The tribes decided to stay and villages were built in the area. Later, a tribe called the "Anakokes" moved into the valley and build their village in a nearby forest.

The legend says that the Anakokes discovered their part of the valley was not all theirs. A great toad spirit was found living north of the river. No one could see it except in dreams, but this spirit taught the Anakokes to use evil magics.

The Anakokes were corrupted and driven mad by the toad god. They mindlessly killed animals for only the joy of killing. Also they attacked other tribes, sacking whole villages. The Anakokes would take the women hostage and kill and torture all the men. Other tribes were too weak to fight back at first and there was much strife between them, but soon in the face of such evil they came together to kill the Anakokes.

The tribes gathered south of river, and made war on the Anakoke village. Many Anakokes were killed, but some ran away to the hills. The other tribes followed, intent on killing them all. The Anakokes fled to the fabled mound and made prayers to their toad god. The combined tribes soon attacked them there.

Then the great toad-spirit itself came to the mound. The toad god killed many tribesmen, but their fury was so fierce that all the Anakokes were soon killed along with the great toad. The Anakoke bodies were piled on the mound with the body of the slain god. All were buried fast, before dark. Finally, stones were brought from across the river to mark the mound, so that men would know to stay away.

That night all of the tribes went back to the Anakoke village and burned everything. Nothing was left whole, and they took nothing from village. Later, they cut down trees and brought stones from the river banks. A dam was built across the Miskatonic upstream.

The river was made to flow through a tributary so that the mound was mostly covered by water. It stayed that way for many years till after white men came. The river eventually went back to its old course, but by then there were too few tribes left to rebuild the dam.

Sam's tale made me shudder a bit but I can't help but want to return to the mound despite his warnings. Perhaps one day I may excavate it and find what secrets it hides.

THE MOUND PAPERS #1

Quiskamohan's Version of the Legend of the Mound

"Many winters before the White Man came, when our people were still new to this land, there was much hunting here, much water, good land, plenty of fish. The tribes stayed here, built villages. Then those called the Anakokes find this valley and build their wigwams in forest there [he points east].

The Anakokes find this valley not all theirs. A spirit lives north of the river, a great toad. They never see it, except in dreams. It teaches them things, great magicks, but what it teaches is evil.

Like sick-in-the-head animals, the Anakokes kill not just for food, but just to kill. If they don't do these things, the great toad-spirit does things to them, makes them sick or crippled or turns them into man-animals. They attack other tribes, take the women, kill and torture the men.

Other tribes not fight back at first — too weak, and fight too much among themselves. But soon they think together they can kill Anakokes. This still long before White Man. You see how only great evils like toad-spirits and White Men can bring the tribes together. Tribes gather south of river, make attack on Anakoke village. They are many to the Anakoke's few. Many Anakokes die, but some run away into the hills, here [points at the ground]. The other tribes follow them to kill them all. The Anakokes come here to the island in this valley [points toward the mound], say many prayers to the toad-spirit. Other tribes come and attack them.

Then the toad-spirit come to the mound. It is bigger around than ten men with hands stretched out to the sides touching fingers. The great toad kills many braves that day, even some Anakokes. But others fight on and soon all Anakokes dead and the toad-spirit falls too. The other braves still afraid, think toad-spirit still alive as a spirit. They gather up all Anakoke bodies, pile them on mound with toad-body, bury all fast, before dark. They still feel spirit there, but it must be too weak to fight them. Finally, they bring stones from across the river to mark the mound, so that men will know not to stay here.

That night they go back to the Anakoke village, burn all wigwams and bodies. Burn everything, leave nothing whole, take nothing from village. Later, they cut down trees and haul stones from river bank, build a dam across the river upstream. They change river so that it flows through this valley so that mound is now mostly underwater, make it harder to get to. It stay that way for many many winters, till after White Man come. Then river go back to old course, but by then there are too few braves to rebuild dam. The mound come back out of water. Toad-spirit still here, but maybe weak or hiding. It now plays with White Men who come here, like it play with you if you stay."

The Mound Papers #2

Kingsport High School Student Reported Missing

KINGSPORT— This past weekend Miss Leslie Bellingham, 17, of Kingsport High School was reported missing. Miss Bellingham was last seen on the morning of Saturday, September 1, on the grounds of the school. Anyone with information regarding her whereabouts is urged to contact the Kingsport Police Department.

The Gray Papers #1

ARKHAM BOY SOUGHT

ARKHAM— Andy Monroe, 16, a student at the Arkham Public High School, has been reported missing to Arkham police. According to George Simpson, director of the Margaret Emmerton Home for Boys, Monroe failed to return from school on the afternoon of Wednesday, September 19. Fellow students last saw the boy when he decided to return to the school to collect a forgotten book. Arkham High School principal Anita Pierce has told police that she saw a man loitering near the school that day shortly after classes were dismissed. Police presently believe the boy has run away but have not ruled out the possibility of foul play.

The Gray Papers #2

THE GRAY
PAPERS #1

THE MOUND PAPERS #2

THE GRAY
PAPERS #2

A SECOND KINGSPORT STUDENT IS MISSING

KINGSPORT-- For the second time in less than a month a young girl has disappeared from the streets of Kingsport. Margaret Mathewson, 15, was reportedly last seen on the afternoon of September 29 — this past Saturday — near the Kingsport Masonic Lodge on Price Road near Back Street. Police captain James Blair has told reporters that he feels it possible that Miss Mathewson's disappearance is in some way connected with that of Leslie Bellingham, missing since last September 1. Both girls were students at Kingsport High School. Blair would not confirm rumors that a suspect was under surveillance but did announce that it was only a matter of time before the case would be cleared up.

The Gray Papers #3

ANOTHER CHILD IS NOW MISSING!

KINGSPORT-- Another Kingsport child has been reported missing. Billy Jarrell, 16, is the latest youngster to mysteriously vanish. Jarrell, enrolled at Kingsport High School, was reported missing by his family late this past Saturday afternoon after he failed to return home from an afternoon art class held at the high school. Captain Blair of the Kingsport Police declined comment except to say that the State Police have been notified and a county-wide search for the missing teens is already under way.

An Arkham boy, Andrew Monroe, missing since September 19, is now thought to possibly have fallen victim to the same fate as the three Kingsport students. Chief Asa Nichols of the Arkham Police Department has pledged full cooperation with the Kingsport police in an effort to solve the mysteries.

The Gray Papers #4

SEARCH FOR MISSING STUDENTS CONTINUES

LONDON-- Chief Constable Arthur Campbell of Scotland Yard's Criminal Investigation Department is calling for a country-wide search in the hope of finding four missing students. All four students are from the Severn Valley area: Evelyn Walmsley, 17, of Camside; Lawrence Bradbury, 16, of Temphill; Marcus Edmond, 17, of Goatswood; and Caroline Kaye, 18, also of Goatswood. Miss Walmsley was reported missing on 31 August, Mr. Bradbury on 8 September, and Mr. Edmond and Miss Kaye both on 30 September.

Chief Constable Campbell indicates that Scotland Yard is looking for a man near thirty years old, with modest build, fair skin and blond hair. The suspect weighs about ten stone.

According to CID, a man fitting this description was spotted on 30 September in the Goatswood area. Constable William Chamberlain pursued the suspect into the woods but then lost sight of him.

The Gray Papers #5

Excerpt from "Massachusetts in the Civil War," printed 1893

Perhaps the single bloodiest day for Massachusetts was the thirtieth of August, 1862. Over one hundred brave young men died in one fateful incident alone, "Weedon's Charge."

A young Lieutenant from the 23rd Volunteers, Upton Lamar Weedon, single-handedly rallied his routed troops even as his fellow officers fled the field. For a brief moment, with the stalwart drummer boy of the 23rd pounding out a furious rhythm, it appeared the tide of battle would turn.

A rag-tag company of men from the 7th, 9th, and 23rd Volunteer Regiments assembled around Weedon as he led the charge against a heavily defended Confederate artillery emplacement. Alas, too few had answered Weedon's desperate call and the charge was a disaster.

Though terribly wounded, Weedon himself miraculously survived. Although for a long time it was thought that Weedon was the sole survivor of this disastrous action, a recently unearthed report states that Edward Houghton, the twelve-year-old drummer boy of the 23rd, was also present and survived. His presence at the scene seems to have been overlooked at the time. Houghton went on to serve at the Battle of the Wilderness, Vicksburg, and finally Gettysburg.

The War Papers #2

Excerpt from "Our Boys In Blue; Arkham and the Civil War," printed 1878

None fought there [the Second Battle of Bull Run, August 29-30, 1862] with more bravery than our own Lt. Upton Lamar Weedon, native son of Arkham. "If more had fought like Weedon, we would have repelled Jackson posthaste," exclaimed a respectful General John Pope after the battle.

When all seemed lost and our army was fleeing in disarray, Lt. Weedon alone refused to run. 50 from the 7th, 30 from the 9th, and 22 from our own 23rd answered his call to rally under heavy fire.

Weedon himself led the ill-fated charge into a hail of artillery. Left severely wounded, he was the only survivor that day. For such selfless heroism in the line of duty Weedon received an army commendation and later a certificate of merit from the mayor and proud citizens of Arkham. But that wan't all he received for his bravery. He also gained a wooden leg to replace the one he lost on that sad day.

The War Papers #1

THE GRAY PAPERS #3

THE GRAY PAPERS #4

THE GRAY PAPERS #5

THE WAR PAPERS #1

THE WAR PAPERS #2

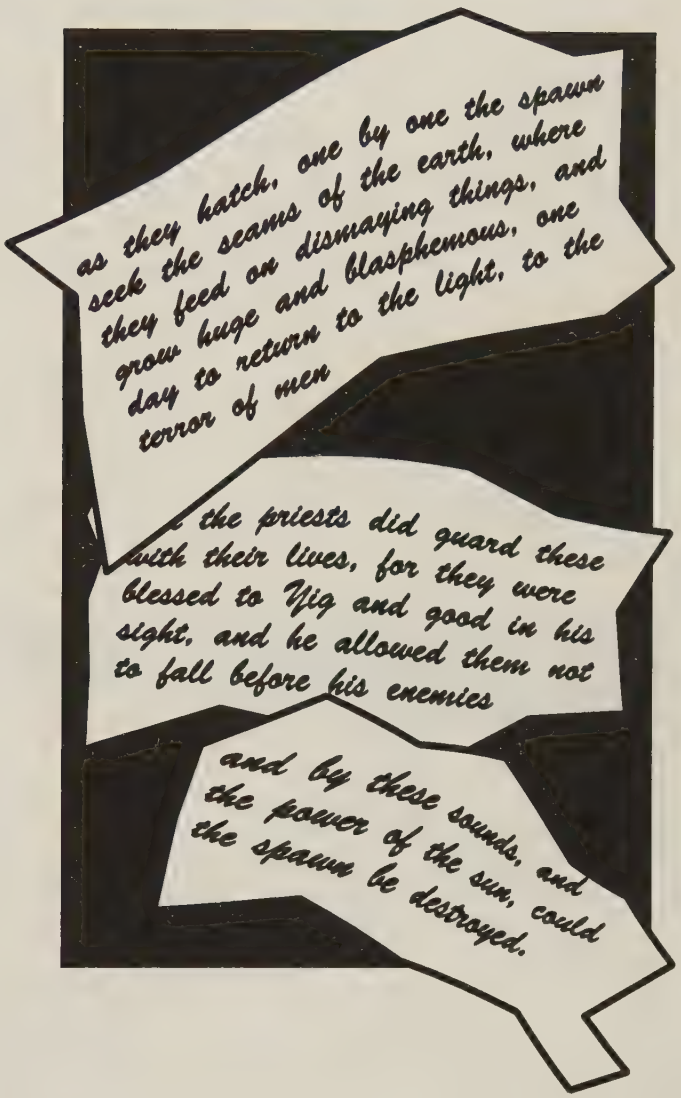
WEEDON HONORED

Wounded Hero Awarded Medal Of Merit

ARKHAM-- Captain Upton Lamar Weedon returned to his home today after a lengthy stay at a Washington D.C. area hospital. His valiant charge during Pope's campaign in northern Virginia was commemorated as Mayor Andrew Curwen welcomed the wounded veteran home in fine Arkham style. A gala reception greeted Weedon where he received a certificate of merit signed by the mayor.

"I only did as any of you would have done in my stead," claimed a modest Weedon to the large crowd assembled at his family estate. "The true glory," he went on to explain, "belongs not to this sad survivor who stands before you. Instead give the honor in your hearts to those brave men who fell that woeful day. They are the true heroes." Still suffering the after-effects of his recently-amputated leg, Weedon appeared fatigued and retired soon after.

The War Papers #3


as they hatch, one by one the spawn seek the seams of the earth, where they feed on dismaying things, and grow huge and blasphemous, one day to return to the light, to the terror of men
the priests did guard these with their lives, for they were blessed to Yig and good in his sight, and he allowed them not to fall before his enemies
and by these sounds, and the power of the sun, could the spawn be destroyed.

The Yig Papers #1

Excerpt from the "Arkham Gazette," Sept. 11, 1862

...In Arkham, Weedon's fate and that of his fallen comrades excites a profound emotion in which grief and indignation is tempered, though not abated, by a certain pride that this noble old city has offered the blood of her citizens in the defense of the liberties of this country. We applaud Upton Lamar Weedon and his fellow soldiers who rushed to make the supreme sacrifice in the noble struggle to preserve the Union.

After the fateful battle a correspondence by telegraph immediately took place between the Governor of Massachusetts and the Secretary of War as to the disposition of the dead Massachusetts soldiers, including Arkham dead, and the care of the wounded....

The War Papers #4

THE WAR PAPERS #3

THE YIG PAPERS #1

THE WAR PAPERS #4

Dear Beatrice,

Enough of reminiscing about the old days at school! To answer your question, yes, according to my informant Granny Barnes, there is a coiled-snake mound in this area. Granny lives several miles from here, in the township of Dunwich. She is reclusive, but I've spoken with her several times. She knows many Indian tales that she learned as a young girl. She even knows a few songs reputedly sung sung by Abenaki tribes long-lost to this area. I have not seen the mound myself; she says it is deep in the woods. I don't recall legends of odd visitors to this mound, but there are plenty of stories concerning things hidden in it, gold and evil spirits and so on. Granny doesn't trust people, but she feels comfortable with me.

-- Olivia

The Yig Papers #3

December 8, 1926

Wilcox lent me a book, McAllister's Devil-Worship in the New World. Mostly bunk, with some interesting stories. He is biased against the occult sciences. However, he mentions the 'coiled serpent hill' in northern Massachusetts in connection with my old friend Olivia Hanover. I must drop her a line. And Wilcox has mentioned other things in his collection that may have to do with the problem.

May 18, 1928

Met Henry Armitage today. He is as kind in person as his letters made him seem. We spent hours together in the upstairs of the University library. Handling that dark volume, the Necronomicon, unnerved me, and I am usually not dismayed by the mere touch of objects. My rusty Latin betrayed me; I could not find what I sought, though the Horrors in that book burrow into me like charnel worms. I did stumble across a passage referring to a Yig, which put me in mind of McAllister's Devil-Worship, so I copied out a rough translation. Armitage invited me to return, but I shall not. With Elihu Wilcox dead, the topic has turned to bile for me.

Too awful to be true. Yig-spawn do exist. It will hatch, and then will be the coming. I shall destroy the papers, then myself. Thus I escape from that awful ring.

The Yig Papers #2

THE YIG PAPERS #3

THE YIG PAPERS #2

Yig excerpts from the "Necronomicon"

Yig coupled with those great enough to challenge him and tore from them the eggs that grew in their bellies. He ordered that his followers build nests of the earth, like Yig coiled and ready, where Yig might descend and set himself upon the earth, and leave these eggs, and so the nests became holy, while the stars did churn.

. . . As they hatch, one by one the spawn seek the seams of the earth, where they feed on unmentionable things, and grow huge and blasphemous, one day to return to the light, to the terror of all men. . . .

. . . Of old, the inhuman priests wore rings cast in likenesses of the Children, and made of gold. The eyes were polished stones, and the priests did guard these rings with their lives, for the rings were blessed of Yig, and might not comfort his enemies. . . .

In warm Chaldee an egg was destroyed by the light of the sun and a wordless chant. The chant was to sound as follows:

By these sounds, and the power of the sun, could be destroyed the spawn.

The Yig Papers #4

From "Devil-Worship in the New World"

Miss Olivia Hanover of Aylesbury County, Massachusetts, supplied me with a copy of Father Raymond's manuscript, dated 1577, from which I quote.

"I had seen with my own eyes the horror that lay beneath that terrible desert mound, and watched in awe as my guide and friend destroyed the thing we had exposed . . . He told me of another place which lay far north and east, beyond many rivers. If others such as this blasphemy lie hidden in serpent mounds, then such eggs of Satan as are there must also be destroyed."

Miss Hanover states that in the area of Dunwich what is known as the 'coil'd sarpent hill' reputedly exists. Whatever lies within it is surely of Satan's hand.

The Yig Papers #5

Excerpt from "Massachusetts Folklore" by Marion Weedon

Superstitions about unlucky areas are also common. When some mountainside gains reputation for ill fortune, one may soon find an entire locality avoided by superstitious rustics. Natural conditions, such as episodic flooding or infestation by pestilential insects, can be deduced as prompting causes. However, Indian lore maintains that such areas are haunts of evil spirits—snakes being particularly mentioned—and avoided long before the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth.

The Yig Papers #6

THE YIG PAPERS #4

THE YIG PAPERS #6

THE YIG PAPERS #5

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NICHOLS' CARNIVAL

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THE CARNIVAL PAPERS #1

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Lovecraft Country

Arkham — pop. 22,562, settled in 1692, incorporated in 1699. Textiles form the bulk of present industry. Home of Miskatonic University and its library.

Aylesbury — pop. 16,539, founded in 1802 on the site of the former village of Broton. A planned industrial city financed by Arkham and Boston industrialists. Textiles are the main industry.

Beverly — pop. 27,478, settled in 1626 as part of Salem, incorporated in 1688. Home of the first cotton mill in the U.S. (1788). Shoes and shoe manufacturing machinery are its main industries.

Bolton — pop. 15,539, founded in 1650. An industrial town specializing in shoes, leather goods, and textiles.

Boston — pop. 782,623, first settled in 1630. The capital of Massachusetts. Site of Bunker Hill, Faneuil Hall, the Boston Massacre, and the Boston Tea Party. Important libraries include the Boston Public Library with over a million volumes, The Boston Athenaeum, the Massachusetts Historical Society, the New England Historical Genealogical library, and the Boston Society of Natural History. Major industries include printing and publishing, men's and women's clothing, and shipping. Boston is an international port.

Cambridge — pop. 124,451, first settled in 1630. Home of Harvard University, Radcliffe college, and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT). Cambridge is the site of the first printing press in America. Industries include printing and publishing, and the manufacture of soap, candy, and electrical apparatus.

Chelmsford — pop. 6753, founded 1655. A factory town specializing in textiles.

Concord — pop. 7056, founded 1635. Site of "the shot heard round the world." Home of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry D. Thoreau, and Louisa May Alcott.

Danvers — pop. 11,893, settled in 1626 and until 1757 known as Salem Village. The center of witchcraft activity in 1692 and the birthplace of Israel Putnam. Nearby is the Massachusetts State Hospital for the Insane.

Dunwich — pop. 376, settled in 1692. A small farming community. Formerly the site of several large lumber mills.

Essex — pop. 1654, first settled in 1634, incorporated in 1819. Famous for its small shipyards and its clam beds.

Falcon Point — pop. 56, settled in 1696. A small fishing village just south of Innsmouth.

Fitchburg — pop. 45,448, incorporated in 1764. A large paper manufacturing industry and a Worcester county seat.

Framingham — pop. 25,118, first settled in 1640, incorporated 1700. Industries include straw hats, boots and shoes, rubber goods, boilers, and patent medicines. It is the seat of the state arsenal and the location of the state reformatory for women.

Gloucester — pop. 25,101, first settled by English fishermen in 1623, incorporated 1642. A popular summer resort and the greatest salt-water fishing port in the U.S. Within the city limits is the summer resort community of Annisquam.

Haverhill — pop. 55,884, founded in 1645. A manufacturing center specializing in slippers, shoes, and boots. Raided by Indians in 1698 and by French and Indians in 1708. The birthplace of John Greenleaf Whittier.

Innsmouth — pop. 367, founded in 1643. Originally active in the China trade. Launched many privateers during the Revolutionary War and War of 1812. Fishing is the main industry. A small gold refinery is still in operation.

Ipswich — pop. 6098, first settled in 1633 as Aggawam, incorporated in 1634. A popular summer resort and site of the oldest arched bridge in America. The home to the Rev. Nathaniel Ward.

Kingsport — pop. 7834, founded in 1639, incorporated in 1651. Home port of numerous privateers during the Revolutionary War. A summer resort and artist colony, fishing is the main industry.

Lawrence — pop. 96,723, first settled in 1845 and incorporated in 1853. A planned industrial city built by Boston financiers. The mills specialize in worsted cloth.

Leominster — pop. 22,965, incorporated in 1740. Diverse manufacture including paper, celluloid, reed chairs, pianos, buttons, jewelry, shirts, children's carriages, and toys.

Lexington — pop. 7785, founded 1642. Site of the first armed conflict of the American Revolution and the destination of Paul Revere's ride. Truck gardening and dairying are the principal industries.

Lowell — pop. 114, 759, incorporated in 1826. Home to many textile mills and the birthplace of James McNeil Whistler. A Middlesex county seat.

Lynn — pop. 106,081, founded 1629. An industrial city famous for its shoes and boots, an industry it began in 1636. The first smelting works in New England were established here in 1643.

Manchester — pop. 2599, settled 1630. A resort area thought by some to be the most beautiful on the Atlantic coast and a favorite summer residence with many foreign diplomats.

Marblehead — pop. 8414, settled in 1629, separated from Salem in 1649. Launched many privateers during the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812. A popular summer resort and a yachting center. Principal industries include the manufacture of children's shoes, fishing, and yacht and launch building. Claimed by some to be "the birthplace of the American Navy."

Marlborough — pop. 16,736, incorporated in 1660. A factory town whose industries include the manufacture of boots, shoes, and moccasins. Destroyed by Indians in 1676 during King Philip's War.

Martin's Beach — pop. 867, first settled in 1644. A small fishing village and vacation spot.

Methuen — pop. 21,377, separated form Haverhill in 1725. An industrial center specializing in cotton and woolen goods, hats and shoes.

Newburyport — pop. 16,618, settled in 1635, separated from Newbury in 1764. A manufacturing town and shipping port, Newburyport was active in privateering during the Revolutionary War and War of 1812. The town was also famous for its smugglers and before the Civil War an active fishing, whaling, and trading port. An Essex county seat.

Peabody — pop. 21,677, Originally part of Salem, it was incorporated in 1855. The town specializes in the manufacture of leather, leather-working machinery, and cotton goods.

Quincy — pop. 67,655, originally settled in 1625 as Merry Mount, a community reputed to have danced around maypoles and worshipped Dagon. The original settlers were finally driven off by members of the nearby Puritan communities. Now the home of modern naval shipyards. The birthplace of John Adams, John Quincy Adams, and John Hancock.

Rockport — pop. 2345, originally settled in 1690, separated from Gloucester in 1840. A summer resort famous for its large artist colony.

Rowley — pop. 2152, first settled in 1639. An agricultural community.

Salem — pop. 44,688, founded in 1626 by Roger Conant. Site of the Salem witch trials of 1692 and the birthplace of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Salem was once very active in the China trade and was the home of America's first millionaire, Elias Haskett Derby. The town launched many privateers during the Seven Years War, the Revolutionary War, and the War of 1812. Home of the Essex Institute, the Peabody Maritime Museum, and the Salem Athenaeum.

Topsfield — pop. 2121, first settled in 1635.

Waltham — pop. 38,144, incorporated 1738. Home of the world's largest watch factory and the site of the first cotton power mill in America (1814).

Worcester — pop. 197,788, first settled in 1657 but twice abandoned due to Indian attacks, first in 1675 then in 1702. Incorporated in 1722. Industries include wire and wire products. The home of Clark University, Worcester Polytechnic, the Jesuit College of the Holy Cross, and Assumption college. Site of the American Antiquarian Society, the Worcester Natural History Society, and the Worcester Historical Society, all with museums and libraries. Home at one time or another to Elias Howe, Eli Whitney, Dorothea Lynde Dix, and Clara Barton.

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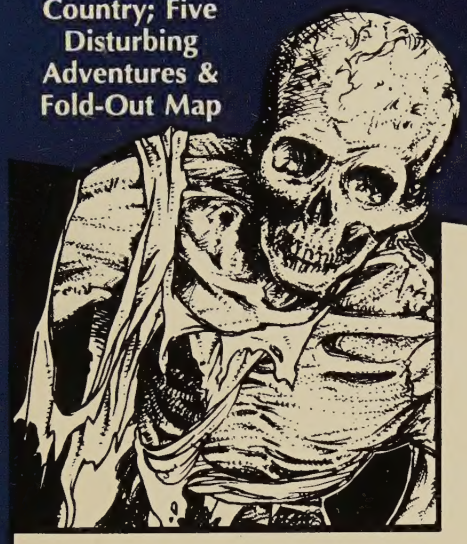

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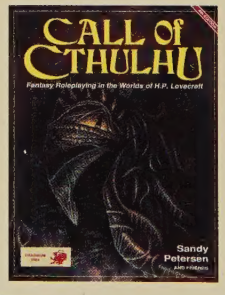

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